The Abbot Courant

January, 1911

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1911

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XXXVII No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1911

...Contents...

King Henry V 5
Henrietta O. Wiest

The Hill (poem) 8
Helen M. Copeland

An Indian Legend 9
Maud C. Gutterson

Home (poem) 10
Olivia C. Flynt

Midsummer Night's Dream — An Appreciation 11
Miriam Howard

Aunt Jane 13
Dorothy E. Bigelow

Autumn (poem) 14
Margaret Strong

Why Jack O' Lanterns Don't Talk 15
Barbara Moore

Skating (poem) 16
Miriam Howard

The Snow Queen 17
Mary H. Hall

Slumber Song (poem) 18
Frances M. Pray

Captain Ezra 19
Helen M. Copeland

The Grand Canon 20
Margaret C. Wilkins

Editorials 22

School Journal 28

Alumnae Notes 38

The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies Fifty Cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.

The Andover Press



MISS SCHIEFFERDECKER

THE ABBOT COURANT

Editors

KATHARINE L. ORDWAY, '11 MILDRED C. CHUTTER, C.P., '12
MIRIAM HOWARD, '11 HELEN M. DANFORTH, '13
FRANCES M. PRAY, '11

Business Editors

HENRIETTA O. WIEST, C.P., '11 MARGARET STRONG
MARGARET C. WILKINS

Vol. XXXVII JAN., 1911 **No. 1**

King Henry V

In the play of King Henry V we find certain qualities which make us feel the spirit of the old epics: such as a great love of war, great loyalty and devotion to the nation, and the picture of a strong national hero in the king. In the prologues which precede each of the acts we feel the spirit of war. These give a warlike setting and stir us by their thrilling descriptions of preparations for war and the great tumult of battle. The national note, too, is constantly sounded by reference to the battle of Crécy and to the wars with Scotland. We feel that England is a strong kingdom easily able to defend herself. But above all it is Henry, the king and hero, in whom we find the truly epic quality, and it is the study of his character which proves to be the most interesting of these qualities and offers the best proof of the epic feeling of the play.

It is doubly interesting to study Henry's character, if we have previously known him as the wayward prince in the earlier play of Henry IV. Up to the time of his accession, he associated with his father's soldiers and led a gay and lawless life. Therefore, the change wrought in him by the death of Henry

IV and his accession to the throne is almost overwhelming. But when he places the crown upon his head immediately after the old king dies, and we hear the high resolves which he makes, we feel that the reckless prince has already become the young yet resolute king who is about to take up his new duties with the determination to do whatever may be best for his people. We receive the first proof of this change in the first act of Henry V when the king decides to claim the throne of France, and also when he replies to the insulting challenge of the dauphin in such noble fashion.

"When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
"We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
"Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard."

Shakespeare very cleverly gives us a glimpse of the old life which Henry has abandoned in order to impress upon us more forcibly the transformation which has occurred.

In the second act, we see the soldiers, the type of his former comrades, and hear of the death of the once famous Falstaff. We no longer connect Henry with this sort of life, but almost feel that he is another person from the careless youth whom we formerly knew. Now the scene shifts back to the court, and a chance is afforded to see the king in his intercourse with the traitors, who were found to be in the pay of the French king and had conspired to kill Henry at Hampton. He exhibits a strong sense of justice in his treatment of them, and shows that he abhors everything which is not absolutely fair and square. Preparations for war are now made on all sides, and Henry's enthusiasm stirs the people.

The scene changes to France in the next act, and we see the English led by their king before the walls of Harfleur. Henry exhibits dauntless courage and determination, and finally obtains the surrender of the town. He is most popular among his soldiers; we have proof in the feeling of the Irishman, Scotchman, and Welshman that this popularity is not confined to England alone, but extends throughout the British Isles. Another proof of Henry's heroic spirit is brought out when, on the eve of battle, he shows himself ready to take up his duties

with such good-will. Although in a speech on the irony of kingship he shows that he realizes fully the great responsibility resting on a king and feels that kings like men are human, and that the crown sometimes weighs heavily upon their heads, yet he is able to throw off his pensive mood. He hurries through the camp, encouraging and urging his soldiers on to the battle of the coming day. In the scenes between Henry and the French herald, when the king refuses to be ransomed, we have splendid examples of the heroic spirit, and feel that he is truly an epic hero. By his bravery and patriotic spirit he easily influences his men and stirs the national feeling within their breasts.

"Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
"My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
"My army but a weak and sickly guard;
"Yet, God before; tell him we will come on,
"Though France himself and such another neighbor
"Stand in our way."

The results of the great battle of Agincourt are very unexpected, and the hero king gives all the praise and glory of the victory to God. He realizes that not by his own strength but by a higher power the battle was won. Up to this point in the story we have glimpses of the more serious side of his nature, but Shakespeare does not leave him without giving us an opportunity to observe Henry, the lover. In a rather amusing scene he courts and wins Katherine, the daughter of the French king, at the same time gaining the French crown. Thus we leave him, the happy possessor of all he has desired.

And so we shall always think of him with admiration as a great king and glorious hero. Those well-known words, uttered before Harfleur which express so well his own feeling, will often come to mind together with the picture of the young king, stirred by his patriotism and great ambition as he says:

"The game's afoot:
"Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
"Cry 'God for Harry, England and Saint George!'"

Henrietta O. Wiest, C. P., 1911.

The Hill

At noon the leafy-crested hill
With drifted snow piled high,
Stands out in dazzling brilliancy
Against the azure sky.

Now sinks the glowing sun to rest,
Through sea of colors bold;
Long shadows blue steal up the slope;
The tree tops turn to gold.

Then fade the bright hues from the West;
The air grows sharp and chill;
The pale stars twinkle, one by one,
Above the silent hill.

When, after twilight, night ascends
Its throne in stateliness,
The moon casts down its silver light
On peaceful quietness.

Helen M. Copeland, 1911.

An Indian Legend

One time, long ago, when everything was beautiful, and the Red Men were the only people on the earth, there lived in the heart of a great forest a beautiful maiden, daughter of a chief. This maiden was known to many because of her goodness and great beauty.

To the north of this forest lived an honored young chief, who, hearing of the beautiful maiden determined to have her for his wife. Before setting out on his journey, he fasted for many days, until he had a message from the Great Spirit encouraging him to start. He had travelled only half the distance, when a message was brought to him, urging him to hasten, as a wicked chief of another tribe had started to the forest to capture the maiden. So he hurried on, and arrived just in time to see another chief depart in great anger. He wondered what was the matter and began to seek for the maiden, but she was nowhere to be found.

Soon he came to a clear place in the forest and saw a tall and very beautiful flower swaying in the wind. He had never seen anything like it before and stood gazing at it in amazement. Then he heard a voice from the clouds saying,

"I am the Great Spirit, and the flower thou seest before thee is the maiden who was to have been thy bride, but the wicked chief came before thee, and she has been changed into a Poppy that he might not have her."

Then the chief replied, "Oh! most wise and merciful Spirit of the Red Men, I thank Thee for what Thou hast done. But since she can never return to life, I beg Thee, take my life, also."

The Great Spirit said, "Brave Red Man, since it is thy wish to be with her, drink of the dew within the flower and thy wish shall be fulfilled."

The chief drank, and immediately fell into a deep sleep from which he has never awakened.

So the wild Poppies bloom every spring.

Maud C. Gutterson, 1911.

Home

At twilight when I sit alone
And muse upon the fading day,
There comes the longing for my home,
And those with whom I used to play.

And when the stars begin to peep
Far off in that celestial dome,
And nature does her silence keep—
'Tis then the longing comes for home.

Olivia C. Flynt, 1911.

Midsummer Night's Dream—An Appreciation

Shakespeare's comedy of "A Mid-summer Night's Dream" is a beautiful personification of one of those warm, soft summer evenings when the whole world seems strange and bewitched, and the very insects hidden in the whispering leaves seem alive with some mysterious knowledge. The play contains all the vague beauties and even the grotesque touches of an actual dream; and yet the whole is bound together by enough of a framework to keep the story interesting.

The dainty fairies play a fascinating part and their sprightly actions claim the chief interests of the reader. Their little petty strifes and joys are, as in a dream, magnified to real importance, and described with vivacious charm.

Beneath the exquisite music of the fairies runs the somewhat heavier accompaniment of the Athenian lovers. These characters are weak and silly, and yet in their very youth and folly there is a certain careless charm perhaps partly explained by the old proverb which says, "All the world loves a lover." It is the absurd tangles into which these poor confused mortals are joyously led by the mischievous elf, Puck, and their final unravelling by the fairy king, Oberon, which forms the real plot of unified action in the play.

In a dream, there is often some grotesque fancy which runs along with the lighter and more charming figures. The part is wonderfully well embodied in the crude actions of the Athenian mechanics and especially in the garrulous foolishness of "sweet bully Bottom." How delightfully absurd he is in his very ignorance, and what a wierd picture it is to see the exquisite little fairy queen and her dainty servants minister to the coarse wants of the hideously distorted Bottom! This contrast is even more skilfully brought out by Shakespeare's words, for it is Titania's own dainty lyric speech which describes the complacent, sprawling monster which she so tenderly fondles.

And now when the play is ended we have a drowsy, contented feeling, as if we had wakened from a soft sleep, in which queer figures had moved vaguely across our consciousness. But if you would carry away one bright and lasting

impression—one which personifies the life of the whole dream, take the quaint little figure which says at the end—

"If we shadows have offended,
"Think but this, and all is mended,
"That you have but slumber'd here
"While these visions did appear."

Miriam Howard, 1911.

Aunt Jane

Everybody called her Aunt Jane, and everybody loved her. She was the neatest little body imaginable. She had snowy white hair, the softest blue eyes, and cheeks like rosy, winter apples. She was always ready to help anyone in need, and would often sit all night at the bedside of some sufferer. A great deal of her time was spent in her garden. That dear old-fashioned garden! It was full of sweet william, canterbury bells, cinnamon roses, pinks and pansies. I can see her now, bending over to caress her favorites. Aunt Jane's kitchen was big and roomy and airy, and she would put on her white apron and bustle about on rainy days, making gingerbread men and little round cakes for us. Those cakes always had chocolate frosting an inch thick on top! Aunt Jane knew how to cook and her cooky-jar was always full for hungry little boys. Everybody loved Aunt Jane, and everybody took their joys and sorrows to her for advice. Her cooky-jar is just as full as ever, her little old-fashioned garden just as sweet as ever, and still ready to help in any time of trouble is Aunt Jane, my little old-fashioned sweetheart.

Dorothy E. Bigelow, 1911.

Autumn

'Tis autumn, and the leaves are turning brown,
They chase each other in a fairy whirl,
Rising in gusts of wind, then falling down
To rest upon their brothers' wings, tight curled.
The downy nuts that all the summer stayed
In their warm nests, like tiny birds asleep,
Drop down, and soon a squirrel unafraid
Piles them beneath the trees, a golden heap.
The fading sun is hid behind a cloud,
Nor dares show forth its radiance as before.
The earth will soon be hid in its dark shroud,
To sleep until the springtime comes once more.
How sad would autumn be, were it not for this—
That sweet spring comes to wake earth with her kiss.

Margaret Strong.

Why Jack O'Lanterns Don't Talk

One cold night in late October, as we sat around the fire, our conversation was interrupted by a call from upstairs.

"I want a drink o' water, mother! I want a drink. Please! I do, mother!"

The voice kept on without waiting even long enough to hear a reply, so, as usual, I was sent in haste to prevent the awakening of the baby if possible, and to bring the water. I knew perfectly well that a drink of water was always a mere excuse to bring me upstairs, so I was not surprised, on arriving at the bedside of my small brother, to be greeted with the usual remark.

"I don't want any water, but, sister, won't you tell me a story? Just a little one, until we hear Fanny get the dessert?"

Naturally I hated to refuse so my reply was somewhat like this:

"Lie down, now; shut your eyes tight and listen hard. It is going to be about Jack."

"My Jack o' lantern?"

"Yes, but you mustn't talk. Just listen. Once upon a time, Jack was a little green pumpkin, growing in a garden. He was a little fellow and instead of being unable to talk and understand like babies, little Jack couldn't see or hear, for he had no eyes or ears, in fact, he had no face at all."

"How'd he eat?"

"He didn't eat. He just seemed to grow without it. There was one thing the little fellow could do and that was think. He used to want to talk to people and ask what was happening in the world, but he had no mouth or eyes so he could only think about it. He seemed to be made of thoughts and he used them so much that they grew and grew and made him grow too, until he became what the gardener called, 'a nice ripe little pun'kin.'

One day he felt himself lifted into the air, so he grabbed the vines around him, but he was pulled right up and carried away. It made him wonder so hard he thought he'd break to pieces, he grew so fast, but suddenly something terrible happened. He felt a knife prick his head. It cut down deeper and

deeper. At first he didn't know what to make of it. Then he felt all his thoughts that had made him grow being pulled right out of his head. He was pretty scared, I guess, but when they were out there weren't any left to feel, so it didn't make any difference to him. Next the knife came piercing straight through the place where his eye ought to have been and when it was pulled out, it left a little hole and Jack could see through it.

All this time the gardener was making a Jack o' Lantern of him, but he hadn't any more thoughts so of course he didn't know it. When it was all finished, the gardener took it to the store, and your Daddy bought him for you. Don't you think it's too bad they cut all his thoughts out to put the candle in? For that's why he doesn't talk. You see, he can't think of what to say or how to say it, so he just has to let the candle light shine through his face. Aren't you glad you can both think and talk?

There! Isn't that Fanny? I must run now. Go to sleep, Sonny, right off quick. Good night!"

"Good night!"

Barbara Moore, C. P., 1912.

Skating

A merry shout, a joyous cry,
The sharp wind tingles and rushes by,
The cold ice hums, the dark pines sigh
While we are skating.

We're free, we're happy! We quicken our flight,
And o'er the dark ice we rush into the night,
The gold path of the moonbeams our chiefest delight
While we are skating!

Miriam Howard, 1911.

The Snow Queen

In the window of an old, rambling, broken-down hut sat a little girl with long curly hair, and beautiful, thoughtful eyes. She was poorly dressed and one would have said utterly miserable, if it had not been for the wonderful, rapt expression on her face. Her forehead was pressed hard on the cold glass, and she was watching with keen enjoyment the soft fall of the snow. In vain Clara had been trying to hate the snow, because it made her mother and little sister so cold and miserable. She could not understand why her mother dreaded its coming, while she, Clara, loved it with all her heart. Now, as she watched, her expression changed to one of awe and wonder. What was it all? Where did all the flakes come from? Who sent them? The last question she unconsciously spoke aloud, and as if in answer, the flakes began to join together in the air, and little by little, to our little wonderer's surprise and delight, the form of an angel appeared, all snowy white, with wings of crystal, shining snow-flakes. In a soft flowing voice, the angel spoke:

"Little girl, I am the Snow Queen, and I have come to answer your questions."

Clara trembled with delight. This was beyond even her most extravagant imagination. In a faltering voice she said,

"Beautiful lady, I love the snow. It is so soft and downy. Please tell me where it comes from and who sends it?"

And while Clara's eyes sparkled with wonder, the Snow Queen told her this story.

"My dear, way up beyond the blue heavens, hidden among the soft, white clouds, stands a huge palace all of glittering ice. There I live with thousands and thousands of little messengers, in the form of white-robed dwarfs, not bigger than you are. When it comes time for the snow, when the days begin to be short, and the nights long, and the sun goes to bed early, and the ground begins to be very cold, then, I send out my messengers with three bags full of snow-flakes, which they have to scatter over the earth. By-and-by the cold dirt becomes covered, and I know that enough has fallen to keep it warm. Then I send Mr. Sun to call the messengers back, and in they all quickly run,

before he can catch them. And now, little one, I have told you what you wished to know. But the real reason for my coming was because I love you. I love little children who love the snow, and I want to tell you a secret before I go back to my ice-home. Always love the snow. Remember how it comes, and that the sun is sure to appear soon. So when you are cold and hungry, think of me, and you will forget your suffering in your love for the little flakes."

With a start Clara jumped from her crouching position and rubbed her eyes.

"Mamma, Mamma, I have had the most beautiful dream, and I'm never going to try to hate the snow again, even though it seems to make us mistrable. The Snow Queen has just told me that if we love it, we can forget the cold and be happy, and I do so want to be happy, Mamma."

Mary H. Hall, 1911

Slumber Song

Wind whispereth low through the waving pine bough,
Tired eyed flowers their petals soft fold,
Come, little one, it is time for rest now,
Come, and let mother her weary one hold.

Slow sways the nest where the wee birdies sleep,
All safe and warm 'neath their mother's soft breast,
Lower and lower the tired eyes creep,
Slowly the heavy head sinks back to rest.

Dim glows the firelight, soft falls the gloom,
Folding all things for the rest of the night.
Now, little one, where the dream flowers bloom,
Roam as you will, 'till morn fades them in light.

Frances M. Pray, 1911.

Captain Ezra

The most interesting character of the small group of islanders, gathered to meet the weekly boat, is a little old sea-captain. Expectation radiates from every feature of his homely, weather-beaten face. His eyes, gazing earnestly at the approaching boat, though bleared, are of the most brilliant blue. His lower lip has shrunk back over the toothless gum, and as he stands with mouth open, only two, non-consecutive, upper teeth are visible. A little white beard on the tip of his chin, wags back and forth, as he explains to an interested bystander, just where the boat should turn, to make a good landing. His shaggy white hair, contrasting with the brown sun-burned face, is pushed down about his ears, by an old slouch hat. A neatly patched coat, once black, its greenish-yellow tinge now showing many years of hard service, covers the bent shoulders. His spacious blue overalls are tucked into a pair of big, comfortable rubber-boots. He walks to the end of the wharf with a rolling sea-man's gait, and with a stubby finger, points to his little shack across the cove. He becomes childishly excited while naming over his various possessions, and reveals an affectionate and lovable nature. Living by himself, he makes the sea-gulls his companions, and calls them his "chicks." Always anxious to share his scanty store with others, and ever cheerful and happy, he is the favorite of the island.

Helen M. Copeland, 1911

A Trip Down The Grand Canon

It is impossible to describe the beauty and magnificence of the Grand Canon of Colorado. Its vastness and immensity are overwhelming. The gorgeous coloring and ever changing effects of light and shade, occurring especially at sunrise and sunset, cannot be portrayed either by pen or brush. The combination of color cannot be equaled, nor is it the same morning, noon, or night. It is an ever changing, indescribable scene, which affects each individual differently. One must see it to realize its wonderous beauty and to feel its vastness.

We made the trip on burros down to the mouth of the Colorado River and back in about seven hours, with one stop to rest each way. It is a most thrilling and adventuresome ride. At one point in the trip, a blank wall of stone seemed to obscure the way, but an abrupt turn led us into a narrow path about two feet wide. On one side was a high, jagged cliff; on the other, we gazed down thousands of feet into an almost bottomless pit, and the same thought flashed through every mind at that instant.—What if the burro should make a mis-step?

After riding about an hour and a half, we reached the plateau. Looking down into the Canon from the top, this plateau seemed to be at its bottom. But on reaching it, we found that in reality it was only half the distance.

The remainder of the trip was splendid. It was worth all the risk and hazard that had gone before. In this final half of the ride, we began to understand the real wonders of the Cânon, not only the beauty of coloring, blended together with unparalled skill, but also the wonders of its formation. Still following the narrow paths, we descended even more rapidly than before into the very bowels of the earth. It seemed almost as if the earth had opened and let us enter into the mysteries of the underworld. As we straggled along the narrow paths, winding in and out between the high impenetrable walls and impending rocks, we seemed so small and helpless compared with the bigness of it all. It is impossible to realize the massive height and straightness of these cliffs. The effect is overpowering.

At length we arrived at our destination and saw the source

of the Colorado River, which after all is only an incident of the trip.

One of the most beautiful views of the Canon is seen on the return. The whole Canon lies around and above, an indefinite, indistinct, hazy picture of cliffs, bluffs, and mountains of stone. Looking up we wondered how we could ever find our way through the maze of this unreal world to the top. Just before making the final turn in the path, I looked back for a last, farewell glimpse of this wonderful work of Nature, and I saw the most glorious sight of all, the Canon bathed in the after glow of sunset.

Margaret C Wilkins.

Editorials

Miss Means returned to the charge of the school at the beginning of the year with fresh spirit and satisfaction in it. The winter and spring she spent in Sicily, Southern Italy and France, and in Spain, taking the Touraine chateaux and making a short stay in Paris and London on the way home by Montreal. The year brought no anxieties about the school, since she left it in hands so competent as Miss Kelsey's. And, while no one knows the trials and perplexities of the Principal's position except the one who fills it, yet Miss Kelsey carried it all so modestly and thoroughly that the school was unconscious of effort. We all feel very grateful to Miss Kelsey for all that she did for our pleasure and for the good year which her care gave us.

Miss Schiefferdecker, whose resignation in June, 1910, was a matter of so much regret to us, when we thought of ourselves alone, was not wholly unexpected, for we had known how great had been the urgency of her German friends that she should return for good to the Fatherland, and how, happy as she was among us, her steadfast purpose was to go back, eventually, to her dear native land.

Coming to Abbot in 1890, she knew the old Abbot and the new. She had the inestimable privilege of knowing Miss McKeen, and of entering upon her work in the American school under her wise and friendly direction. Together they moved from Smith Hall to Draper Hall, and together they shared the novel experiences of the first year in the big, new hall. Throughout Miss Watson's administration, Miss Schiefferdecker could always be counted upon for helpful and sympathetic support, and, in these later years, her usefulness and efficiency have constantly increased. We think of her friendliness as she met new scholars and parents, when school opened in September. How delighted she was to invite children to her table, and how glad we were to hear children's voices in the dining room! The German picnics, the celebration of birthdays, the German plays, all gave her a hold upon the hearts of her pupils. In the classroom, she required faithful, thorough, hard work, and

many a pupil is grateful to her now for not being let off too easily. As a link between the school and the town, it is safe to say that no teacher will be more missed than she — for her ideal of social obligations was high and she lived up to it. We wish Miss Schiefferdecker all happiness in her return to her old home, but we shall long miss her in Abbot Academy. Her address is Schloss Pretzsch, Pretzsch a. d. Elbe, Provinz Sachsen, Germany.

Miss Durfee, who has trained Draper Readers and those who have taken part in plays, public or private, for so many years, has returned to her home in Wales, Maine. Many a girl will owe much to her care and instruction, and many poor families both in Andover and Lawrence will miss her charitable visits. Miss Durfee had a remarkable perception of the suitable individual for a particular situation in reading or for a character on the stage; and during the times of pressure she was unsparing of exertion for success.

Miss Howey's travel abroad has been shortened by the news of her mother's grave illness, which called her home by the first steamer. Miss Howey sailed for Antwerp August 9, 1910, and visited Belgium and Holland, Switzerland, Venice, and was at Florence when she had the important news. She arrived at New York December 22nd. We are glad to say that her mother has been steadily improving and that the immediate danger is passed.

Frau Hedwig D. Cramer, who has taken charge of the German department, was born and educated in the north of Germany, but has been long enough in this country to speak English well. She has had wide experience in Indiana, Chicago and in eastern schools, and has prepared many pupils for various colleges. Her quiet forcefulness, firmness, gentleness, and her humour, make her a teacher who draws the affection and respect of her pupils. Frau Cramer has now been at work among us for almost a semester, and we begin to know her and to appreciate her earnest work.

Miss Sarah S. Utter, who came as the physical director, is a Connecticut woman who has been teaching for four years in the south. Miss Utter is a postgraduate of the New Haven

Normal School of Gymnastics, and was trained in medical corrective work with Dr. Arnold of Yale College. She also had a practical course at Northfield Seminary. Her enthusiasm for all the regular work and for outside sports inspires her pupils to great delight in both. Miss Utter has enlivened the gymnasium work with more games; and has been of great assistance in suggesting methods to the Christian Association leaders.

Miss Edith E. Metcalf is substituting for Miss Howey during her absence for the year. Miss Metcalf is a graduate of Wellesley College and a postgraduate at Oberlin, Ohio. Miss Metcalf has not had so much experience as a teacher, but by family traditions and personal training and qualities she has every right to success. Miss Metcalf has brought great enthusiasm to the literature and history of art courses. Her wide travel has given illustrations from her own experiences, which make the texts vivid as well as the photographs and slides which the school has in such large quantities.

Mlle. Jeanne Chéron, who comes for the French conversation, is an instructor at Wellesley College and has just returned this fall from Paris.

Miss Hall, who conducted Miss Kelsey's classes so efficiently last year, has been able this winter to take some courses at Radcliffe, while she is still teaching Greek in the school.

For many years, a faithful old girl, Mrs. Macfarland of Washington, has annually raised by appeals to other old girls a sum varying from $120 to more than $200, to be used for lectures in the school, and her work has been of the greatest service to us. Two years ago Mrs. Macfarland was obliged to give up this work, and it is now being carried on with the same zeal and interest by Miss Merrill, but on a different basis. With the idea that by appealing to the organized classes of the last thirty years a permanent fund might be raised, the interest from which could be used annually for lectures, Miss Merrill began last February the task of writing to the class officers from 1880 to 1910, asking that at least one hundred dollars

should be pledged by each class for the fund. As the result of this appeal, Miss Merrill has already paid over to the Treasurer of the school the sum of $3432.60, and there are still pledges to be redeemed. Her desire is to raise at least $5000, and she will be glad to receive contributions of any size from those who may not have received the direct appeal. The prompt and generous response made by these thirty classes and other friends make it certain that other faithful and loyal old girls will help to bring the fund up to the desired amount. The advantage of such work for the school is so evident that no arguments need be presented, and the great value of Miss Merrill's work needs no commendation at this time.

Class reunions formed one of the most delightful features of the 1910 commencement season. Eleven of the class of 1894 returned to enjoy Commencement day and a class supper served in the Reading Room at Draper Hall. Mabelle Bosher came from her own school in Honolulu to be present at this reunion, and Aida Dunn Furst and Henrietta Calhoun Bogart brought their six year old sons, Dale and John, visitors greatly enjoyed by the whole school.

The class of 1900 mustered an even larger number for its reunion, and the very evident delight of these "old girls" in seeing each other, and in visiting together the old haunts, gave to us a keener sense of what the school home and friends may mean to us.

The strength of Abbot has always been in her old girls. Go where you will, her graduates are always loyal and true to her interests. Years may have passed since they studied and played in her buildings, they may have gone to other schools and attained great honors, or they may even have become famous in the world's eyes, still they cherish the memory of the school of their girlhood. The girls now in school have likewise this splendid spirit of loyalty. But is it not true that the word might gain a finer meaning if it influenced the daily pleasures and duties of student life, which sometimes seem so commonplace? Friends and strangers

watch the girls continually, their unconscious manners, their mental ability, and their criticisms of themselves and of their companions, and often gauge the life of the institution by the impression that one girl gives. Thus on each member of the school rests the responsibility of promoting its welfare.

Loyalty is a precious treasure. It cannot be cultivated when school days are over. It must be nurtured at the beginning and fostered always, so that it may be forever a part of the life of the individual.

As a result of Miss Wiggin's enthusiastic talk on December 3, a chapter of the Consumers' League has been founded at Abbot. A small annual due is collected from each member, the sum of which is paid to the Massachusetts State League. An effort is being made to make the manufacturers realize the public demand for an improvement in factory conditions. Each member of the League, therefore, promises to ask for goods with the Consumers' League tag attached. Much interest has been taken in the chapter so far, and it is hoped that each member will realize that her individual help is important in advancing the good work.

In the different buildings of Abbot are reproductions of some of the world's greatest masterpieces. If these things were taken away, they would be missed; for they exert an unconscious influence over everyone, even though we are not so familiar with them as we should be. Day after day, as they go up the stairs in McKeen Hall, the girls in Greek history see the copy of the Parthenon frieze, or those reading Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" see the picture of Canterbury Cathedral. But how few of us realize the connection between these bas-reliefs and pictures and what we are studying. This may be partly due to the fact that many of the objects are not named. But how easy it would be for a girl to ask questions and so find out a great many really interesting things. Learning to know good pictures and to recognize well-known places and sights, helps to make education more complete; and knowledge of such things makes life broader and more interesting. If

the girls would stop occasionally in the halls and corridors to see what is there, these pictures, statues and bas-reliefs would soon become to them old friends.

The country of Andover is especially beautiful at this time of year. The rolling snow-covered hills and fields, interrupted here and there by bits of woods, form a picturesque landscape which can hardly be equalled in the entire state. The tall pines of Indian Ridge and the wooded shores of Pomp's Pond, with the indescribable spell of winter upon them, have a charm which is wholly unlike either that of the white monotonous prairies of the middle West, or the harsh, rugged grandeur of the far West. Moreover, the country is one of ever-changing interest. The picturesque roads wind in and out through fields bounded by low, snow-capped stone walls. A turn in the road may reveal a quaint little farmhouse beside a bare orchard, a broad stretch of undulating meadows, or a distant wooded hill with the dark, naked trees silhouetted against the gray sky. In the late afternoons, as the sun sinks behind the horizon, the sombre sky is awakened into life and color. Brilliant streaks of gold, purple and red appear, throwing the colorless landscape into sharp contrast. These gorgeous sunsets very much increase the beauty of the country, and Andover is justly famed for them.

School Journal

Commencement

The Commencement Exercises of the eighty-first anniversary of Abbot Academy began Saturday evening, June 11, 1910, with the musicale given by the pupils of Prof. Joseph N. Ashton, Mrs. Alice Wentworth MacGregor, Miss Laura E. Shawe and Mr. S. Edwin Chase.

PART FIRST

ROUND: "Come buy my cherries" . . . . . *Stevenson*
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY

PIANO DUET: Danse Polonaise (Op. 38) . . . . . *Scharwenka*
MISSES RENWICK AND WIGHTMAN

SONGS: *a*) My mother bids me bind my hair . . . . . *Haydn*
b) Liebchen ist da! . . . . . *Franz*
MISS SANFORD

PIANO SOLO: Impromptu in B flat . . . . . *Schubert*
MISS WIEST

SONG: Connais tu pays (Mignon) . . . . . *Thomas*
MISS PRESTON

VIOLIN SOLOS: *a*) Meditation (Thais) . . . . . *Massenet*
b) Minuett . . . . . *Beethoven*
MISS SILSBY

CHORUS: Gypsy Life . . . . . *Schumann*
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY

PART SECOND

PART SONGS: *a*) An Elfin Frolic . . . . . *Foster*
b) Evening . . . . . *Rungenhagen*
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY

SONG: The Snowflakes . . . . . , *Cowen*
MISS PRESTON

PIANO SOLOS: *a*) Sorrentina . . . . . *Lack*
b) Impromptu . . . . . *Seeling*
MISS WIEST

SONG WITH VIOLIN OBLIGATO: Angel's Serenade . . . . . *Braga*
MISSES SANFORD AND SILSBY

CHORUS: In May . . . . . , , *Parker*
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY

On Sunday, June 12, the baccalaureate sermon was preached at the South Church by the Rev. Albert Parker Fitch of Cambridge.

Monday afternoon, June 13, the Seniors gave their lawn party under the old oak.

Monday evening, the annual Draper Reading was given.

PIANO DUET: Danse Polonaise . . . . . *Scharwenka*
MISSES RENWICK AND WIGHTMAN

BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST . . . . . *Rudyard Kipling*
MIRIAM HOWARD, Hyde Park

THE HEART OF OLD HICKORY . . . . . *Will Allen Dromgoole*
JANE STINSON NEWTON, Brookline

THE BULLER-PODINGTON COMPACT . . . . . *Frank R. Stockton*
BESSIE MAY RAND, Haverhill

THE HUNDRED AND ONETH . . . . . *Annie Hamilton Donnell*
KATHARINE LEWIS ORDWAY, Winchester

PELANG . . . . . *William Henry Drummond*
MARY HELENA HALL, New Britain, Conn.

A KITCHEN COLONEL . . . . . *Mary E. Wilkins*
OLIVIA COLEMAN FLYNT, Monson

CUPID AND DICKY . . . . . *Josephine Dodge Daskam*
DORA EVANGELINE HEYS, Lynn

MARSE CHAN . . . . . *Thomas Nelson Page*
ELEANOR VAN TUYL, Colorado, Texas

A TRAGEDY IN MILLINERY . . . . . *Kate Douglas Wiggin*
ANNIE E. BLAUVELT, Oradell, N. J.

Tuesday, June 14, the school assembled for the Tree Exercises and Ivy Planting. The final exercises were at the South Church.

PRELUDE and MARCH

JUBILATE . . . . . *Joseph N. Ashton*
CHOIR

INVOCATION . . . . . .
REV. FREDERICK A. WILSON

SWEET IS THY MERCY, LORD . . . . . *Joseph Barnby*
CHOIR

ADDRESS . . . . . .
PRESIDENT RICHARD C. MACLAURIN, LL. D.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS
REV. DANIEL MERRIMAN, D.D.

PARTING HYMN . . . . . *S. M. Downs*

PRAYER and BENEDICTION
REV. CHARLES H. OLIPHANT

FREDERIC G. MOORE
MARSHAL

Alumnae Meeting at Abbot Hall at 1.30 P.M.

Academic Senior Class

Agnes Frances Buckley	Lawrence
Laura Avis Jackson	River Forest, Ill.
Lillie Richardson Johnson	Hallowell, Maine
Grace Frances Kellogg	Dorchester
Ruth Murray	Lynn
Irma Flora Naber	Dayton, Ohio
Ruth Wetmore Newcomb	New London, Conn.
Ethel Anna Reigeluth	Middletown, N. Y.
Marion Burt Sanford	Warwick, N. Y.
Emily Tenney Silsby	Newbury, Vt.
Lydia Clementene Skolfield	Portland, Maine
Sarah Louise Tuttle	Springfield

College Preparatory Senior Class

Edith Honore Flynn	Lawrence
Clarissa Merwin Hall	Brookline
Mary Frances O'Mahoney	Lawrence
Lucy DuBois Porter	Claverack, N. Y.
Lydia Elena Trask	Newburyport
Mira Bigelow Wilson	Andover

Hall Exercises

The first Hall Exercises of the year, on September 17, were conducted by Miss Means, who explained certain manners and customs of the school. Afterwards, a meeting of the Athletic Association was held, when officers for the coming year were elected.

On September 24, after Miss Means had talked for a few minutes on some previously unexplained school rules, we had the pleasure of hearing a piano solo by Henrietta Wiest and readings by Katharine Ordway, Miriam Howard and Bessie Rand, Draper Readers of last June.

Saturday afternoon, October 8, Mr. Moorehead of Phillips Academy gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on Indian Women and Girls. He stated the position of the Indian woman in the family, the results of the white people's influence on Indians, and the differences in character of the principal American tribes.

On the afternoon of October 29, Miss Utter gave an illustrated lecture on physiology and hygiene, speaking of the structure of our bodies, and the general laws governing them. She mentioned especially the comparatively little care which our bodies demand, and how small attention we generally pay to these simple requirements.

On Saturday, November 12, Miss Means spoke to us on manners. She said that, although in a general way we were thoughtful, we overlooked many of the smaller things. These she brought to our notice, and emphasized the advantage of forming good habits at an early age.

On Saturday afternoon, November 26, Miss Annie Peck, the celebrated mountain climber, gave an illustrated lecture on "The Difficulties of Mt. Huascuran." She told in a very animated way the difficulties of camp life under intensely cold conditions, and accidents which befell her party, such as loss of telescopes, clothing and other necessities. After making three unsuccessful attempts to reach the summit of the mountain, and finding it impossible to secure native guides for a fourth trial, she finally succeeded in engaging Swiss guides, in whose company the summit, 20,000 feet above the sea-level, was reached. The slides, which were many and very beautiful, added much to the interest of her vividly told experiences.

On Saturday, December 3, Miss Mary C. Wiggins, corresponding secretary of the Consumers' League of Massachusetts, spoke to us of the unhealthy conditions under which so much work is being done in the factories, and other large establishments, and the efforts which the League is making to improve the surroundings of people employed in such places.

The Hall Exercises, on December 10, consisted of a practical talk by Miss Aldred on "First Aid to the Injured." She spoke of common accidents with which we might meet at any time and of simple, yet effective things to be done in such emergencies, above all warning us to keep ourselves, as well as the patient, calm,—no matter what the circumstances.

The Hall Exercises, on January 7, consisted of a spelling match, in which the unclassified were placed against the Juniors, the Junior Middlers against the Senior Middlers, and the College Seniors and champions of the previous classes against the Academic Seniors.

On Saturday, January 14, Mrs. William H. Hill of Brookline, who is on the Governing Board of the College Settlements Association in Boston, spoke to us about the work which is being done for the betterment of foreigners in our large cities. She compared the life of immigrants here in America with that which they led in their native land; and showed how such people may become helpful citizens, if they are provided with work for which they are adapted.

Entertainments and Excursions

The school year began very gaily with the A. C. A. dance, given by the old girls to the new. Miss Means and Miss Rhoda Green, the president of A. C. A., received. During the dancing light refreshments were served.

Miss Mason and Miss Kelsey invited all the girls to a straw-ride and corn-roast at Mr. George Rae's farm in North Andover, on Tuesday afternoon, October 4. Two big barges filled with straw carried the girls to the farm, and soon after their arrival the girls were laughing at the jolly games prepared for them. Later, supper was served as they sat around in groups on the grass.

On Tuesday evening, October 11, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer invited the girls who attend the Episcopal Church to a pleasant social evening at the Rectory. The evening passed quickly, and the games that were played were very interesting and merry.

On October 12, a huge boulder was dedicated in Missionary Woods to the five men who founded the American Board of Foreign Missions. Special cars from Boston brought hundreds of people, and the little knoll on which the bowlder stood was completely covered with interested spectators. The service was short but impressive, and deep interest and enthusiasm characterized the attitude of the large audience. Abbot was proud to have a small part in the service by helping with the singing.

The annual Senior straw-ride and picnic came on October 18, this year. When they reached the pond, the girls were free until supper time, and were fortunate in having a large full moon to watch, as it rose over the pond behind the trees. A jolly supper was served in one of the little houses on the shore of the pond, after which games were played until dark. Then a bonfire was lit in the grove, and the girls toasted marshmallows and sang until time to start on the beautiful moonlight ride back to school. It is such occasions as these, of careless, jolly good-fellowship, that serve to make the bond between the Seniors so strong.

The finals of the tennis tournament were played on October 22, when Miss Olivia Flynt won the medal from Miss Marion Brown in an interesting game.

Miss Runner's corridor invited the school to a "baby party," on the evening of October 25, and all accepted gleefully. The costumes both of the children and of the nursemaids were very good, and the girls acted their parts to perfection. The games that were played are the ones usually enjoyed at a children's party, and when the little ones became exhausted with the excitement of "drop the handkerchief" and "London Bridge is falling down," refreshments of chocolate, sandwiches, crackers and sticks of pink candy were served to them by the pretty nursemaids.

The Hallowe'en dinner was on the evening of October 31, when the dining room was charmingly decorated in black and yellow, and the dinner provided was especially chosen to suit the occasion. Later, fortunes were told by the popping of chestnuts, and counting of apple seeds, and, judging by the merry faces everywhere, these prophecies were not unpleasant.

The Hallowe'en dance this year was held on the first of November, in Davis Hall. It was a masquerade dance and the costumes were very interesting, many being original, some beautiful, and others very, very funny.

On November 2, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Abbot met her match in the hockey game played with Bradford. Both sides were extremely enthusiastic, and both determined to win if possible, but though the teams were quite evenly matched, Bradford's defense was wonderful, and Abbot's forward line had much difficulty in forcing its way to the goal. Thus, at the close of the game, the score stood six to four in favor of Bradford. Directly after the game, a tea was given to the Bradford Seniors, and later the victorious team was entertained at dinner.

On Saturday, November 5, most of the Abbot girls attended the Andover-Exeter football game, in which Andover defeated Exeter 21 to 0. In the evening the Seniors went to the bonfire.

A class hockey game was played, on November 11, and the Seniors won by a score of 7 to 2.

The first Sunday evening musicale of the year was held in Miss Means's sitting-room November 13. Olga Erickson, Helen Cram and Margaret Wilkins sang and Henrietta Wiest, Anna Boynton and Dorothy Lawson played selections on the piano.

Eight girls stayed at Abbot during the Thanksgiving recess and had a very delightful time. Tuesday evening was spent in making candy, which proved to be a most acceptable addition to the Thanksgiving boxes packed Wednesday evening. Thursday morning, the girls with Miss Utter and Frau Cramer drove to Lawrence in a tally-ho and distributed the gifts to several poor families. Dinner, at which Miss Means presided, was at two o'clock, and as guests several students from Phillips Academy were present. In the evening, the girls had a very pleasant time at a party given at Mrs. Stearns's house.

Tuesday evening, November 29, the school had the pleasure of seeing the dress rehearsal of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," which was given by members of the Boston Abbot Academy Club, under the direction of Miss Mary Byers Smith of Andover. Miss Tryon and Miss Knowles, former teachers at Abbot, took leading parts, and the rest of the cast was made up entirely of old Abbot girls. The play was well given, and greatly enjoyed by those present.

The Academic Seniors went with Miss Metcalf to Mrs. Jack Gardner's palace, on November 30. Their study of the history of art made them especially interested in her wonderful collection of art treasures.

The first concert of the season was given, on December 1, by Mr. and Mrs. Anton Witek. Mr. Witek is the new concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Witek is a noted pianist. It was their first public appearance together in this country. The program consisted of three parts: the first part included the famous Kreutzer Sonata for the violin and piano, the second a number of selections for the piano, played by Mrs. Witek, and the third, given by Mr. Witek, contained an Adagio by Haydn, from a recently published violin concerto, which had never before been played in America.

Many of the girls have gone to the delightful Wednesday afternoon organ recitals, which Mr. Ashton gives in the chapel.

Some of the girls went to a concert in the Town Hall, on December 6, given by Mr. George Harris and Miss Nina Fletcher. Mr. Harris's songs in German, French and English were well rendered and showed to advantage his fine tenor voice, and Miss Fletcher's playing on the violin was charming. That same evening, the girls who did not go to the concert helped pack two Christmas barrels, which were sent to a missionary family in North Dakota.

On December 10, the Faculty invited the girls to a Christmas frolic in the sitting-room. As the girls gathered at the door, a Christmas carol was sung, after which the curtains were drawn aside, showing a prettily decorated Christmas tree. Santa Claus appeared, and with appropriate remarks distributed small gifts and candy to the girls. The dainty dolls which the girls had dressed to send to New York were arranged on the window seat and were much admired.

Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason delightfully entertained their corridor at tea Tuesday, January 10.

January 12, the second of our three annual recitals was given by Mr. George Copeland, the noted pianist. The program included selections from Scarlatti, Chopin, and Debussy. Mr. Copeland's touch is very sympathetic and his technique wonderful. The audience was very enthusiastic, and showed great appreciation of the performance.

Religious Notes

The first Saturday evening chapel, on September 17, was led by Miss Means. She told how long these chapel services had existed and how much they meant, especially to the old girls coming back after several years' absence from Abbot.

The Saturday evening chapel of September 24, was led by Professor Taylor, whose subject was the Power of Discrimination.

Mr. Stackpole, of Phillips Academy, spoke to us at the Saturday evening chapel of October 1. His topic was "Obedience," and he emphasized especially the rights of other people to our obedience.

On Saturday evening, October 8, Mr. Shipman led the chapel exercises, and told us of the necessity of Christian workers understanding the temptations and struggles of those among whom they work, and the different conceptions which other people have of Christ.

During the afternoon of Sunday, October 9, an offering was given by the girls of Draper Hall for the American Board of Missions. In the evening, Mrs. George Gutterson, a former Abbot girl and foreign missionary, spoke to us on the true missionary spirit, and how it can be shown in home life; and also of Abbot girls who have gone as missionaries to other countries.

On October 15, at the evening chapel, Rev. Clarence A. Barbour gave us a helpful talk on doing what we know to be right. "If we ought, we must," he said, and he urged us to make every action amount to something in the right direction.

The Saturday evening chapel of October 22, was conducted by Professor Henry B. Wright of Yale, whose text was: "Speak the whole truth in love, and let love be without dissimulation." He spoke of the necessity of meeting things face to face, not evading them, and how carefully we should attend to the little things, which occur in our daily life.

On the evening of October 29, Dr. Currie of Philadelphia, talked to us on "Chains." Some chains, he said, were to guide us and restrain us, and we should therefore keep them in repair. Others, however, we allow to hold us back, and we should strive to cast these off, that our actions may be free and open.

Professor Hincks of Andover addressed the girls on Sunday evening, November 6. He said that young ladies of today should interest themselves intelligently in the questions of the day and watch carefully a chance to better conditions around them. Thus, he said, conditions of schools, factories, slums and streets, might be greatly improved by a more wide-spread interest among women.

The Rev. Mr. Calkins conducted the chapel service, Saturday evening, November 12. He read us the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and from Christ's command to the disciples, bidding them "Gather up the broken bits that nothing be lost," he told us to be warned against waste—either of word, action or opportunity.

On Sunday evening, November 20, Rev. Clark Carter of the Lawrence Neighborhood House told us about the poor families which Abbot was planning to cheer at Thanksgiving time with good food and warm clothing.

At the Monday morning chapel, November 21, the special Thanksgiving service was held. It is a simple, but impressive service in which all join.

The Episcopal Rector, Rev. Mr. Palmer, read the book of Ecclesiastes to us at the Saturday chapel, November 26. As he read, he explained and interpreted so that the book is now better understood and remembered by us.

The Rev. Mr. Jump of New Britain, Connecticut, conducted the chapel service, on December 3. His subject was "The Three R.s of Modern Education." These three R's, relaxation, retirement and religion, are necessary, he said, to a healthy and helpful life at the present time.

In addition to the seventy dolls that the girls dressed for a Neighborhood House in New York City, two large barrels were packed for a missionary family out west.

On Sunday evening, December 12, the old Abbot Christmas service was held. It began with the prophecy of the Messiah and ended with its fulfilment in the birth of Christ.

On Saturday evening, January 7, Mr. Walker of West Parish, spoke to us, using the text "Be watchful, for in an hour when ye think not, Christ cometh." He urged us to make use of every good impulse that arises in us, for if we let them slip by, one after another, there will come a time, a crisis, when we shall no longer have the power to make use of them, and thus we shall be helpless at the "hour when Christ cometh."

The Saturday evening chapel of January 14, was led by Rev. G. Glenn Atkins of Providence, Rhode Island. He spoke from the text—"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer." Everyone has some deep especial thought which forms the very core of his life. If this secret meditation is pure, and can be dedicated to the Lord, it will quietly influence and protect a person's whole life.

The Sunday evening offerings for 1909-1910 amounted to $92.00. In addition, other contributions for special purposes were made, bringing the total for the year up to $278.

The Scotland District Sunday School, of which for a number of years Miss Durfee had charge, but which had been discontinued the last few years, has been opened again this year under the direction of Miss Utter. Two of the girls have each Sunday gone with Miss Utter as teachers, and have found the work inspiring and interesting.

Items of General Interest

The Concert fund—the memorial to Mr. Downs—has been growing steadily. While the aggregate sum is still small, $512, it is noteworthy as being the gift of many people, most of them pupils of Mr. Downs during the last ten or fifteen years of his teaching.

The Draper Readers of last June were much surprised and

delighted with the gift from Mrs. Draper of gold pins bearing the letter D, the initial being taken from a seal of Mr. Draper's. A pin was also given to Miss Durfee in recognition of the many years in which she has trained the readers.

Miss Melita Knowles resigned her position in the Brookline High School, in November, and has accepted an excellent position at the New England Educational and Industrial Union.

Miss Towle, teacher of History in Abbot, in 1905-6, has graduated from a Law School in New York City, and is soon to begin the practice of law.

Miss Payne is teaching this winter in the Girls' Latin School in Baltimore.

One of the pleasant incidents of the sojourn last summer in England of Mrs. Harlow and Miss Merrill was a visit in Perley, Surrey, in Mrs. Lucretia H. Kendall Clarke's beautiful home, "Asgarth." Mrs. Clarke was German teacher in Abbot from '78 to '79, when she became the wife of Mr. Edward Clarke of York, England, and England has ever since been her home.

Miss Means gave a very interesting talk on Syracuse to the class in Greek history. By her vivid description of the city and its wonderful ruins as she saw them last winter, she made the old Greek city seem very real.

Alumnae Notes

The first meeting of the year of the Boston Abbot Club was held, on November 5, at the Vendome. Mr. Burton S. Flagg, Treasurer of the School, gave a most interesting talk on "What the Alumnae can do for the School." This paper, which was received with enthusiasm by the members of the club present, has since been published and sent to all former members of the school by the Keeper of Alumnae Records. Miss Means was present at the meeting and brought the greetings of the school. Miss Rosamond Kempton played the violin, and a very delightful reception in charge of Miss Merrill followed the meeting.

On December 3, the club gave Dickens's "Christmas Carol," at Parker Memorial. The play had previously been rehearsed at Davis Hall before the Abbot girls; and in both cases it was enthusiastically received. Miss Tryon's "Scrooge" had the applause he so richly deserved, and the tableaux were hailed with delight.

On January 7, Miss Mary Agnes Best of New York told some of her inimitable stories of the East Side. She aimed particularly to make us see life through the eyes of a young Jewish girl of New York. We heard, in her own words, the girl's attitude toward her friends, her work, her future. We were introduced to the club to which she belonged, and to the unforgetable Passover Feast, in an East Side tenement. Miss Best's stories quickened the interest and sympathy of all her hearers for the struggles and hardship of life in our cities, and her underlying plea for social justice was clearly felt. Miss Cassassa sang some charming Italian songs, and tea was served by Miss Knowles, Miss Helen Bott and Miss Gladys Perry.

The New York Abbot Academy Club at the first meeting of the year, November 5, 1910, pledged fifty dollars towards the Alumnae Lectureship Fund, to which many of its members have already generously contributed.

1862. Miss Ella J. Abbott is spending the winter with her niece, Mary Marland Littleton (C. P. '99), and finds her hands full with her love and care for the dear little grandniece, Helen Elinore Littleton.

†1872. A graduate of whom Abbot Academy is proud, Anna Fuller, has had several stories in the Atlantic Monthly for 1910.

1873. "The Bookman" for November, 1910, has a long and appreciative article by Calvin Winter, on Kate Douglas Wiggin as a representative American story-teller. Another tribute to her popularity may be found in the very interesting account of her work to which the School Library Bulletin of New York for December is devoted. This paper is sent by the School Board to each of its 600,000 pupils.

†1874. Helen Bartlett, Ph.D. Bryn Mawr, '96, of Peoria, Illinois, returned in October from three years of travel and study in Europe. She writes that she and her sister visited every country in Europe, except Russia, seeing it all in a leisurely and delightful fashion. Two winters were spent in Italy and many months in Germany.

Ellen Wilbur Burgess, teacher of German in Abbot from '83 to '86, writes from her home, 148 Prospect Street, Providence, R. I., that she is glad to be living in New England again. Prof. Burgess is Director of Religious Education in the First Baptist Church of Providence, the younger son is in Brown University, and the elder son is in Oxford University, the Rhodes scholar from Rhode Island.

We hear with regret of the death, after a long illness, of Mr. Seth M. Richards of Newport, N. H., September 26, 1910. His family has been closely connected with the Academy for many years through his wife, Lizzie M. Farnsworth, 77, his sister, Josephine Richards Gile, †'77, and his daughter, Louise Richards Rollins, †'07.

†1882. Mary G. Whitcomb has resigned her position with the Antiquarian Society in Worcester, and is spending the year with her mother in Florida.

†1882. The Rockland (Maine) Courier-Gazette of January 3, contains a very appreciative notice of a lecture on Greece, given before the Methebesec Club of Rockland, by Miss Edith E. Ingalls. Several months of life in Athens, and travels up-and-down through the country have given Miss Ingalls a great amount of interesting subject matter, which enthusiasm and culture enable her to present in a very interesting fashion. Miss Ingalls was the guest of Miss Annie Frye, †1882, whose home is in Rockland.

†1883. Nellie Hadley Rowell during her husband's enforced absence on account of ill health has given up housekeeping in San Diego, Cal., and is spending the winter with her sister in National City, a short distance from there.

Classmates and friends of Mrs. Fanny Hardy Eckstorm, '83, and Charlotte W. Hardy, †'98, will be grieved to learn of the death of their father, Mr. Manly Hardy, the well-known ornithologist.

†1884. Dr. Jane L. Greely took a well-earned vacation last summer, enjoying, with a congenial friend, England, Scotland, and Norway.

Pauline Whittlesey (Mrs. Cornelius H. Patton) is spending the winter in Italy with her two daughters, while her husband, Secretary Patton of the A. B. C. F. M., is visiting some of the missions of the Board.

†1886. A Portland, Maine, publication, sold during the holiday season to aid the Tuberculosis Fund — Kosmos — contained two interesting contributions by two Abbot Academy graduates. Alice C. Twitchell wrote an entertaining account of her trip to Spitzbergen, and Emily P. Baxter, '93, discussed the relative merits of Anatole France and Oscar Wilde.

†1888. Emily Janet Smith is living now at 9 Thames Terrace, Norwich, Conn., and writes of a busy life in her new home.

†1889. Mrs. Richard H. Arms (Alice H. Joy) has moved from Chicago to Colorado, where her husband has bought an apple ranch. Her new address is Grand Junction, Colorado, R. F. D. No. 40.

1889. Miss Flora L. Mason of Taunton, Mass., is serving very efficiently as the first president of the Woman's Club of Taunton — a flourishing club organized last spring.

†1891. Miss Merrill had the pleasure of lunching at the Touraine, in October, with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Earhardt, Carrie L. Beal of Detroit, Michigan, and of hearing of their fine family of four children.

†1893. Miss Charlotte Ward Briant, whose death after months of suffering occurred in October, was a very loyal graduate of the school. When she returned from her trip to Europe in 1906, she gave a number of photographs to Abbot.

†1893. Mary A. Thompson writes of a three months' trip abroad in which she saw many beautiful things and used her French to good advantage.

1893. Belle Pearson (Mrs. John P. Brooks) and Miss Merrill had an unexpected and glad reunion in the Tait Gallery, in London, this summer.

One of the most delightful reunions last June was that of the class of 1894. It was especially delightful to the school and to the town to have Miss Bosher with us again. After a two months' rest in the East, she returned in August to take up her splendid work in Kawaiahao Seminary, Honolulu.

1894. Mrs. Charles F. Wallace (Sarah C. Emerson) was in Europe this summer. Her address is 16 Circuit Road, Chestnut Hill.

1894. In a list of the noteworthy magazine verse for 1910, several poems by "Grace Fallow Norton" were included, among them poems by "Grace Fallon Norton" were included, among them "Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's," published in the Atlantic Monthly for March 1910.

1898. Margaret Whittemore is in charge of the Domestic Science Department of Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C. This is her second year in the position.

1899. Bertha E. Sperry (Mrs. Hugh MacCullum) is now living in Simsbury, Conn., her husband, the Rev. Hugh MacCullum, having been called from his pastorate at Walpole, Mass., to that of Simsbury.

†1901. Evelyn Carter is this winter teaching kindergarten in Oneida, Clay Co., Kentucky, in a school for the "Highlanders of America" (Mountain Whites).

C. P. †1901. Harriet A. Lee (Mt. Holyoke) is working in the University of Chicago for her Master's degree which she expects to take in June. Her department is English, and she has three courses of unusual interest—one on the history of the novel, a course in Chaucer, and the third in the bibliography and methodology of English Literature.

1901. Helen A. Whittemore is taking nurses' training in the Post Graduate Hospital in New York City.

1901. Emily Emerson spent a delightful summer abroad, and is now teaching again.

†1902. Harriet Chase (Mrs. Charles E. Newell) sends us from Derry, N. H., a snapshot of her two sons, Henry Chase Newell, two years five and a half months old, and Benjamin Chase Newell, six and a half months old.

1902. Mr. Frank Porter Amos, to whom Katherine Herrick is engaged, has been spending a few weeks with her family in Lawrence. He is a First Lieutenant in the 11th Cavalry, which is now stationed at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

1903. An exhibition of the paintings of Helen Bott was held at the Copley Gallery in Boston during the Christmas holidays. Since she left Abbot, Miss Bott has been studying in Paris. She now has a studio in Arlington.

1903. Bessie Bampton (Mrs. Frank H. Clark) is still living in Arkansas, and has two fine boys to make her happy.

†1904. Laura Eddy will soon be finishing her third year in the Children's Hospital in Boston.

†1904. Julia F. Wallace is enjoying her second year at Simmons College, where she is specializing in Sewing. She has one highly valued course on Education with Dean Arnold, a course intended for college graduates only, but the work of the Senior year at Abbot was accepted as a sufficient passport in this case.

C. P. †1904. Elizabeth Schneider is living in Boston this winter, and spends two or three hours daily with Professor Robert, helping him to get together his book on Parliamentary Law. Her address is 248 Newbury Street.

1904. Emily W. Stearns is taking a course in Domestic Science at the Garland School in Boston.

1904. Nellie Bampton's present address is 1052 South Street, Roslindale.

†1905. The friends of Amy Blodgett will be sorry to hear of the death of her father.

C. P. †1905. Frances Cutler returned in September from Europe and is at home in Bangor this winter. She is taking some courses in English at the University of Maine.

†1907. An afternoon reception was given by Mrs. George A. Wyer at the Lafayette Hotel in Portland on December 22 for her daughters, Mrs. Ellsworth T. Rundlett (Christine Wyer †'07) and Elizabeth Wyer, '09.

†1907. Charlotte A. Parsons is teaching this year in one of the Lowell schools.

†1908. Mary E. Cheney, who is now in her second year of teaching in the graded schools in Ashland, is considered an excellent teacher.

†1908. Thirza H. Gay is taking this winter a one year course in household economics at Simmons College.

†1909. Leila Fowler is living in Brookline this winter. Her address is 66 Harvard Ave., Brookline, Mass.

1909. Eva M. Smith has been very successful for the last two years in giving music lessons. Her address is 21 Logan Street, Lawrence.

†1910. Laura A. Jackson is studying this winter at Depauw University, the college from which both her father and her grandfather graduated.

†1910. Ruth Newcomb has given the school the Lawrence sheet of the Geological Survey maps, which includes the country around Andover. The map is framed and hangs in the sitting-room; it was given especially for the use of the walking club.

†1910. Lydia Skolfield was given a coming-out tea on December 29 by her mother, Mrs. John Theodore Skolfield of Portland.

C. P. †1910. Of the girls who went from Abbot to college this year, three went to Wellesley, Lydia Trask, Edith Flynn and Mary O'Mahoney; two to Smith, Clarissa Hall and Mira B. Wilson; and one, Lucy Porter, to Mt. Holyoke. We are proud to know that already two articles by Lucy Porter have been accepted by the Mt. Holyoke Magazine. We have also heard with interest that Mila Wilson is in the college orchestra.

1910. Ethel Swain is studying at the State Normal School, New Britain, Connecticut.

1910. Lois Bradford is taking the kindergarten course at Miss Wheelock's school in Boston.

Visitors

Frances Skolfield, †'08, Lydia Skolfield, †'10, Katherine Jenkins, '10, Ruth Newcomb, '†'10, Emily Silsby, †'10, Eleanor Couch, '10, Ruth Murray, †'10, Lillie Johnson, †'10, Lucy Porter, C. P. '10, Lydia Trask, C. P. '10, Mira B. Wilson, C. P. '10, Gladys Hayden, '10, Annie Blauvelt, '10, Dorothy Dole, '10, Eva Cruikshank, '10, Persis Mackintire, †'06, Clara J. Hukill, C. P. '07, Mary Bell Gilbert, †'09, Florence MacCreadie, C. P. '09, Mrs. Edward Bigelow (Molly Ball, '07), Mrs. Wiggin, Mrs. Maria Parker Howard, '51, Mary Stuart, C. P. '08, Mrs. Frank Guild (Ethel Wolfenden, '01), Abbie Smith, †'04, Mary Thompson, †'93, Mrs. John Wesley Churchill, '63, Jane S. Newton, '10, Catherine W. Sandford, †'99, Mrs. Allen H. Bennett (Alice Lefavour, '87), Mrs. E. T. Rundlett (Christine Wyer, †'07), Elizabeth W. Gilbert, †'03, Elizabeth Schneider, C. P. '03, Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile, †'77, Mrs. James P. Gilbert (Nan Spencer, †'89), Miss Flora L. Mason, '89, Mrs. C. H. Spencer (Kate Winegarner, †'91), Dora Heys, '10, Mrs. MacCullum (Bertha Sperry, '99), Honora Spalding, †'02, Miss Titcomb, Mrs. Frederick H. Hill, (Maboth Wolfenden, †'99), Edith Gardner, †'09, Helen Whitten, †'09, Edwina Jarvis, '09, Edna Wadsworth, '08, Mrs. Frederick B. Preston (Florence Fletcher, †'02), Mrs. Howard Taylor (Maria Pillsbury, †'07), Sally T. Knox, †'09, Dorothy Taylor, †'08, Esther Parker, †'08, Helen L. Buss, '08, Marion Lovering, '07, Marjorie Burns, '09, Gladys Perry, C. P. '09, Hannah Green Holt, †'94, Miss Tryon, Miss Knowles, Miss Merrill, Mrs. Stanley A. Eastman (Estelle Greenough, '99), Margaret Gooch, '10, Mrs. Charles Dunn (Mabel Kittredge, '93), Winifred (Barber) Willard, †'94, Edith Gutterson, †'08, Thirza Gay, †'08, Esther Stickney, †'08, Elsie Pray, '00, Mrs. Frederick L. Scott (Alice F. McKeen, †'74), Lilla Abbot, '58.

Engagements

Miss Charlotte L. Root to Mr. Frank Oakman Patton of Philadelphia.

1901. Ethel C. Brooks to Mr. Alexander Scott of Manchester, N. H.

1902. Katherine T. Herrick to Mr. Frank Porter Amos of the United States Army.

†1903. Elizabeth Gilbert to Rev. Harold Dale of Billerica.

1903. Olive Williams to Mr. Nathan G. Parke, 2nd, of Scranton, Pa.

†1905. Winifred Peirson to Mr. Merl Schaefer of Rochester.

†1906. Helen Ballard Ellis to Mr. John Edward Rice.

†1907. Margaret Hall to Mr. William Vroman of Chicago.

†1907. Agnes W. Smith to Mr. John Brandon.

1907. Marion Lovering to Mr. William Linton.

1907. Edith W. Joy to Mr. Reginald Murray of Brooklyn.

1907. Margaret B. Millett to Mr. Edward Hollis Temple of Cambridge.

1907. Rubie du Mont to Mr. Philip Rogers of Greenfield.

1908. Marjorie Hill to Mr. Archibald Paton of Newtonville.

†1910. Louise Tuttle to Mr. William Abbot of Dalton.

Marriages

Ashton—Richards.—In Danvers, December 14, 1910, Miss Harriet Page Richards to Mr. Joseph Nickerson Ashton.

1886. Boyd—Hanford.—In Peoria, Illinois, June 14, 1910, Henrietta Noble Hanford to Mr. William Forrest Boyd. At home, Saguache, Colorado.

1891. Clark—Goldsmith.—In Andover, August 11, 1910, Louise Stevens Goldsmith to Mr. Arthur G. Clark. Address, 5 Morton Street, Andover.

†1899. Worthington—Fogg.—In Bridgton, Maine, October 3, 1910, Agnes Ramsay Fogg to Mr. Howard Hallas Worthington. At home, 3 Dwight Street, Brookline.

1901. Mercer—Magee.—August 15, 1910, Genevieve Magee to Rev. Samuel A. B. Mercer.

1903. Bates—Gibbs.—In Salem, June 15, 1910, Sophie Louise Gibbs to Mr. William Proctor Bates.

†1904. Weadock—Greening.—In Bay City, Michigan, June 11, 1910, Gertrude Greening to Mr. Lewis Joseph Weadock. At home: 2133 Center Ave., Bay City.

1905. MacQueston—Jenkins.—In New York City, September 24, 1910, Helen Jenkins to Mr. Charles William MacQueston. At home: 228 Audubon Avenue, New York.

C. P. †1906. Hughes—Luce.—In Nashua, New Hampshire, September 27, 1910, Mary Elizabeth Luce to Mr. Joseph Huey Hughes.

†1907. Taylor—Pillsbury.—In Derry, New Hampshire, September 14, 1910, Maria Pillsbury to Mr. Harold Scott Taylor. At home: 648 Maple Street, Manchester, New Hampshire.

1909. Jenkins—Holt.—In Andover, November 26, 1910, Alice Pamelia Holt to Mr. John Alvin Jenkins. Address, Andover R. F. D. 2.

Births

In Denver, Colorado, August 29, 1910, a daughter, Helen Pulsifer, to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice B. Biscoe, (Miss Agnes Slocum.)

†1896. In Hyde Park, December 21, 1910, a son, James Forsaith, to Dr. and Mrs. Albert I. Mackintosh, (Marcia Richards).

†1901. At East Windsor Hil, Connecticut, a son, Phillip Charlton, to Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft, (Julia Rockwell, C. P. '01.)

C. P. †1903. In Boston, October 19, 1910, a daughter, Sylvia Mayo, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hersey Pratt, (Rosamond M. Thomson.)

†1906. In Winchester, November 23, 1910, a daughter, Constance, to Mr. and Mrs. Reeve Chipman.

Deaths

1834. At Newton Highlands, August 16, 1910, Mrs. R. D. C. Robbins (Sarah Cook Stuart), daughter of the late Prof. Moses Stuart of Andover.

1839. In Pasadena, California, October 3, 1910, Mrs. Joseph Blake (Hannah Little Clark).

1841. In Andover, July 26, 1910, Mrs. James H. Smith (Charlotte Cornell).

1854. In Andover, June 30, 1910, Elizabeth Clough.

1856. In Andover, January 16, 1911, Peter D. Smith (husband of Abby J. Chandler).

1858. In Atlantic City, N. J., November 23, 1910, Sarah A. Tredick formerly of Dover, N. H.

1858. At Nahant, August 17, 1910, Mrs. George Duncan (Laura S. Dove).

†1859. In Candia, N. H., January 3, 1911, Mrs. John P. French (Mary E. Craig).

1862. In Elm Grove, W. Va., March 24, 1910, Helen M. Atkinson.

†1868. November 13, 1910, Mrs. Theodore A. Leggett (Anna F. Dwight), of West New Brighton, Staten Island.

1893. October 6, 1910, Charlotte Ward Briant.

†1875. In Duxbury, January, 1911, Dr. Arthur W. Blair (husband of Ellen E. Chamberlain).

Lecturers

Miss ANNIE S. PECK

Prof. WARREN K. MOOREHEAD

Speakers

Prof. JOHN P. TAYLOR

Rev. MARKHAM W. STACKPOLE

Rev. FRANK R. SHIPMAN

Rev. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR

Rev. HENRY B. WRIGHT

Rev. C. GEORGE CURRIE, D.D.

Prof. EDWARD Y. HINCKS

Rev. RAYMOND CALKINS

Rev. CLARK CARTER

Miss MARY C. WIGGIN

Rev. DEAN A. WALKER

Concerts

Mr. and Mrs. ANTON WITEK

Mr. GEORGE COPELAND

Abbot Academy Faculty

EMILY A. MEANS, Principal,
Psychology, Ethics, Theism, Christian Evidences.

KATHERINE R. KELSEY,
Mathematics

NELLIE M. MASON,
Science.

REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, A.B.,
History.

MARTHA HOWEY, B.L., (Absent for the year)
Literature

OLIVE G. RUNNER, B.L.,
Latin.

MARY ETHEL BANCROFT, A.B.,
English

DELIGHT WALKLY HALL,
Greek.

GERTRUDE ELIZA SHERMAN, A.B.,
French.

Frau HEDWIG D. CRAMER,
German.

EDITH EASTWOOD METCALF, A.M.,
Literature.

SARAH S. UTTER,
Elocution and Physical Culture.

Prof. JOSEPH NICKERSON ASHTON, A.M.,
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony.

Mrs. ALICE WENTWORTH MacGREGOR,
Vocal Music.

S. EDWIN CHASE,
Violin and Mandolin.

FREDERIC A. BOSLEY,
Drawing and Painting.

Mlle. JEANNE CHERON,
French Conversation.

CHARLOTTE L. ROOT, A.B.,
Principal's Assistant and Librarian.

PHILANA McLEAN
In charge of Draper Hall

EDITH H. ALDRED,
Resident Nurse.

JANE B. CARPENTER, A.M.,
Keeper of Alumnae Records.

Calendar

1910

Thursday, Sept. 15, 9 A.M.	Fall Term begins
Tuesday, Nov. 22, 3 P.M until Nov. 25, 6 P.M.	—Thanksgiving Recess
Tuesday, Dec. 13, 2 P.M.	Fall Term Ends

Christmas Vacation of Three Weeks

1911

Thursday, Jan. 5, 9 A.M.	Winter Term begins
Tuesday, Jan. 31,	First semester ends
Thursday, Feb. 2,	Second semester begins
Wednesday, Feb. 22,	Holiday
Tuesday, March 21, 2 P.M.	Winter Term ends

Spring Vacation of Two Weeks

Thursday, April 6, 9 A.M.	Spring Term begins
Tuesday, May 30,	Holiday
Thursday, June 13, 12 M.	School year ends

School Organizations

A. C. A.

President . . . . . Rhoda Green
Vice-President . . . . . Katharine Ordway
Secretary . . . . . Barbara Moore
Treasurer . . . . . Winifred Fairchild

Fidelio Society

President . . . . . Helen Vail
Secretary and Treasurer . . . Ruth Niles

Athletic Association

President . . . . . Dorothy Bigelow
Secretary and Treasurer . . . Helen Copeland

Basketball Team

Captain . . . . . Dorothy Bigelow
Manager . . . . . Miriam Howard

Hockey Team

Captain . . . . . Katharine Ordway
Manager . . . . . Olivia Flynt

Odeon

Katharine Ordway, *President* — Alice Hazlewood
Ruth Draper — Miriam Howard
Alice Harsh — Frances Sheldon

Glee Club

Leader . . . . . Rhoda Green
Treasurer . . . . . Frances Pray

Mandolin Club

Leader . . . . . Helen Copeland
Manager . . . . . Dorothy Bigelow

Class Organizations

Academic, '11

President	Maud Gutterson
Vice-President	Katharine Ordway
Secretary	Mary Hall
Treasurer	Rebecca Newton
Class Color	Lavender
Class Flower	Violet

College Preparatory, '11

President	Charlotte Gowing
Secretary and Treasurer	Henrietta Wiest
Class Color	Red
Class Flower	American Beauty Rose

Academic, '12

President	Winifred Fairchild
Vice-President	Alice Hazlewood
Secretary	Dorothy Simpson
Treasurer	Ruth Draper
Class Color	Yellow
Class Flower	Chrysanthemum

College Preparatory, '12

President	Barbara Moore
Secretary and Treasurer	Frances Lincoln
Class Color	Old Rose
Class Flower	Rose

Alumnae Association

PRESIDENT:

MISS ANNA L. DAWES

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Miss Julia E. Twichell — Mrs. Rebecca Davis Spalding
Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols Bean — Mrs. Ellen Chamberlain Blair
Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile — Miss Mary F. Merriam
Mrs. Lilian Waters Grosvenor

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

Miss Agnes Park

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION

Miss Emily A. Means — Mrs. Warren F. Draper
Miss Agnes Park



The Sherman Studio

IS THE RIGHT
PLACE TO GO
FOR PHOTO-
GRAPHS .....



MAIN STREET, NEAR MORTON

Oh, how that poor piano,
That's down on the first floor,
Must long for the vacation,
When we are here no more.

FRANK E. GLEASON

DEALER IN

COAL, WOOD, HAY and STRAW

MILL WOOD FOR KINDLINGS

CARTERS' BLOCK - - - MAIN STREET

ANDOVER, MASS.

...PARK STREET STABLES...

W. H. HIGGINS, Proprietor

Carriages Furnished for all Occasions
A First-Class Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable
New Brake for Pleasure Parties
Fine Hacks for Weddings and Funerals

PARK STREET, ANDOVER

Its life is surely strenuous
From morning until night.
Its constitution must be strong,
Or 'twould be winded quite.

ALBERT W. LOWE

Pharmacist

PRESS BUILDING, MAIN STREET

ANDOVER, MASS.

All kinds of FRUIT in their Season

FANCY AND PLAIN BISCUITS
POTTED MEATS AND FISH
NUTS, FIGS, DATES, OLIVES

J. H. CAMPION & CO.

THE METROPOLITAN

ANDOVER'S CANDY STORE

HEADQUARTERS FOR

HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES

HOME MADE FOOD OF ALL KINDS

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

M. E. DALTON, 42 Main St., ANDOVER

J. H. PLAYDON, FLORIST

Roses, Carnations, Violets and Chrysanthemums our Specialties

PLANTS AND CUT FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Store, Arco Building - - - Tel. 105-3
Greenhouse, Frye Village - - - Tel. 109-11

Picture Frame and Gift Shop



A N D O V E R MASSACHUSETTS

Louise Goldsmith Clark Arthur G. Clark

WILLIAM J. BURNS

...Tailor and...
Men's Furnisher

AGENTS FOR
FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY

Andover, Mass.

T. A. HOLT COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries

CORNER ESSEX AND CENTRAL STS., - ANDOVER

WALTER I. MORSE

Dealer in HARDWARE

Cutlery and Cordage, Horse Clothing, Farming Tools, Window Glass
Paint, Brushes, Etc.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER

BENJAMIN BROWN

BOOTS and SHOES for LADIES

MAIN STREET - ANDOVER

BUCHAN & FRANCIS

Upholsterers

AND FURNITURE DEALERS



Goods Stored, Packed and Shipped



MAIN STREET - - - ANDOVER

MRS. MARY EARL

Chiropody

HYGIENIC, FACIAL AND SCALP TREATMENT

Manicuring, Shampooing, Hairdressing, Singeing

CALLS MADE BY APPOINTMENT

JOHN STEWART

Cleaning and Pressing Garments

SHOES SHINED

P. O. AVENUE - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

ANDOVER NATIONAL BANK

HOURS: 9 A. M. TO 12 M., 2 P. M. TO 3 P. M.

Close Saturday at Noon

FINE ATHLETIC GOODS

Kodak and Photo Supplies ✦ Expert Bicycle Repairing

H. F. CHASE - - Andover, Mass.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

LEWIS T. HARDY JOSEPH F. COLE

HARDY & COLE

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER

Builders and Lumber Dealers

Box Making, Planing, Sawing and Matching Done to Order

KINDLING WOOD BY THE LOAD

J. E. WHITING

Jeweler and Optician

Andover Souvenir Spoons... ...Abbot School Pins

MAIN STREET, - ANDOVER, MASS.

HINTON & CO. - - - Caterers

PLAIN AND FANCY
CREAMS AND ICES

Cakes to Order

ORDERS FILLED AT ONE DAY'S NOTICE

HIDDEN ROAD ... Take Reading Car ... Telephone Connection

PAGE

The Caterer

LOWELL, MASS.

INSURANCE OFFICES

Bank Building, Andover, Mass.

FIRE

LIFE

PLATE GLASS

AUTOMOBILE

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

TEAMS' LIABILITY

BURGLARY & THEFT

STEAM BOILER

PHYSICIANS' DEFENCE

AUTOMOBILE LIABILITY

PERSONAL ACCIDENT

SMITH & MANNING

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES

ESSEX STREET - - - ANDOVER

...SKOWHEGAN JERSEY CREAMERY...

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

SEPARATED, PASTEURIZED, SWEET CREAM, AND CREAMERY BUTTER

SKOWHEGAN - - MAINE

LADIES' GYMNASIUM SUITS

...AND...

ATHLETIC GARMENTS

ENDORSED AND USED BY THE LEADING PHYSICAL EDUCATORS

Made under conditions approved by Consumers' League

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

COLUMBIA GYMNASIUM SUIT CO.

301 CONGRESS ST., - BOSTON

B. S. COLE

MUTTON, LAMB, VEAL, POULTRY
***and* GAME**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Stalls 13 and 15 Faneuil Hall Market - BOSTON, MASS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins

Correct Footwear

We supply the right thing for every occasion—formal or otherwise—**Dress Slippers and Shoes & Walking and Skating Boots & Gymnasium Footwear Travelling and Room Slippers Overshoes and Rubbers**

ORDERS BY MAIL OR TELEPHONE PROMPTLY FILLED

47 Temple Place, 15 West Street

...BOSTON...

If YOU are LOOKING for a

RELIABLE UP-TO-DATE, MARKET FIRM, where you can
DEPEND upon getting the KIND of goods you want,
PUT UP in the way you want them put up, and
DELIVERED when you want them delivered,

YOU HAVE ONLY TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH

WESTON-THURSTON COMPANY

WHO CARRY THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN

Meats, Poultry and Dairy Products

Stalls, 20, 22 and 24 New Faneuil Hall Market

Telephone Richmond 540 BOSTON, MASS.

Compliments

CROSS COAL COMPANY

COBB, BATES & YERXA COMPANY

Importers and .... Grocers ....

Schools, Clubs, Hotels and Public Institutions Supplied Upon Most Favorable Terms

---

222 SUMMER STREET (Wholesale only)

ALSO AT

56 to 61 SUMMER STREET
6 and 8 FANEUIL HALL
89 CAUSEWAY STREET
and 274 FRIEND STREET

THE ANDOVER PRESS

...Printers...

Publishers of

The Andover Townsman

Proprietors of... The Andover Bookstore

PRESS BUILDING Established 1809

Those Abbot bells! Those Abbot bells!
What tragedies their ring foretells.
They break upon one's slumbers sweet,
Just as the dawn begins to creep.
They always ring too soon for class,
And then how slow the time does pass.
And when it's time to go to bed
And we do other things instead,
How sudden comes the voice, "lights out,"
And we in darkness grope about.



The Abbot Courant

June, 1911

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1911

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XXXVII No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1911

...Contents...

The Old Oak (poem) 5
Dorothy E. Bigelow

The Story of Kapiolani 6
Katharine L. Ordway

Fashions in Music 9
Henrietta O. Wiest

The Guilty Conscience 11
Dorothy Perkins

Poem 12
Mary R. Harsh

The Spring 13
Dorothy Simpson

Sophie 14
Maidie Erving

A Western Sunset 15
Margaret C. Wilkins

St. Lucia 16
Helen M. Copeland

The Ode on Immortality 17
Helen M. Danforth

Spring's Coming 18
Frances M. Pray

The Old Homestead 19
Mary H. Hall

Main Street on a Rainy Day 20
Ethel L. Rand

The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies Fifty Cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.

The Andover Press



THE ABBOT COURANT

Editors

KATHARINE L. ORDWAY, '11 MILDRED C. CHUTTER, C.P., '12
MIRIAM HOWARD, '11 HELEN M. DANFORTH, '13
FRANCES M. PRAY, '11

Business Editors

HENRIETTA O. WIEST, C.P., '11 MARGARET STRONG
MARGARET C. WILKINS

Vol. XXXVII JUNE, 1911 No. 2

The Old Oak

Did you ever stop and wonder
At the thoughts the Old Oak treasures;
Of the fears, and tears, and sorrows,
Of the hopes, and joys, and pleasures?

Did you ever stop and wonder,
That for many, many a year,
She has guarded, loved, defended
The traditions held so dear?

Did you ever stop and wonder,
As she stands there ever true?
She will love, protect, and cherish,
And will shield the Abbot blue.

Dorothy E. Bigelow, 1911.

The Story of Kapiolani

About a hundred years ago there was born on the island of Hawaii, the largest of the group of twelve which form our territory of that name, the "Great High Chiefess," Kapiolani. The Hawaiians were at that time as ignorant and degraded as any nature people on the face of the earth. They were swayed by a very complex and extremely sad religion, which was, of course, hardest on the women. It confined the women to a most scanty and innutritious diet, forbidding them to touch bananas, cocoanuts, pork, turtles, and certain kinds of fish, under pain of death. The story is told of how Kapoliani when a girl so longed to taste bananas, that she, with another royal maiden, resolved to defy the taboo. They procured the forbidden delicacy, concealed it in their hands, rushed into the water, and after swimming out quite a distance from the shore, ate the coveted fruit. They were seen by a priest. Ordinarily such an act would have meant death, but on account of her royal lineage the priest suggested an expiatory sacrifice. Kapiolani's favorite page was strangled in her stead, and the sin thus atoned for.

She grew to be a tall, majestic woman, a grand specimen of her race. When the missionaries first arrived, they found her, in spite of her high position, an ignorant, superstitious, drunken savage, ruling her people with great severity.

The Hawaiian Islands are all of volcanic origin. Hawaii, the largest of them, is also the youngest, and the process of world-making is still going on there. The people thought that their volcanos were manifestations of the gods, who, when they were angry, sent forth the burning lava to destroy the terror-stricken islanders. Kapiolani shared with her people the terrible fear of the fierce goddess Pele, who lived in the volcano Kilauea. This is the largest active volcano in the world, and its awful lake of boiling lava was supposed to be the abode of the goddess.

Under the influence of the missionaries Kapiolani became a Christian, and a wonderful transformation took place. She gave up her gambling and drinking, and became lovable and refined, a kind and merciful ruler.

Then came the great act of her life. She determined to free her people from the terrible fear of the goddess Pele, who demanded human sacrifices to stop the awful rivers of lava from destroying the natives and their villages. In order to do this she must go on foot a hundred miles over rough lava beds to the crater of Kilauea. Her husband and subjects accompanied her, weeping, and imploring her not to go to her death. But her courage did not fail her and to all entreaties to give up the perilous journey, she answered, "There is but one great God. He will keep me from harm." All along the way people besought her to give up the dangerous attempt, but she only said, "If I am destroyed you may all believe in Pele, but if I am not, then you must all turn to the true God." She saw the sacred ohelo berries which no one dared to eat without first offering some to Pele. To the horror of her attendants she ate freely of them without making the customary offering. When she arrived at the volcano, steam was coming out of the crevices and the ground was trembling under her feet. An eruption might at any moment have taken place. She did not lose courage. She faced the real danger unflinchingly. Going to the edge of the crater, she defied the goddess Pele, and flung stone after stone into the awful abyss. Then came a moment of fearful silence, but no catastrophe followed. Kapiolani gathered her people around her and told them of the great and loving God, Jehovah.

It is said that one-third of the people on the island of Hawaii became Christians in consequence of this heroic act. The bravery of Kapiolani has been compared to that of Elijah on Mt. Carmel, challenging the priests of Baal, and to St. Boniface, who himself cut down the oak sacred to Thor. But Kapiolani, steeped in superstition from childhood, and brought up ever to fear the wrath of the avenging goddess, showed a greater courage than either; for she was in real danger as she journeyed over the treacherous lava fields to the edge of the fiery lake. Great tributes have been paid to her wonderful faith and sublime courage. Carlyle considered it one of the greatest acts of moral

heroism, and Tennyson commemorated this wonderful woman in his poem entitled "Kapiolani."

"When from the terrors of Nature a people have fashioned and
worship a Spirit of Evil,
Blest be the Voice of the Teacher who calls to them
'Set yourselves free!'

Noble the Saxon who hurled at his Idol a valorous weapon in
Olden England,
Great and greater, and greatest of women, island heroine
Kapiolani
Clomb the mountain, and flung the berries, and dared the
Goddess, and freed the people
Of Hawaii!

One from the Sunrise dawned on his people, and slowly before
him vanished shadow-like Gods and Goddesses,
None but the terrible Pele remaining as Kapiolani ascended her
mountains
Baffled her priesthood, broke the taboo, dipt to the crater, called
on the Power adored by the Christian, and crying,
'I dare her, let Pele avenge herself!'
Into the flame-billows dashed down the berries, and drove the
demon from Hawa-i-i."

Katharine L. Ordway, 1911

Fashions in Music

Every age has its fashions; in art, literature, dress and many other things we find one fashion prevailing at one time, another at another time. In music, too, we may trace the changes of fashion, both in the form and in the style of composition which has been in vogue during any given period.

Fashion changes with society, for it is an admitted fact that what society demands is produced. In the Middle Ages, church music was cultivated almost exclusively. Then after the year 1600, occasional music arose for royal celebrations, thus restricting music to the highest classes of society. But with the rise of the commercial and business classes, music became a public affair. Opera houses were built and regular performances maintained. Thus we trace the changes wrought by fashion in the general character of music.

In regard to musical composition the same is true; at one time one form prevails, while at another, another style has the pre-eminence. Choral music is very little cultivated at the present time; very few composers of distinction write choral works. The great oratorios, Handel's "Messiah," Haydn's "Creation," and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," were given to the world at an earlier period. The great composers of today devote themselves to orchestral and operatic music.

Comparing the eighteenth century with our present time we find that it was the reign of singers, while today, pianists and orchestras rule the musical world. In Mozart's time the singer was master and the composer obeyed, even rewriting arias. Operatic solos were written especially for a given voice, while in later times the operas have been first written and then the soloists procured. One interesting phase of the vocal music of the eighteenth century was the extensive use of coloratura writing, examples of which may be found in the familiar oratorio, Handel's "Messiah." We have coloratura writing when many florid notes are written to one syllable. This, though characteristic of early writers, is never found today.

Within the realm of instrumental music, which would exclude choral music and opera, there have been scores of musical sects. Of course at the present time, as at all times, there are those who get musical delight only from Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert. But the latest fashion is that of French music, which for the past five years has been most extensively cultivated, especially by those known as the "Debussyites." They delight in that Frenchman's delicate and subtle harmonic colorings, and consider all other kinds of music unworthy of their serious consideration. For the preceding five years it was the music of the newly-developed Russian school which was indiscriminately taken up. In all this modern music we find that it is not the sonata or the formal aria which is the favorite, but the shorter descriptive piece, the Arabesque, the Mazurka, and the Ballade. The characteristic of all this music is that it is not formal, but free.

The great question which now confronts us is whether or not modern music is to live. The style of modern music has not yet become a general favorite, but the greatest works have as a rule not received immediate recognition. It seems almost incredible to us now that there was a time when even Beethoven was not appreciated. Bach, too, was severely criticized, and a century elapsed before his "Passion Music" was generally understood and liked. Critics are inclined to be cautious in offering their opinion, fearing they may be quoted later. So it is not the critic, but rather the lapse of time, which will decide. Forms of music which may not appeal to us now, and which may seem to be mere fads, will outlive all changes in style if they are truly great works.

Henrietta O. Wiest, C. P., 1911

The Guilty Conscience

It may have been owing to the fact that Marcia's stool was so very high and her legs so very short, or it may have been because of her guilty conscience, but at any rate she was very uncomfortable.

She sat primly on the stool, sewing her sampler and wishing she had not taken the jam.

"It looked so very good," she said, "and I suppose there is more in the store-room, but I wish I hadn't!"

The stool was very hard! Finally, she could stand it no longer, and slipping down, she settled herself more comfortably in the big arm-chair by the fire.

Her sampler slipped from her hand, and she was feeling very drowsy, when she was roused by a little voice quite close to her ear, saying, "Did you steal the jam?"

"Yes," said Marcia, quite frightened, "where are you?"

"Here," said the thin little voice, and turning, Marcia saw a very tiny black man, seated on the back of her chair.

"I am your conscience," said he, "at present, guilty. *Why* did you steal the jam? I have to wear this ugly black dress until I am cleared."

"Oh!" said Marcia; then again, "Oh!"

"*Why* did you take the jam?"

"I don't know," she said. "I am *very* sorry ——"

"That's good," interrupted the tiny man, "but that isn't all of it. How are you going to clear *me?* I live in misery every time you make me guilty. Tell your mother you're sorry."

"I can't! I don't know *what* she'd say," said Marcia.

"You must. You are a very selfish child if you allow me to suffer for your sins in this way. I hear her coming, and I'll hide, but I'll listen," and he disappeared.

Her mother came in.

Marcia thought she might as well have it over with, so she

said, "Mother, I took the jam! I'm sorry, but it looked so good, and — I *am* sorry!"

That night, forgiven and happy, lying warmly tucked up in her bed, watching the coals in the grate, she heard the little man's voice.

"Thank you!" he said, and by the firelight she saw him, clad in his little white suit, disappear over the foot of the bed.

Dorothy Perkins, C. P., 1913

Autumn is the twilight of the year,
Nature sleeps upon its mother's breast,
Like a child who, tired of its play,
Comes to Mother's loving arms to rest.

Mother Nature croons her child to sleep,
Singing soft and wind-like lullabies,
Baby dreams of snow-flakes on its cheek,
Till it's waked by April's sunny skies.

Mary Rutherford Harsh, 1913.

The Spring

A thousand little voices are telling us that spring is here. The first of these was the robin, who came several weeks ago. So eager was he to break the news that his little feet have been chilled more than once in a snow-storm, and sometimes he has been very hungry. Now we have still more messengers of spring. The blue-birds and many others have come, and the air is filled with their songs in the early morning. Very small buds are beginning to open on all the trees and bushes. Here and there we can see little streams of water that are sparkling in the warm sunshine, and the fields that have been so brown and bare all winter are turning green. Everything seems to be waking from its long beauty sleep, and is ready to begin a new life. The sun shines more brightly from a bluer sky, and when a few belated snow-flakes start to fall, they soon become frightened by the little buds, and birds, and sunshine, and hurry away to a colder place.

Dorothy Simpson, 1912

Sophie

By continually building "air-castles," Sophie gave herself a great deal of amusement. She was just a little fat girl, with two long braids, and apple-red cheeks, who lived with her great-aunt on a farm way out in the country. Sophie had several stints to do each day, hemming one end of a sheet, or sewing so many squares on a patch-quilt, or dusting the little parlor, in which she declared "the old furniture was no good anyway, 'cause nobody ever went in there." Sophie did not delight in doing any of these, but she most hated weeding her own flower-garden. She dearly loved flowers, and indeed said that they were "the nicest things God ever made," but she was very set in her idea that it was a man's place to keep the garden looking nice.

One day, after she had pulled up the very last spear of grass, and left the flowers nodding in the breeze, she ran across the little lot,— lest Aunt Mira should see her and think of something else that should be done,— climbed the stonewall, and crept under the wire fence into the orchard, her favorite haunt. There she lay in the weather-worn hammock, and collected the material for the foundations of her "air-castle." One soft, flossy, white cloud floated over her head in a sea of her favorite color, on which she imagined herself sailing aw-a-y off from the farm and those awful weeds.

Now, she was a beautiful lady in England. Her bright golden hair hung lightly on her slender shoulders, as she walked in the palace garden. Sophie could just see her tiny little gilt slippers come peeping out from the soft folds of her gown. All kinds of flowers were around, big roses and lilies, not little ones like Aunt Mira's.

"Sophie," someone called.

"Did Aunt Mira call me?" thought the little girl. "No, I guess I must have imagined it, because I was thinking of her. Knowing, nevertheless, that such a thing was perfectly possible, for Aunt Mira must have noticed her absence before now, she thrust her chubby fingers deep in her ears, closed her eyes, and

then proceeded with her castle, for she was only up to the windows on the second story now.

Large fountains played on the spacious, green lawns, and many rare birds flew among the vines that covered the high garden-wall.

"So-ph-ie, Sophie," Aunt Mira called again.

Sophie could not mistake it this time, because in her hard thinking she had forgotten to keep her fingers in her ears.

"Well, I must go, I suppose," thought Sophie. Unwillingly leaving the hammock, she slowly made her way to the farm-yard gate, and sure enough there stood Aunt Mira, a large blue gingham apron covering her calico dress, and a checked sun-bonnet shading her stern face.

"Well, at last. Are you getting deaf, Sophie? I've been calling you for half an hour. 'Bout time you peeled those apples, if your Uncle Joe's going to have them for his supper. You know that he said this noon you couldn't go to town, if he didn't have a good dish of sauce for his supper tonight."

"All right," answered Sophie, as she followed her aunt into the big kitchen, still imagining she heard the rustle of the beautiful blue satin gown of Lady Isabel, with all its lovely beads and shiny lace.

Maidie Erving, 1912.

A Western Sunset

The sun sank slowly, slowly until it disappeared behind the distant mountain tops. The rosy glow, which always remains after a beautiful sunset, changed the mountains from their usual dull drab color, to shades of royal purple, old rose, and dull green, blended together so perfectly, that one could easily imagine that a fairy's wand had been waved over them. Slowly the colors became less brilliant and at length no trace of the sun's glow remained. Once again the mountains stood dark and sombre, guarding the Golden West in majestic silence.

Margaret C. Wilkins.

St. Lucia

In Southern Italy, the name of St. Lucia is pronounced by all people with love and affection. She is the patroness of the laboring poor of Syracuse and Sicily, and is especially reverenced by them as protector against diseases of the eye. The least authenticated of her legends is one of the most fascinating.

A young Sicilian youth, charmed by the beauty and simplicity of the blessed Lucia, resolved to marry her, not knowing that she had secretly vowed celibacy. His advances were repeatedly rejected. And when she was told that the youth had been bewitched by her eyes, she sent them to him, begging to be left in peace thereafter. The legend relates that so great was the youth's astonishment and wonder, that he became a Christian, and ever after lived an example of virtue. Having given proof of her courage and piety, God did not permit Lucia to remain sightless, for while kneeling in prayer, her eyes were restored, more wonderful and beautiful than ever. It is because of this legend that she is invoked against blindness.

The older story seems to have more foundation, but is less frequently represented in art. Eutychia, a widow of Syracuse, betrothed her daughter, Lucia, to a pagan youth of noble family. Lucia had become a Christian, and had secretly vowed never to marry. While praying for her mother, at the tomb of the virgin St. Agatha, whither they had gone in search of health, Lucia beheld a vision, in which St. Agatha assured her that her mother would be healed, and that the city of Syracuse would be defended and protected for Lucia's sake. When she awoke from the vision, she persuaded her mother to allow her to remain unmarried, and to give her dowry to the poor. Angered by this act, the young man to whom she was betrothed denounced her to the governor, as a Christian, and thereafter she suffered persecution, until killed by a poniard thrust in her throat.

Lucia is often pictured, carrying her eyes upon a salver, or holding a flaming lamp, the type of celestial light or wisdom, "the wisdom from above, which is pure and gentle."

Helen M. Copeland, 1911.

The Ode on Immortality

Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality" is an interesting combination of charming poetry and deep, beautiful thought. The idea that man in his infancy possesses a vision of Heaven, which is gradually lost through contact with the world, is the theme of the poem. And an exceedingly interesting one it is!

The poem begins with vivid little glimpses of various phases of nature — phases, which although in themselves unchanged, have in some way for Wordsworth lost their "celestial light." All the joyousness of the world he feels, and yet there is a vague something gone forever.

> "Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

Then the answer in the most beautiful stanza of the poem, which begins,

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home:
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

In the rest of the stanza the gradual fading of the vision, caused by worldly experience, is traced through the periods of boyhood and youth, until,

> "At length the Man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day."

Throughout the remainder of the poem, Wordsworth enlarges upon this idea, and expresses gratitude, that, although the vision itself has fled, nothing can ever rob him of the beautiful memory. Still clinging to this, he is able to draw a

higher inspiration, as he makes his journey through the world, instead of becoming embittered and sceptical. It has molded his whole life, and given him great depth of feeling, clearly shown in the lines,

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

To him the infant vision is a proof of a heavenly existence from which Man comes and to which he returns.

Whether or not one believes in the probability of the idea, its possibility is indisputable, as it is not unfounded from a scientific standpoint. The true condition of the infant mind is still one of the most interesting problems of psychology. There is a strong appeal about the thought, which is irresistible, and Wordsworth's wonderful inspiration is at its height in the portrayal of the idea. The sweetness of his nature is so implanted in the poem that it cannot fail to arouse sympathy and understanding. The reader, like Wordsworth, instead of bitterness at the loss of the vision, feels a new courage at having once possessed it.

> "We'll grieve not, but rather find
> Strength in what remains behind."

Helen M. Danforth, 1913.

Spring's Coming

The sky is gray and the wind blows chill,
But hark! A song I hear,
A bird's clear note, 'tis a robin's song
To tell us spring is near.

O heart, bowed low with despair and pain,
Shake off all doubt and fear,
And then comes hope, with a song of faith
That spring is ever near.

Frances M. Pray, 1911.

The Old Homestead

As I sit before the fire this cold, stormy night, a lonely, worn old man, the memories of my childhood days come back to me with such force and vividness, that I can see them as though they were yesterday. I can see the old Homestead, painted white, with green blinds, and partly covered with ivy and ramblers, nestling there among the old hills. It is many miles from any sign of habitation, and everything is quiet and peaceful. A hard-worn path, bordered with roses, leads to the old door with its huge brass knocker, and as I gaze, I see my mother in her calico apron, come to call me from my play under the large, shady trees, which are scattered over the lawn. How inviting the windows of the old house look, as I go back in my thoughts! Curtained with neat, dainty muslin, and filled with bright blossoms, geraniums, heliotrope, and begonias, they seem to glow with the warmth of hospitality and homeliness.

But now the scene changes, and I see the Old Homestead lighted and brilliant with lanterns. Bright dresses flutter over the lawn, and faint strains of music are heard. Yes, there is the little girl, with whom I used to dance so often. As of old, I step up and with a low bow, ask her for the pleasure of this dance. In a second, we are whirling about with the other couples, in the cool summer evening air. The humming voices of the older people may be heard above the dancing, for all come to these parties, old and young. There is no formality, no restraint here.

As I compare this scene with the present, my mind pictures again that morning, many years before, when I left the dear old Homestead, never to return. Again I see my mother waving her handkerchief good-bye; and the tears start to her eyes as she bids me do my best, and never forget my old home.

The fire has grown low, the fire before me, and the fire of life, and I wonder, as I gaze, whether I have done my best.

Mary H. Hall, 1911

Main Street on a Rainy Day

How the rain beats down upon the smooth pavements, and collecting in the gutters, rushes along in a rapid torrent. The patter, patter, on the window-pane has a fascination for me that keeps me looking out upon the gray world. The dull, lead colored clouds have cast their shadow over everything. The little children who usually skip and hop on their way to school, now walk with stately tread, so bundled up and loaded down with water-proofs and umbrellas that the majority are mere shapes, hard to distinguish one from another. These small people pass rapidly by, until the last straggler, conquering the weight of his huge rubber boots, disappears around the corner.

The yellow cars, with their extra loads of drenched people, pass by in a defiant manner, sending out great streams of water on either side. The dray horses plod along with a dreary clatter, and those drawn up beside the curb look most uncomfortable, as the steam rises from their thoroughly soaked hides.

The cat belonging to a neighbor across the street, instead of rushing at full speed when its mistress calls, picks its way along in a most careful manner, seeming to think that it would be a greater calamity to wet one of its velvety paws than to lose its life in being run over by a passing vehicle.

Amid all the gloom, one little spot, right under my window, contains a cheerful group. Three little sparrows, as they plunge into a pool of clear water, with their happy "chirp, chirp," show signs of great enjoyment, and as they open their mouths, to let the pure drops of rain trickle down their tiny throats, and then fly away, still chirping thanks for the cleansing rain, I am cheered, and even feel that the rain, as well as the sunshine, can bring joy.

Ethel L. Rand, 1913

Editorials

For the third time in its history, the *Courant* has to announce to its readers the resignation of the principal of Abbot Academy. Few of those now connected with the school have ever known it under any other leader than Miss Means, and it is very difficult for us to conceive of the school without her at its head; yet the very fact that she has put so much of her own character and vigor into the school, is good assurance that it will continue a living, progressive institution, even though another must lead it. For thirteen years Miss Means has labored every day in the year for the good of Abbot Academy, and she leaves, in buildings and improved equipment, many enduring testimonials of the result of her work. The erection of our spacious McKeen Memorial Building with its ample accommodations for class and lecture room work, and Davis Hall for gymnastics, dramatics and concerts; the remodeling and fitting up of Abbot Hall as a science building; the erection of the beautiful John-Esther Art Gallery, all testify not only to her own activity, taste, and good judgment, but to her ability to make use of whatever knowledge and taste might be possessed by others associated with her.

In Draper Hall each nook and corner from cellar to roof shows traces of her thought, but probably the improvement most appreciated is the beautiful recreation room with its inviting corner fireplace, its generous window-seat, and its wonderfully stable hardwood floor.

It is easy enough to enumerate these evidences of her influence, and to add many more instances of the same kind, but we all know that brick and mortar, the visible signs of work accomplished, do not form the strongest testimonial to the value of a life. The lives of the hundreds of girls who have come into daily contact with Miss Means speak more forcibly than can any other thing of the quality of her work. Everywhere can be found loyal Abbot girls living noble and beautiful lives, and from these lives must come the strongest testimonial

of the worth of the mental and moral training received from Miss Means.

While we sorrow for the school's loss, we are heartily glad for Miss Means that she is to have the freedom to enjoy her art and her friends and all the things she has so generously given up during all these years in order that she might serve the school; and as a school we would show our loyalty to her by looking at the future with the courage that has always been the watchword given by her to her girls.

With what a start does the fact often come to the graduate of boarding-school or college that news of old friends, as well as events connected with her school, are being allowed to slip from view. A school journal does much toward preventing such a state of affairs, and this is in part the object of *The Abbot Courant*. That the reader may more easily follow the outline of school events, a calendar has been substituted in the present number for individual records, while concerts, lectures, and other items of interest have been written up under classified headings. That the Alumnae section of the magazine may continue to form an important part, it is necessary for the editors to receive support from old girls both through their sending in items of interest and by their keeping up their subscriptions. But especially necessary is the co-operation of all present school members, for upon them depends the success of the literary section. If both past and present Abbot girls would realize what personal interest and support mean in the preparation and printing of their school magazine, it would help the editors very much in keeping *The Courant* up to the standard which it has always held.

The habit of reading aloud has many advantages and its influence is seen in various ways. It gives a power of expression. One becomes familiar with new words, phrases, expressions, and alive to new thoughts and ideas. Characters become real living beings. The plot is more carefully followed, the humor enjoyed, the pathos understood, if a book is read in the presence of others.

Perhaps the greatest advantage in reading aloud is that it draws out individual impressions and ideas. Everyone sees a character, a setting, a plot, from a different standpoint. The bent of each mind is seen and friends know each other better, after reading together.

All books have a written language through which they can influence the thinking of the world. Unfortunately, the gift of speech is denied them. If they were endowed with this power, what interesting revelations they might make! The school books would resent the treatment which they now receive at the hands of some of their readers. Cannot the thin, penetrating voice of the geometry be heard protesting that he is deeply pained at the pictures of Gibson girls which are drawn on his covers? He is not alone in his feelings of disgust, for the unemotional history also murmurs similar words as she feels her clean pages marred by various useless marks. The learned Latin grammar complains that so many of his pages are gone that he has lost his individuality. All the other school books join these in their indignant protestations. They cannot understand how girls, especially Abbot girls, could misuse such precious things as books. Since they cannot speak in defense of themselves, their leaves are continually torn and their bindings broken, until they are finally laid aside on a half-forgotten shelf, because their appearance is too disgraceful for them to be seen among their gayer brothers — books of fiction.

Girls of the present age delight in strange and startling effects in dress. Johanna Baillie says "Every woman has some witching charm if she be not proud or captious." But to adorn oneself with fantastical accessories and shock the eye with contrasts of color where there ought to be harmony, does not add to this charm. Let us show that through study and observation we have learned the relation between true beauty and character, and by advocating the dignified and suitable let us win the right kind of approval.

Owing to the interest in the " Girls of Long Ago " stimulated by Miss Carpenter's interesting program on Alumnae Day, flowers were sent to some of Abbot's earliest pupils who are now living in Andover. In some cases, the girls who made the delivery of the flowers enjoyed personal visits with the old ladies. A number of notes have been received from these old Abbot students, expressing appreciation of the thought which prompted the gifts.

Since late in the fall Miss Utter has had charge of the Sunday School in Scotland district; and Sundays, with the help of two girls, has taught the eight or ten interesting little pupils. The contact with the children has been a new and very pleasant interest, which the girls have greatly enjoyed. They have their favorites among the children, and vie with each other in funny stories. The story is told of one little boy who was asked if he knew what the Northern Lights were. He replied, doubtfully, " I don't know," and then, his face suddenly brightening, " but I've heard of the Israelites." The children always seem very eager to come to the school and never fail to escort their teachers to the car.

School Journal

Calendar

JANUARY

January

17 November Club. Reading by Leland Powers of "The Shaughraun."

22 Mischa Elman Concert in Symphony Hall.

22 Hall Exercises. Señorita Marcial: "International Institute for Girls in Spain."

22 Chapel. Rev. Mr. Paddock: "The Industrial School in Weiser, Idaho."

24 Party given to the Seniors by Miss Metcalf.

27 Afternoon tea given by Miss Means to the school and to her friends in Andover.

28 Hall Exercises. Mr. J. Edgar Park: "Contemporary English and Irish Poetry."

28 Chapel. Rev. Lucius Miller of Princeton: Subject, "Ingratitude."

31 Senior Middle Play: "Tommy's Wife."

FEBRUARY

February

4 Alumnae Association and Boston Abbot Academy Club Luncheon at Hotel Vendome.

5 Chapel. Rev. George H. Gutterson: "The Value of Home Missions."

7 "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Silent Voice" given by the November Club.

8. The Seniors visited the Boston Art Museum with Miss Metcalf.

9 Frau Cramer and German students attended a performance of "Freund Fritz" in Boston.

11 Hall Exercises. Lincoln program.

11 Chapel. Rev. F. A. Wilson: "The Importance of Making the Most of Our Opportunities."

14 Senior Dancing Party.

15 Sleighride around North Andover Pond.

17 Mrs. MacGregor's pupils gave a recital to Miss Means.

18. Hall Exercises. Miss Carpenter: "Girls of the Long Ago."

18 Chapel. Rev. Mr. Lombard: "The Encouragement that Can Be Found in Earnest Endeavor for Righteousness."

21 Phillips Academy Tea and Promenade.
23 Third Concert of Abbot Academy series: Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams.
25 Hall Exercises. Prof. Lucius C. Stanton of Cambridge: "Melodies and Forms of Small Musical Compositions."
25 Chapel. Mr. Stackpole: "The Necessity of having both Open-mindedness and Reserve."

MARCH

March

3 Concert by Phillips Academy Musical Clubs.
4 Girls went to the opera in Boston: "The Girl of the Golden West."
4 Chapel. Mr. Chisholm: "Tuskegee Institute and Its Needs."
9 Lecture by Dr. Eastman at Phillips Academy: "Chief Joseph's Retreat."
11 Hall Exercises. Stereopticon Lecture: "The Photography of the Heavens," by Prof. G. W. Ritchey of Pasadena.
11 Chapel. Rev. David Porter of New York: "The Larger Aspects of Religion Today."
14 Senior Play: "Twelfth Night."
18 Miss Means gave an informal tea to the Seniors.
18 Chapel. Miss Means: "Significant Incidents of the Passion Week."

APRIL

April

8 Hall Exercises. Mr. Seumas McManus: "Irish Folklore and Poetry."
8 Chapel. Mr. Stackpole: "The Power of Charity."
9 Sunday evening musical in Miss Means's room.
14 Concert by Harvard Musical Clubs in Town Hall.
15 Hall Exercises. Miss Mary Preston: "Vacation Bible Schools."
15 Chapel. Easter service.
16 Miss Metcalf gave a talk on an Easter Sunday spent in Jerusalem.
20 Indoor Meet. Score: Seniors 43, Middlers 42.
22 Chapel. Miss Means: "The Growth of the Soul."
29 Pupils of Mrs. MacGregor and Prof. Ashton gave musical.
29 Chapel. Rev. Mr. Van der Pyl: "The Need of Love and Sympathy in a Christian Character."

MAY

May

2 May Breakfast in the Town Hall.
3 Picnic at Foster's Pond.
5 Basketball Game: Seniors vs. Senior Middlers.
6 Hall Exercises. Miss Edith E. Ingalls: "Stereopticon Lecture on Westminster Abbey."
6 Chapel. Reading of original stories by Miss Wiltse.
10 Field Day.
13. Hall Exercises. Prof. John M. Tyler of Amherst: "The Development of Vertebrate Life."
13 Chapel. Prof. Tyler: "The Necessity of Being True to Our Best Selves."
14 Seniors went to Methuen to church.
16 German Play: "Schneewittchen."
17 Senior trip to Boston Art Museum and Cambridge with Miss Metcalf.
20 Abbot-Bradford Basketball Game at Bradford. Score: Abbot 22, Bradford 11.
20 Chapel. Rev. Cyrus P. Osborne: "The Work of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society."
20 Geology Class went with Miss Kelsey to Nahant.
21 Chapel. Miss Means read a sermon of Dr. Robertson's on the "Character of Eli."
23 Dancing Party given to the Seniors and Senior Middlers by the Trustees.
24 Miss Kelsey took a party of girls to Concord and Lexington.
24 Senior-Middle Banquet.

Lectures

Señorita Carolina Marcial spent a Sunday in January with us. We were charmed by her sweet earnestness, as she told of the early struggles of the International Institute in Spain, and showed how great a part it has played in lessening the superstitious tendencies of Spanish women.

One of the most interesting talks of this semester was that given by Mr. J. Edgar Park, formerly of West Parish, on Contemporary Irish Poetry. Mr. Park has the rare gift of appreciating the music of words. As he read to us from Dr. Davidson, Swinburne, George Meredith and other recent writers, we realized keenly that there is much in poetry that the casual reader never understands. He showed us that poetry is a study. Youth is the only time to school

ourselves so that we can comprehend its beauty, and live in the broad fields of thought which it opens to us.

We celebrated on February 11 the birthday of our national hero, Lincoln. This was one of the delightful occasions when the school is entertained by its own members. The Glee Club sang patriotic selections, and the story of "The Toy Shop" was read by several girls. Helen Danforth read an original tribute to our great president.

In February, we had also the pleasure of hearing Miss Carpenter tell us about the Abbot girls of long ago. As she spoke, the years between that time and the present grew shorter, and we realized that girls of three generations ago were not mere names in catalogues, but real, living beings, with the same joys and sorrows that we experience. Several girls now in Abbot strengthened this feeling by reading letters written by the earliest members of the school at the time of its fiftieth anniversary.

Another February lecture was by Professor L. C. Stanton on Melodies and Small Forms of Musical Composition. He showed us the simplest forms of composition, and then traced the gradual development to those of more difficult technique. All forms of melodies were illustrated on the piano.

On March 11, we had the pleasure of hearing Professor G. W. Ritchey deliver an exceptionally interesting lecture on the Photography of the Heavens, illustrated by slides of great value. Mr. Ritchey was the designer of the 60-inch reflecting telescope at Mount Wilson, the type of telescope now proved to be the most satisfactory for solar photography. He showed very beautiful photographs of nebulae and of the moon, and brought before us the theory, now held by astronomers, as to the development of these nebulae into solar systems. Centuries must pass before the gases change in form. In closing, the lecturer left with us a new impression of the heavens.

The Saturday after the spring vacation, the well-known author, Seumas McManus, came to us, and told us simply and sympathetically tales from the Irish Folklore. We felt the delight of becoming acquainted with the fairies which inhabit the pools, brooks and bushes. The speaker told us the way these mysterious little bodies are supposed to help mankind. We learned why the robin is the best beloved bird of Ireland, how the ran, the tiniest, ugliest of the feathered folk, became the king of the birds, and why the bat never appears until twilight. When the last legend had been told, and we left the hall, the quaint Irish sentences with their musical repetition followed us on our walks, and returned to us again and again.

On Saturday, April 15, Miss Mary Preston, a recent graduate of Mount Holyoke, told us about the Bible vacation schools which are conducted for the benefit of poor children in the large cities.

The first Saturday in May, Miss Ingalls read to us a part of Mrs. Downs's lecture on Westminster Abbey, giving us as an introduction some very interesting facts about the coronation which is to be held there this June.

On the afternoon of May 13, Prof. Tyler of Amherst lectured on "The Development of Vertebrate Life." In spite of the breadth of the subject and the small space of time, the talk did much toward giving a realization of the great length of time that the evolutionary process has been going on, and of man's relation to the vast plan which is being worked out in the universe.

Concerts

Among the pleasures and opportunities which students here at Abbot enjoy are those given by the Music Department. During the first semester, two of the three annual artist's recitals were given by Herr and Frau Witek and Mr. George Copeland. The third of this series came after the opening of the second semester, and was a song recital by Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams of Boston. Her program, which was exceedingly well arranged, consisted of two parts: the first being from French and German composers, and the second from English, with the exception of the last number. Mrs. Williams, besides having a very pleasing and well trained soprano voice, has a charming personality, which added very much to the delightful afternoon her singing gave us.

From the last of November until Easter vacation, Prof. Ashton gave organ recitals on Wednesday afternoons, at the Phillips Chapel. These made a very pleasant ending to the weekly holiday, and the number of girls who went to hear them was a positive evidence of the appreciation of good music which students at Abbot acquire.

During the spring term, a recital by the pupils of Mrs. MacGregor, assisted by two of the piano students, gave a very delightful afternoon to those here in school and a few invited guests. The program was made up of French, Italian and English songs, two of the last being duets. Such entertainments as this concert give both pupils and friends an opportunity to realize the quality and character of musical work done here in the school.

Plays

This semester there have been three plays presented by the school, each with a different interest, and all exceptionally good.

On January 31, the Senior Middle class gave "Tommy's Wife," a bright, amusing comedy, the complications of a pretty little love story forming its plot. It was well given and much appreciated by the audience.

CHARACTERS

THOMAS PITMAN CAROTHERS	Catherine Atwood
DICK GRANNIS	Winifred Fairchild
PIERRE LE BOUTON	Helen Cram
ROSE CAROTHERS	Ruth Draper
PATTY CAMPBELL	Dorothy Simpson
MRS. DE YORBURGH SMITH	Vernon Greenwood
SYLVIA, her daughter,	Florence Bliss
EDITH BRONSON	Mary Bradford

The Seniors gave "Twelfth Night" on March 14. They followed the precedent of several years in choosing a drama by Shakespeare. Although the play was a large undertaking, requiring a great deal of hard work, the class succeeded in giving a very interesting presentation. The cast was well chosen, many of the players showing exceptional ability.

CHARACTERS

DUKE ORSINO	Olivia Flynt
VALENTINE	Dorothy Bigelow
CURIO	Bessie Rand
SIR TOBY BELCH	Maud Gutterson
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK	Helen Copeland
SEBASTIAN	Frances Huselton
MALVOLIO	Katharine Ordway
ANTONIO	Persis Bodwell
CLOWN	Borghild Hoff
FABIAN	Marian Bemis
SEA CAPTAIN	Frances Pray
VIOLA	Rhoda Green
OLIVIA	Jessie Wightman
MARIA	Mary Hall

The last play of the year was "Schneewittchen," given May 16 by the German Department under the direction of Frau Cramer. The play was a pretty little fairy story easily understood by the

audience. The properties and costumes were especially interesting, as the setting for the entire action was the underground cave of the Seven Dwarfs. The usual difficulties in language plays, accent and clear pronunciation, were very successfully overcome.

CHARACTERS

SCHNEEWITTCHEN	Margaret Wilkins
WICHTEL	Margaret Baker
PUCK	Bessie Rand
MUCK	Mary Peters
FLICK	Mildred Horne
FLOCK	Elizabeth Preston
SCHNIPP	Elizabeth Hincks
SCHNAPP	Carolyn Morang
DIE KONIGIN	Helen Danforth
PRINZ WUNDERHOLD	Helen Hart

Athletics

The Indoor Meet was held on April 20th. The unity of the general drill was very good, and the straight accurate marching effective. The recreation gymnasium class gave two very pretty Swedish folk dances, which were an entirely new feature in the Meet and a very attractive addition to the program. There were the usual athletic events, in which several especially high records were made. The final score was 43 to 42, in favor of the Seniors.

Field Day this year was on May 10th. The ideal weather added very much to the enjoyment of the day. The two class parades started the events, and were both so attractive that the points were divided almost equally between the classes. After the fancy hoop exhibition, hoop and obstacle races, the field events, including the class basketball game, were held on Davis green. The final score of the day was 89—61 in the Seniors' favor. The medal awarded for the greatest number of points was won by Miriam Howard; Olivia Flynt and Dorothy Bigelow getting second and third places, respectively.

A general good spirit was shown in basketball practice, the girls working hard and faithfully. The two class games were won by the Seniors. Although they suffered defeat, credit is due to the Senior Middlers for the very determined spirit their team showed in the games.

An interesting game was played with Bradford on Bradford grounds, May 20th. Our girls showed their ability and the result of

their fine training, by the splendid score of 22—11 in favor of Abbot. Those who played on the first team were: Dorothy Bigelow, goal; Helen Copeland, forward; Edna Francis, jumping centre; Helen Vail, side centre; Borghild Hoff, goal guard; Olivia Flynt, forward guard.

Items of General Interest

The annual gift of the Boston Abbot Academy Club ($20), as also that of the New York Club ($30), was given to the Alumnae Lectureship Fund, which has now nearly reached the sum of $5000.

A gift of $50.00 has been made by Mrs. Draper from the estate of Mr. Draper to provide for the perpetual care of the Memorial Boulder set near Rabbit's Pond. This is the boulder dedicated on October 12 of this year to the memory of the five men who gathered there for prayer before they were consecrated as missionaries. This provision will keep the surroundings neat and orderly and the boulder in good condition.

The cast, which has recently been presented to the school by the Alpha Sigma Society, in memory of Harriet Smith, '03, is a copy of the Greek bronze, found not many years ago during the excavations at Delphi. It represents a charioteer, and is at present in the Museum at Delphi. Aside from the dignity and beauty which mark it as a work of art, the special interest is attached to the figure that it is almost the only original Greek work in bronze which has come down to us.

The gift of this year's Senior class to the school is to be a set of five electric lamps for Abbot Hall, of an unusually artistic design.

Two very fine photographs, of Goethe and of Schiller, have been framed with money contributed last year by the German department, and have been hung in the German recitation room in McKeen Hall.

Professor and Mrs. Taylor left Andover in April for a few months' travel in Spain. They expect to return in the summer.

Miss Titcomb is to spend this summer travelling in Europe. She will be in Boston again next winter.

Alumnae Notes

Boston Abbot Academy Club

The annual joint meeting of the Abbot Academy Alumnae Association and the Abbot Academy Club of Boston was held at the Hotel Vendome in Boston, on February 4. The meeting took the usual form of a luncheon, and there were about one hundred present. Miss Anna L. Dawes, '70, President of The Alumnae Association, presided. Miss Means spoke on "The Equipment of the School," and before the other speeches, Miss Preston sang. The general subject, "The Abbot Academy Girl in the Arts," was introduced by Miss Dawes, and the following spoke on different phases of the subject: Miss Edith E. Ingalls, †'82, spoke on Literature; Mrs. Annie Smart Angus, †'98, on Music; Mrs. Sara Jackson Smith, †'96, on Painting; and Miss Edith Gutterson, †'08, on Dramatic Art. After the regular program, Miss Maria S. Merrill told of the progress of the lectureship fund.

The entertainment for the March meeting was "Indian Life with Legends, Dances, and Melodies on the Harp," by Miss B. Mayes, an Indian of the Chippewaw tribe. Her simple narrative of Indian life was charmingly told, and the dances in costume,— the Maiden Dance, the Planting of the Corn, the Ceremony of the Rain Makers — made the afternoon one of the most interesting of the year.

In the absence of Miss Mary Byers Smith of Andover, who was travelling in the South, the annual meeting of the Abbot Academy Club, which was held at the Vendome on April 1, was presided over by Miss Maria S. Merrill. The reading of the annual reports was followed by the election of these officers: Miss Mary Byers Smith, president; Miss Mary Frances Merriam of Newton Highlands and Mrs. Ernest L. Carr of Melrose, vice-presidents; Miss Gladys R. Perry of Wellesley Hills, recording secretary; Miss Frances Tyer of Andover, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Frederick G. Mason of Attleboro, Mrs. Allen Eastman Cross of Brookline, and Miss Maria S. Merrill of Woburn, directors for one year; Miss E. Josephine Wilcox of Medford, Mrs. Howard D. Walker of Longwood, and Miss Edith Gutterson of Winchester, directors for two years; Mrs. James A. Towle, Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Arthur Spear, nominating committee. After the business, there was a very interesting program consisting of a series of children's songs charmingly rendered by Miss Katherine Hunt; a talk on "The Care of Children in the Hospital," by Miss Laura Eddy, Abbot Academy '04, and an address by Miss Lucy Wright of the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind.

Mrs. John M. Harlow and Miss Merrill were guests of the New York Abbot Academy Club, at their annual meeting, April 8, at the Hotel Somerset, New York City. There were thirty-one present. The officers for the following year were elected as follows: President, Miss Catherine W. Sanford; 1st Vice-President, Miss Mary Hillard; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Mary T. Peabody; Treasurer, Miss Margaret Hovey; Secretary, Mrs. Conrad H. Young. The November meeting and luncheon will be November 11, 1911, at 11.30.

1835. Mrs. Nancy Tyler of Whittier Street, Andover, observed her 91st birthday on May 8, when she received many flowers and other remembrances. Mrs. Tyler is the oldest living pupil of Abbot Academy.

†1860. At the recent biennial congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in Washington, D. C., a Massachusetts Chapter gave fifty dollars in honor of the late Laura A. Wentworth Fowler, thus enrolling her name in the Memory Book of the organization.

1860. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Sweetser (Sarah Miles) celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage at their home in Lexington, May 16, 1911.

1863. Mrs. William Marland, who for the past two years has been living in Griffin, Georgia, writes of a very interesting meeting with the Rev. Charles H. Strong of Savannah, whose mother, Louisa H. Hall, was at Abbot over seventy years ago. His delight at meeting Mrs. Marland and her daughter, as two members of Abbot, was unfeigned, and his eyes shone as he said "Abbot Female Seminary was a household word with us."

1867. Floretta Vining has furnished two rooms in the beautiful Continental Hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in Washington, D. C.

†1876. In "Mission News," published in Kobe, Japan, we often see among the contributors the name of Belle Wilson Pettee '74, and Jennie Pearson Stanford †'76.

†1877. Mrs. Moses C. Gile (Josephine E. Richards) is travelling in Europe this summer.

†1878. Mrs. Joseph A. Sawyer (Nellie A. Abbott) writes from her home in Owatonna, Minn., of her children: "Abbott was married last summer and the two boys next younger, Carleton and Park, are in the lumber business in Northern Michigan; Francis and

Mary graduate from High School in June; the two babies, Kendrick and Asa, are in the same school. Abbott is with Mr. Sawyer in an office (law) and Francis means to study law as soon as he finishes school." Of herself she says little, but who can doubt that she has led and is leading a busy and useful life?

1885. Mrs. Benjamin W. Labaree (Mary A. Schauffler) is superintendent of the City Mission, New Britain, Ct.

1888. The address of Bessie M. Swan is 224 New York Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

†1889. Edith Kathleen Jones, for several years librarian at the McLean Hospital at Waverley, has just published a very interesting account of the history of the library. The history covers seventy-five years, from its small beginning of 160 volumes in the old building in Somerville in 1835, to the 11,700 volumes now well catalogued and classified in the beautiful rooms at Waverley.

†1892. Clara A. Sanborn has called California her home since 1905. She is now living on a walnut ranch which she is taking pleasure in developing. Her address is Rancho Los Rokles, Covina, California, R. F. D. 1, Box 69.

†1894. Dr. and Mrs. David S. Watson (Julia A. Sanborn) are living on an orange ranch in California between Glendora and Covina.

1894. We are very sorry to hear of the death of Mabel Kittredge Dunn's father, Mr. Charles Franklin Kittredge, an eminent lawyer of Boston.

1895. Katherine Hope Pike — Mrs. Harry K. Noyes — died at her home in Lowell, Mass., June 9, 1910, after an illness of four weeks of rheumatic fever. She has left a husband and two children, a boy of twelve, and a daughter of ten. "There never was a more faithful and loving wife, a fonder or more careful mother, while as a daughter to myself and husband, she was as our own." Her school friends loved her.

†1896. May A. Young (Mrs. J. E. Duffy) writes of her happy home life in Bay City, Mich. Her husband is a prominent attorney and her nine-year-old son studies well and plays well, as a boy should.

1896. Anne P. Hincks has accepted a position for next winter with the Boston Society for the Care of Girls.

1899. An interesting letter from Lucie M. Hegeman, written on a trans-Atlantic liner, tells us that she and her sister, Aletta Hegeman, †'03, are planning to spend two months or more in Paris, and later will go out into parts of the French country which they have never seen.

†1903. Amy Slack, '†'04, Emily Emerson, '01, and Mary Belle Gilbert, †'09, the maid of honor, represented Abbot at the charming wedding of Elizabeth Gilbert in Savannah on April 27. A very pretty feature of the wedding was the lighting of an old wax candle, which had been used at the wedding of the bride's parents and which had been brought from England by a great-great-grandfather of the bride a hundred years ago.

†1904. Helen Childs is teaching in a large kindergarten in Springfield and is very happy in her work.

†1904. Laura P. Eddy is among the graduates of the class of 1911 at the Training School for Nurses of the Children's Hospital in Boston.

†C. P. 1904. Elizabeth Schneider has been appointed acting secretary of the Euthenics Committee of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae.

†1905. Amy Blodgett came east this winter to be godmother to Chauncey Castle Day. She and Clara Castle Day spent two nights at Abbot Academy.

†1907. We are very sorry to hear of the sudden death of Mr. William Vroman, a few weeks before the date set for his marriage with Margaret Hall.

†C. P. 1907. Ethel A. Arens graduates from Radcliffe College this June.

†1908. In Kyoto, Japan, April 6, 1911, Marion Francis Allchin was maid of honor at the wedding of her sister, who was married in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Cary (Nellie Emerson, †'77.)

†C. P. 1908. Marguerite Eyer sails from New York early in June in time to reach London for the coronation; she will spend the summer on the continent, and in the fall and early winter will go to Egypt, India, China and Japan.

†C. P. 1908. Katharine Gowing's name is on the list of Durant Scholars at Wellesley from the class of 1912. This honor roll represents the students with the highest grade of scholarship.

1908. Alice E. Conant graduated this spring from the Emerson College of Oratory in Boston.

†1909. Janet L. Gorton has been studying Decorative Design this winter with the Amy M. Sacker classes in Boston.

†1909. Word comes from Elizabeth Fuller of a very interesting winter in Sicily and Italy.

Visitors

Elizabeth Gilbert Dale, †'03, Mabel Strong Gilbert, †'89, Elsie Pray, '00, Laura P. Eddy, †'04, Grace Kellogg, †'10, Grace Hatch, '10, Annie Blauvelt, '10, Katherine Herrick, '02, Eva Smith, '09, Dorothy Taylor, †'08, Thirza Gray, †'08, Esther Stickney, '†08, Eleanor Couch, '10, Helen Corey, '10, Miss Edith Ingalls, Mary de Windt, †'08, Dora Heys, '10, Helen Whitten, †'09, Sally Knox, †'09, Edith Seccomb, '10, Janet Gorton, †'09, Elizabeth Wyer, '09, Miss Merrill, May Eddy Chapin †'04, Ruth Newcomb, †'10, Emily Silsby, †'10, Clara Castle Day, C. P. †'06, Amy Thayer Blodgett, †'05, Marjorie Burns, '09, Elizabeth Ripley, †'05, Ruth Murray, †'10, Katharine Jenkins '10, Helen Mills, '09, Edith Gutterson, †'08, Miss Knowles, Persis Mackintire, †'06, Miss Titcomb, Frances Skolfield, †'08, Lydia Skolfield, †'10.

Engagements

1898. Elizabeth Cushing Goodhue to Mr. Claude Moore Fuess of Waterville, New York.

1907. Marian Elphinstone Watt to Mr. Ralph Kimberly.

Marriages

†1903. Dale—Gilbert.—In Savannah, Ga., April 27, 1911, Elizabeth Walker Gilbert to Rev. John Harold Dale.

1903. Parke—Williams.—In Woodstock, Vermont, February 27, 1911, Olive Bemis Williams to Mr. Nathan Grier Parke, 2nd. At home, Great Bend, Pennsylvania.

1907. Murray—Joy.—In Brooklyn, New York, April 26, 1911, Edith Warburton Joy to Mr. Reginald Wilson Murray.

1907. Linton—Lovering.—In Winchester, March 7, 1911, Marion Marshall Lovering to Mr. William Hancock Linton. Address, Swarthmore, Pa., 317 North Chester Road.

†1908. Hauser—de Windt.—In Yonkers, N. Y., Arpil 5, 1911, Mary Elizabeth de Windt to Mr. John Odell Hauser. Address, 612 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, New York.

1908. Paton—Hill.—In Newtonville, April 17, 1911, Marjorie Hill to Mr. John Archibald Paton.

†1910. Abbott—Tuttle.—In Springfield, April 8, 1911, Sarah Louise Tuttle to Mr. William Dyson Abbott. At home, Dalton, Massachusetts.

Births

1890. In Andover, April 17, 1911, a son, Stephen Henry, to Mr. and Mrs. Markham W. Stackpole (Agnes G. Smith).

1892. In Kyoto, Japan, March 18, 1911, a daughter, Agnes Vernon, to Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Colcord Bartlett (Fanny Gordon).

†1900. In Melrose, April 11, 1911, a son, Stuart Wood Hodgdon, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hugh Hodgdon (Alice Wood).

C. P. †1900. February 28, 1911, a daughter, Eleanor, to Mr. and Mrs. George Norman Pease (Alice Boutwell).

1901. In Stafford Springs, Ct., February 5, 1911, a son, Nathanael Bacon, to Mr. and Mrs. Prescott M. Greene (Elizabeth R. Bacon).

1902. In Quincy, May 21, 1910, a son, John, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen Howland (Helen Beatrice Tisdale).

†1903. In Lawrence, February 11, 1911, a daughter, Katherine Holt, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Blunt (Jean David).

1903. In Medford, April 9, 1911, a daughter, Gertrude, to Mr. and Mrs. George Barker Quinby (Grace G. Spiers).

C. P. †1904. In Newton, March 4, 1911, a son, Richard Merritt, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Allen (Helen Alford Abbott).

†1907. In Pawtucket, R. I., April 17, 1911, a daughter, Mabel Rhodes, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett W. Manter (Mabel Rhodes).

Deaths

In Bradford, Vermont, February 19, 1911, Charlotte E. Strickland.

1844. In Brookline, May 6, 1911, Mrs. James M. Burgess (Jerusha A. Dyer).

1848. In Andover, March 29, 1911, Mrs. Edwin H. Barnard (Angelina Lovejoy).

1857. In Wellesley, February 21, 1911, Major Ainsworth E. Blount, husband of Susan P. Hall.

1858. In Newton Centre, January 28, 1911, Mrs. Herbert D. Ward (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps).

1859. In Andover, April 24, 1911, Elmira Jones.

†1860. In Dedham, March 12, 1911, Laura Anna Wentworth Fowler.

1864. In Andover, February 11, 1911, Mrs. Charles P. Rea (Helen C. Mayberry).

1869. In Fall River, March 20, 1911, Mrs. George S. Davol (Mary Louise Dean).

1875. In Brookline, February 14, 1911, Mrs. Greenleaf K. Bartlett (Clara R. Hood).

†1888. In Davenport, Iowa, February 8, 1911, Mrs. W. B. Holliday (Frances S. Decker).

1894. September 9, 1910, Prof. W. M. Munson, husband of Mattie Allen.

†1895. June 9, 1910, Mrs. Harry K. Noyes (Katherine Hope Pike).

†1900. In Baltimore, April 4, 1911, Francis P. Kennedy, husband of Grace Fleek.

†1906. January, 1911, Trust Pearson.

Obituaries

MISS CHARLOTTE E. STRICKLAND

The death last February at her home in Bradford, Vermont, of Miss Charlotte E. Strickland, for several years a beloved teacher at Abbot, has brought sorrow to many of her old pupils.

She was born January 6, 1837, in Bradford, and very early developed the keenness and ability in study which characterized her whole life. Although handicapped by extreme short-sightedness, she was always a zealous student. She studied with a French family in Canada, and afterwards taught in Terre Haute, Indiana, and in Meriden and Derry. After a year's study in Lausanne, Miss Strickland came in 1869 to Abbot to take charge of French Hall and to be teacher of French and German. She was here from 1869-70, and from 1872 to 1875. Afterwards, she went to Germany as teacher of English in the school in Dresden of Fräulein Helena Immisch, between whom and Miss Strickland a beautiful friendship arose. At the death of her friend in 1905, Miss Strickland returned to her home in Bradford, Vermont, where she has lived since that time.

"In Miss Strickland the world has lost a woman of rare qualities. Mentally gifted and strong, she had a heart as tender as a child's, as generous as a philanthropist's. She had the simplicity of taste, the enjoyment of simple pleasures, always characteristic of great natures. Her crowning glory, however, consists in the great company of young people she has helped, aroused, stimulated, blessed, now out amid the activities of life, arousing, stimulating, blessing others!"

LAURA WENTWORTH FOWLER

Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, one of the most prominent of Abbot Academy alumnae, died at her home in Dedham on the 12th of March. Following her graduation from Abbot Academy in 1860, Miss Wentworth went south to teach music. For hanging out a Union flag she was forced to leave Kentucky in 1861, and returned north, where she continued her work as teacher in Monticello Seminary in Illinois and in Elmira College. It was while she was at Elmira that she married Major Fowler, an officer of the Union Army in the Civil War. His death took place in 1874, and subsequently Mrs. Fowler taught for some time in Kentucky, returning eventually to the north to make her permanent home in Dedham. Besides contributing many articles on patriotic subjects to newspapers and magazines, Mrs. Fowler was an active and enthusiastic member of more than twenty-five clubs and organizations. She was, to quote Prof. Churchill, the famous "committee of one" to organize the McKeen Breakfast, and the founder and first president of the Boston Abbot Academy Club, and a loyal member of the Alumnae Association. Her whole life was one of patriotic endeavor and charitable work. "Every good cause found in her an earnest and enthusiastic supporter. Her life was a busy one and she had no idle moments. She loved her work, her country and her fellowmen, and always and ever was loyal to her friends."

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, one of the best known figures in literary America of today, died at her home in Newton Centre on January 28. She was born in Boston April 31, 1844, the oldest child and the only daughter of Rev. Austin Phelps, pastor of the Pine Street Church in Boston, and later professor of homiletics in the Andover Theological Seminary. She went for a short time to Abbot Academy and later to the Edwards Seminary, leaving school at the age of nineteen. At first she took up mission and social work in Abbott Village, soon, however, devoting most of her time to literature.

It was the publication of "Gates Ajar" in 1868 which first brought h r into national prominence.

In 1869 appeared "Men, Women and Ghosts," in 1877 "The Story of Avis," while among her later well-known books are "A Singular Life," "Chapters from a Life," and "The Story of Jesus Christ."

"Not only will her death be a severe shock to those who were privileged to come into contact with her charming personality, but it will be a blow to the thousands who have grown to feel that they knew the heart of the woman through the medium of her writings. As an author she had many appealing traits. Simplicity was the keynote to the majority of her plots, and her characters were the sort whom people would wish to know in real life. Her style was simple and refined, with an occasional burst of brilliant wit, though gentle humor was more predominant. Her verse was graceful, and while it may not be known to all who have read her lighter works, much of it is well worth reading."

Abbot Academy Faculty

EMILY A. MEANS, Principal,
Psychology, Ethics, Theism, Christian Evidences.

KATHERINE R. KELSEY,
Mathematics

NELLIE M. MASON,
Science.

REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, A.B.,
History.

MARTHA HOWEY, B.L., (Absent for the year)
Literature

OLIVE G. RUNNER, B.L.,
Latin.

MARY ETHEL BANCROFT, A.B.,
English

DELIGHT WALKLY HALL,
Greek.

GERTRUDE ELIZA SHERMAN, A.B.,
French.

Frau HEDWIG D. CRAMER,
German.

EDITH EASTWOOD METCALF, A.M.,
Literature.

SARAH S. UTTER,
Elocution and Physical Culture.

Prof. JOSEPH NICKERSON ASHTON, A.M.,
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony.

Mrs. ALICE WENTWORTH MacGREGOR,
Vocal Music.

S. EDWIN CHASE,
Violin and Mandolin.

FREDERIC A. BOSLEY,
Drawing and Painting.

Mlle. JEANNE CHERON,
French Conversation.

CHARLOTTE L. ROOT, A.B.,
Principal's Assistant and Librarian.

PHILANA McLEAN
In charge of Draper Hall

EDITH H. ALDRED,
Resident Nurse.

JANE B. CARPENTER, A.M.,
Keeper of Alumnae Records.

Lecturers

PROF. LUCIUS C. STANTON
PROF. G. W. RITCHEY
MR. SEUMAS McMANUS
MISS EDITH E. INGALLS
PROF. JOHN M. TYLER

Speakers

SENORITA MARCIAL
REV. E. A. PADDOCK
REV. J. EDGAR PARK
REV. LUCIUS MILLER
REV. GEORGE H. GUTTERSON
REV. FREDERICK A. WILSON
MISS JANE CARPENTER
REV. W. E. LOMBARD
REV. MARKHAM W. STACKPOLE
MR. CHISHOLM
REV. DAVID PORTER
MISS MARY PRESTON
REV. NICHOLAS VAN DER PYL
MISS WILTSE
REV. CYRUS P. OSBORNE

Concert

MRS. GRACE BONNER WILLIAMS

School Organizations

A. C. A.

President . . . . . Rhoda Green
Vice-President . . . . . Katharine Ordway
Secretary . . . . . Barbara Moore
Treasurer . . . . . Winifred Fairchild

Fidelio Society

President . . . . . Helen Vail
Secretary and Treasurer . . . Ruth Niles

Athletic Association

President . . . . . Dorothy Bigelow
Secretary and Treasurer . . . Helen Copeland

Basketball Team

Captain . . . . . Dorothy Bigelow
Manager . . . . . Miriam Howard

Hockey Team

Captain . . . . . Katharine Ordway
Manager . . . . . Olivia Flynt

Odeon

Katharine Ordway, *President* — Alice Hazlewood
Ruth Draper — Miriam Howard
Alice Harsh — Frances Sheldon

Glee Club

Leader . . . . . Rhoda Green
Treasurer . . . . . Frances Pray

Mandolin Club

Leader . . . . . Helen Copeland
Manager . . . . . Dorothy Bigelow

Class Organizations

Academic, '11

President	Maud Gutterson
Vice-President	Katharine Ordway
Secretary	Mary Hall
Treasurer	Rebecca Newton
Class Color	Lavender
Class Flower	Violet

College Preparatory, '11

President	Charlotte Gowing
Secretary and Treasurer	Henrietta Wiest
Class Color	Red
Class Flower	American Beauty Rose

Academic, '12

President	Ruth Draper
Vice-President	Dorothy Simpson
Secretary and Treasurer	Catherine Atwood
Class Color	Yellow
Class Flower	Chrysanthemum

College Preparatory, '12

President	Barbara Moore
Secretary and Treasurer	Frances Lincoln
Class Color	Old Rose
Class Flower	Rose

Alumnae Association

PRESIDENT:

MISS ANNA L. DAWES

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Miss Julia E. Twichell — Mrs. Rebecca Davis Spalding
Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols Bean — Mrs. Ellen Chamberlain Blair
Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile — Miss Mary F. Merriam
Mrs. Lilian Waters Grosvenor

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

Miss Agnes Park

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION

Miss Emily A. Means — Mrs. Warren F. Draper
Miss Agnes Park

Calendar

1910

Thursday, Sept. 15, 9 A.M.	Fall Term begins
Tuesday, Nov. 22, 3 P.M until Nov. 25, 6 P.M.	—Thanksgiving Recess
Tuesday, Dec. 13, 2 P.M.	Fall Term Ends

Christmas Vacation of Three Weeks

1911

Thursday, Jan. 5, 9 A.M.	Winter Term begins
Tuesday, Jan. 31,	First semester ends
Thursday, Feb. 2,	Second semester begins
Wednesday, Feb. 22,	Holiday
Tuesday, March 21, 2 P.M.	Winter Term ends

Spring Vacation of Two Weeks

Thursday, April 6, 9 A.M.	Spring Term begins
Tuesday, May 30,	Holiday
Tuesday, June 13, 12 M.	School year ends



...The Sherman Studio...

IS THE RIGHT PLACE TO

GO FOR PHOTOGRAPHS



MAIN STREET - NEAR MORTON

Sing a song of spring days,
Finals, flunks, a few.
Days of 90 in the shade,
Moths and Junebugs, too.

FRANK E. GLEASON

DEALER IN

COAL, WOOD, HAY and STRAW

MILL WOOD FOR KINDLINGS

CARTER'S BLOCK - - - - - MAIN STREET

ANDOVER, MASS.

..PARK STREET STABLES..

W. H. HIGGINS, Proprietor

Carriages Furnished for all Occasions
A First-Class Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable
New Brake for Pleasure Parties
Fine Hacks for Weddings and Funerals

PARK STREET, ANDOVER

Soon they will be over
And we'll packing be.
Trying in one trunk to jam
Enough to fill up three.

ALBERT W. LOWE

Pharmacist

PRESS BUILDING, MAIN STREET

ANDOVER, MASS.

All kinds of FRUIT in their Season

FANCY AND PLAIN BISCUITS
POTTED MEATS AND FISH
NUTS, FIGS, DATES, OLIVES

J. H. CAMPION & CO.

THE METROPOLITAN

ANDOVER'S CANDY STORE

HEADQUARTERS FOR

HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES

HOME MADE FOODS OF ALL KINDS

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

M. E. DALTON, 42 Main St., ANDOVER

J. H. PLAYDON, FLORIST.....

Roses, Carnations, Violets and Chrysanthemums our Specialties

PLANTS AND CUT FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Store, Arco Building	-	-	-	Tel. 105-3
Greenhouse, Frye Village	-	-	-	Tel. 109-11

Picture Frame and Gift Shop

A N D O V E R  MASSACHUSETTS

Louise Goldsmith Clark Arthur G. Clark

WILLIAM J. BURNS

.....Tailor and.....
Men's Furnisher

AGENTS FOR
FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY

Andover, Mass.

T. A. HOLT COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries

CORNER ESSEX AND CENTRAL STS., - ANDOVER

WALTER I. MORSE

Dealer in HARDWARE

Cutlery and Cordage, Horse Clothing, Farming Tools, Window Glass
Paint, Brushes, etc.

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

BENJAMIN BROWN

BOOTS and SHOES for LADIES

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

BUCHAN & FRANCIS

Upholsterers

AND FURNITURE DEALERS



Goods Stored, Packed and Shipped



MAIN STREET - - - ANDOVER

T. A. HOLT COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries

CORNER ESSEX AND CENTRAL STS., - ANDOVER

WALTER I. MORSE

Dealer in HARDWARE

Cutlery and Cordage, Horse Clothing, Farming Tools, Window Glass
Paint, Brushes, etc.

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

BENJAMIN BROWN

BOOTS and SHOES for LADIES

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

BUCHAN & FRANCIS

Upholsterers

AND FURNITURE DEALERS



Goods Stored, Packed and Shipped



MAIN STREET - - - ANDOVER

MRS. MARY EARL

Chiropody

HYGIENIC FACIAL AND SCALP TREATMENT

Manicuring, Shampooing, Hairdressing, Singeing

CALLS MADE BY APPOINTMENT

JOHN STEWART

Cleaning and Pressing Garments

SHOES SHINED

P. O. AVENUE - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

ANDOVER NATIONAL BANK

HOURS: 9 A. M. TO 12 M., 2 P. M. TO 3 P. M.

Close Saturday at Noon

FINE ATHLETIC GOODS

Kodak and Photo Supplies **Expert Bicycle Repairing**

H. F. CHASE - - Andover, Mass.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

LEWIS T. HARDY JOSEPH F. COLE

HARDY & COLE

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER

Builders and Lumber Dealers

Box Making, Planing, Sawing and Matching
Done to Order

KINDLING WOOD BY THE LOAD

J. E. WHITING

Jeweler and Optician

Andover Souvenir Spoons.... ....Abbot School Pins

MAIN STREET - ANDOVER, MASS.

HINTON & CO. - Caterers

PLAIN AND FANCY
CREAMS AND ICES

Cakes to Order

ORDERS FILLED AT ONE DAY'S NOTICE

HIDDEN ROAD . . . Take Reading Car . . . Telephone Connection

---

PAGE

The Caterer

LOWELL, MASS.

INSURANCE OFFICES

Bank Building, Andover, Mass.

FIRE

LIFE

PLATE GLASS

AUTOMOBILE

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

TEAMS' LIABILITY

BURGLARY & THEFT

STEAM BOILER

PHYSICIANS' DEFENCE

AUTOMOBILE LIABILITY

PERSONAL ACCIDENT

At Abbot there is ne'er a lack
Of music to be heard.
From practice-rooms come vocal sounds
Which rival any bird.

SMITH & MANNING

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES

ESSEX STREET - - - ANDOVER

...SKOWHEGAN JERSEY CREAMERY...

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

SEPARATED, PASTEURIZED, SWEET CREAM, AND CREAMERY BUTTER

SKOWHEGAN - - MAINE

To these, pianos add their part,
Throughout the live-long day.
Until dull thoughts of studies hard
Are driven quite away.

LADIES' GYMNASIUM SUITS

...AND...

ATHLETIC GARMENTS

ENDORSED AND USED BY THE LEADING PHYSICAL EDUCATORS

Made under conditions approved by Consumers' League

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

COLUMBIA GYMNASIUM SUIT CO.

301 Congress Street, Boston

B. S. COLE

MUTTON, LAMB, VEAL, POULTRY and GAME

Wholesale and Retail

Stalls 13 and 15 Faneuil Hall Market - BOSTON, MASS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins

Correct Footwear

We supply the right thing for every occasion—formal or otherwise — Dress Slippers and Shoes & Walking and Skating Boots Gymnasium Footwear & Traveling and Room Slippers & Overshoes and Rubbers

ORDERS BY MAIL OR TELEPHONE PROMPTLY FILLED

47 Temple Place, 15 West Street

BOSTON

And even when we've gone to bed
How often do we hear
Inspiring sounds from graphophone,
The long night hours to cheer.

Compliments

CROSS COAL COMPANY

If YOU are LOOKING for a

RELIABLE UP-TO-DATE, MARKET FIRM, where you can
DEPEND upon getting the KIND of goods you want,
PUT UP in the way you want them put up, and
DELIVERED when you want them delivered,

YOU HAVE ONLY TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH

WESTON-THURSTON COMPANY

WHO CARRY THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN

Meats, Poultry and Dairy Products

Stalls, 20, 22 and 24 New Faneuil Hall Market

Telephone Richmond 540 BOSTON, MASS.

COBB, BATES & YERXA COMPANY

Importers and .... Grocers ....

Schools, Clubs, Hotels and Public Institutions Supplied Upon Most Favorable Terms

---

222 SUMMER STREET (Wholesale only)

ALSO AT

56 to 61 SUMMER STREET
6 and 8 FANEUIL HALL
89 CAUSEWAY STREET
and 274 FRIEND STREET

THE ANDOVER PRESS

...Printers...

Publishers of

The Andover Townsman

Proprietors of... The Andover Bookstore

PRESS BUILDING Established 1809

Signs of Spring at Abbot

In early morn before the bell
The breakfast hour can foretell
Around the circle and the grove
The maidens early rise to rove.

The windows all stand open wide
And in each one a maid is spied;
Each one has felt the call of spring
And longs aside her books to fling.

The other night beneath the oak
Sweet strains the Abbot maids awoke;
And manly voices to each ear
Proclaimed that spring is once more here.

CROWLEY & CO.

Pharmacy

Barnard Building - - Andover, Mass.

M. V. KILEY A. G. TAYLOR

Elite Millinery

ELM BLOCK

BARNARD STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

MOURNING GOODS A SPECIALTY

...The Circle...

TEA ROOM and REMEMBRANCE SHOP

Gifts for Commencement

Telephone Connection

A cool pleasant place for luncheon

Dry Goods, Ladies' and Gent's Furnishings

MISS F. M. PORTER

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

Agents for
Rhodes & Moulton's Laundry

Agents for the
Crossett Shoe for Men

J. P. WYLLIE & CO.

Fine Footwear

Repairing a Specialty

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER

The Abbot Courant

January, 1912

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1912

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XXXVIII No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1912

Contents

Spring Song (poem) 5
Helen E. Bowman

Why the Leaves Change their Color in the Fall 6
Barbara Moore

Marblehead 7
Abbie Laton

The Greater Glory 9
Dorothy Perkins

Fakirs' Row 11
Jane Newton

Aunt Tilly's Pudding 12
Marian Clark

Sounds 13
Margery E. Blake

In the Fog 14
Frances Sheldon

An Indian Legend 15
Frances Sheldon

Two Idyls 16
Evelyn Brewster
Mildred Carolyn Chutter

A Case of Overwork 18
Helen I. Cram

The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies fifty cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.

The Andover Press



THE SOUTH CHURCH

WHICH CELEBRATED ITS 200TH ANNIVERSARY, OCTOBER 12, 1911

THE ABBOT COURANT

Editors

MILDRED CHUTTER, C.P., '12 — HELEN DANFORTH, '13
BARBARA MOORE, C.P., '12 — HELEN BOWMAN, '13

Business Editors

MARGARET C. WILKINS, '13 — MARGERY BLAKE, '14
ELSIE WHIPPLE, '14

Vol. XXXVIII JANUARY, 1912 **No. 1**

Spring Song

Have you ever gone a-Maying,
Really, truly, gone a-Maying,
When the breeze is softly blowing,
And the flowers are gently swaying?

Violets on the shady hillsides,
Anemone in its mossy bed,
Buttercups in sunny meadows,
Green beneath and blue o'erhead!

When the heart is bubbling over,
Filled with joy from source unknown,
Ponder not upon the reason,
Linger not in thy dark home.

But go forth into the bright fields,
Leave thy sorrows far behind,
Think not of the past nor future,
Banish all care from the mind.

Ah, 'tis then we go a-Maying,
Really, truly, go a-Maying,
When the breeze is softly blowing,
And the flowers are gently swaying.

Helen E. Bowman, 1913

Why the Leaves Change their Color in the Fall

"Why do the leaves turn such pretty colors in the fall?"

"Don't you know? Well, if you would like to know, I will try to tell you what I think about it.

"Did you know that the world is just full of fairies? No? Well I don't believe that you have been very well brought up. I might as well tell you, first of all, that there are just millions of little fairies everywhere. Long ago the fairies used to live close to the roots of the deepest moss, where it was cool and shady. Every night they came out from their little hiding places and each little fairy found a poor little half-wilted flower, and gave her something nice to eat and drink, and talked to her, and made her bright and happy again. After the fairies had cheered up all the little flowers and plants, they called out all the insects and asked them to play for them to dance. The fire-flies came out with their lanterns and lighted up the woods, and the funny little bugs played lively music while the fairies danced.

"Although this sounds as though it were fun, and very easy to do every night, it was pretty hard work for the fairies."

"Why?"

"Because they were so little, and sometimes they had to go a long way to find a wilted flower, and besides that, it isn't always easy to make sorrowful people bright and happy."

"What has that to with the color of the leaves?"

"I know I promised to tell you why the leaves turn color, but you didn't seem to know anything at all about the fairies, so I had to begin at the beginning.

"As winter drew near, the little flowers dropped their seeds into the ground, and then fell asleep. Then the fairies' work was done and their playtime began. Just as soon as the last flowers had gone to sleep, every fairy found a nice green leaf, big enough to wrap himself up in. For the first few days they just lived on the leaf, learning to hold on when the wind blew, and to keep their balance no matter how much the leaf shook. As the weather grew colder, they began to get ready for winter. First they selected some soft, warm cloth of a very bright color, preferably red, or yellow, or both. Then they sewed it carefully on to their

leaves, and that is what makes the leaves turn color in the fall."

"Why did they do it?"

"Because they felt old Jack Frost beginning to nip, and they wanted to get their beds ready for winter before he came. They didn't like him very well, because he nipped their noses, just as he does ours. Besides that, he is very sharp and he cuts the stems off the leaves. But he always came, so the fairies always got ready for him. After the bright quilts had been sewed to the leaves, they curled the edges around themselves. Some of them managed to get curled up inside the leaf, entirely, before old Jack pinched the stem off, but others only managed to crawl under one little curled corner.

"Then the frost came. The wind began to blow and howl around the tree tops. Every night old Jack stretched out his icy fingers and nipped off some more leaves, which the wind blew to the ground and scattered over the earth. The little fairies safely curled up inside their bright quilts were warm and snug, though it was cold and bleak outside. By and by the snow began to fall, and the little fairies were glad, because they were getting very sleepy and the wind rolled their beds around so fast that they had to stay awake to keep from falling out, but the snow covered up their leaves with a nice warm blanket and kept them still, so that the fairies could sleep.

"Next time you see a lovely bright maple tree scattering its leaves over the ground, you just remember that winter is coming, and the fairies are getting ready for their long sleep."

Barbara Moore, C. P. 1912.

Marblehead

The village of Marblehead is one of the quaintest places in New England. To many people it seems like some village of Europe brought over to America and placed on the bleak New England rocks. The first impression of the place is of hills and narrow, winding streets. The houses rise directly from the streets and are extremely picturesque in shape. As we go nearer to the harbor, the descent is steeper and the roads narrower, until we reach the hotel situated close to the water.

Sitting on the hotel piazza one can see the water dancing in the sun, and the numberless sail-boats with their white sails golden in the sunlight. The great ocean yacht lying so quietly at anchor looks like a huge giant in repose when contrasted with the many tiny row-boats moving ceaselessly about. The ferry boat in the distance churns the water into innumerable swells, which are lost to sight among the boats at anchor.

On the right runs the causeway, with the white surf dashing against it. Far away, almost like a mirage, rises the grey outline of Nahant. At the left, we can see the ocean dotted with tiny islands. In the evening the bright lights shining on the boats in the harbor, the line of fiery points along the causeway, and the gay illumination of the yacht clubs, all reflected in the water, make the scene like fairyland.

Abbie Laton, 1912

I had striven without success for more than an hour to inveigle a few minutes' sleep from the inexorable slumber goddess before my regular six o'clock Art class at the studio, but she seemed relentlessly deaf to all my pleadings, and in spite of my efforts, an endless procession of thoughts and ideas persisted in forcing themselves in quick succession through my tired brain.

In the obscurity of the winter afternoon's early dusk, the darker objects in my room were hardly distinguishable, but in the corner, several marble figures were the more easily discernible because of the encompassing gloom which enhanced their whiteness.

Involuntarily my vision was again and again attracted by the contrast, as my eyes wandered inadvertently around the room, but soon the outlines became less and less perceptible and more mysterious in their vagueness; two or three times I thought I saw them move.

I had just finished counting the slow, metallic strokes of a distant clock, striking five, when I heard a long sigh, followed by a voice speaking.

"At last she is asleep. Sleep! As if anyone who is content to sleep in all her spare moments could ever succeed in becoming an artist. Art is made up of sleepless hours, of tears and pain and laughter and joy, of days of denial and poverty. She goes for a few hours a day to a studio, daubs in her room for a few hours more, eats plenty, sleeps too much, and expects to conquer art! Ah me! It was not like that in the days when I lived."

I held my breath and listened; by some inexplicable instinct I knew it was the marble Venus in the corner which had just spoken, and in the same way I understood that the Victory was answering.

"It was indeed a glory to be alive in those days," came in lower, more concise tones. And then, after a pause, "But after all, it is not hard to say just wherein lies the difference between life then and modern existence. It is too much civilization which has taken the zeal from life, the courage from men. It was the

glorious courage of the soldiers marching to battle, the whole-heartedness with which men lived, which made the difference."

The Venus laughed musically.

"Well spoken, noble lady without a head; but you are wrong, at least in my opinion. You are right in that civilization has taken away man's power of enthusiasm and appreciation, but it affects me, not in their not rushing madly to battle, but in their attitude toward their women. In my lifetime men have risked their lives for my favor, have died for my smiles; my beauty was the admiration of many kings. I spoke, and I was obeyed. Now it is quite the opposite ——"

Further revelations of the character of the Venus were checked here, for the Victory interrupted, calmly, and without seeming in the least ill-bred, speaking so kindly as not to hurt her neighbor's feelings.

"I am afraid you think too much of the more material joys of life. To be sure, admiration is pleasant, but it seems to me that there are nobler, higher ideals than that."

The clock struck six, and I sat up suddenly. The room was dark, but the electric button was near at hand, and in a minute I was squinting at the flood of light.

The statues were in their places, passive and cold. I had to hurry to get to my class, but as I slipped into my coat, musing on the conversation I had just heard, I decided why my Victory had always had a greater attraction for me than my Venus, and then, "Would I do better work," I wondered, "if I didn't have enough to eat?"

Dorothy Perkins, C. P. 1913

Fakirs' Row

"Fakirs' Row" is the name given to a line of booths or tables standing close together in the street and still closer to the sidewalk. This interesting sight is found at the upper end of Tremont Street and extends for about a block. It is there for three days only, just before Christmas, but for these three days the sidewalk in front of the fakirs' tables is so crowded that it takes a great deal of pushing and elbowing to see the wares of the fakir, although his voice is plainly heard some fifty feet away.

After gaining the front ranks you will see that all the tables are trimmed with bright red and green paper streamers and Christmas bells, but that each table has its own article or toy quite different from the other tables. As you walk down the "Row" each fakir will assure you in his loudest tones that if you wish to buy anything, you are getting the most for your money at his table. All around, you hear a mixture of advertisements, each fakir vainly striving to drown out his neighbor: "Buy your Christmas bells now. Right this way — three for twenty-five cents, a quarter of a dollar." "Isn't he cute — only fifty cents, and the old folks get as much fun out of him as the baby." "Madam, this bunny is just what the little girl wants for Christmas — press the bulb and he hops just like a live one and think of it — I am selling them today for only twenty-five cents." "Here, you young kids, get out of the way and give the gentleman a chance." Aeroplanes only ten cents, only a few left — get them while they're going." "All you do is pull a string and he runs by himself — take one home with you — try it on the floor — there ain't room enough here, ma'am, or I'd show you how he worked." "Don't go home without some mistletoe; what will the young folks say?"

At the end of the line you will surely meet a Salvation Army girl with a cup in her hand and a sign saying, "Christmas Dinner for the children. Please help." And then, when you've dropped in your last coin you seem to feel the spirit of Christmas more strongly than before, for wasn't Christmas the birthday of a little child?

Jane Newton, 1913

Aunt Tilly's Pudding

Matilda White, otherwise known in the village of Greenville as Aunt Tilly, was a buxom widow of forty. She was a very fine cook, in fact, she was considered the finest in the country, so that people thought it a treat to dine at Aunt Tilly's.

At the time when my story opens Aunt Tilly had several suitors, probably attracted by her cooking, for some people say "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." The chief suitors were Deacon Thomas and Deacon Fisher, who by chance on the same day asked for her hand.

"How to decide who is the better man," was Aunt Tilly's thought as she went into her cozy living-room to sit by the fire and think. "Well, Deacon Thomas is fat, jolly and kind to everyone. Deacon Fisher is as thin as a rail, stingy, so people say, often cheating men of the fruits of honest labor. Yet he is a deacon. How to decide this question. Yes," said Aunt Tilly at last with a joyful cry, "I have it. It will surely prove who cares the most for me."

With this she quickly called Jimmy, a neighbor's boy, and bade him to bring the deacons to dinner, while she hastened into her kitchen to make a pudding which should tempt any man. It was full of spices and raisins. What pains did not Aunt Tilly put into that pudding!

Soon the deacons arrived. They praised her fowl, her biscuits, and Aunt Tilly beamed with pride. The pudding was then brought in.

"Deacons," said Aunt Tilly, "this is a new pudding I have tried and I want you to test it." She then served it, but on looking up a few minutes later she saw that Deacon Fisher had not eaten his and that Deacon Thomas was already asking for another dish.

"Aunt Tilly," said Deacon Thomas, "this is a fine pudding; everything you do is successful."

Deacon Fisher said not a word, then finally rose, saying to Aunt Tilly, "Matilda White, will you do me the honor of telling whose board you are going to grace?"

"Certainly not yours, Deacon, but your brother, Deacon Thomas'."

The surprised man stumbled out of the room, mumbling to himself and slamming the door behind him.

Deacon Thomas turned and looked at Aunt Tilly. "Matilda, what did you put in that pudding?"

"Why," replied Aunt Tilly, "I used cayenne pepper instead of mace."

Marian Clark

Sounds

How strange and mysterious does a summer twilight in the country seem to one brought up in the city. There are hundreds of curious noises audible. As the great red sun sinks slowly to rest in the west, comes the cheerful chirp, chirp, of the cricket in the field nearby with its fragrant cocks of new-mown hay. From the tree across the road sounds the cry of the catbird, and in alarm you jump up to see what is happening to the family cat. Then, all at once, from the direction of the swamp, is heard the croak of the bullfrogs in their nightly concert. There is something in their croaks which suggests lonesomeness and longing. With a soft whirr of wings something flies close by your face. It must be a bat. You look around in alarm but only catch a glimpse of its dark wings outlined against the dull red of the sky.

Hark! what is that? You sit up suddenly with bated breath. It comes again, the lone call of the whip-poor-will in all of its mystery. By its very cadence it seems to be calling and luring you on to the black woods.

Then suddenly an unwelcome sound breaks rudely upon your revery, the dreaded buzz, buzz, of the mosquitoes. That is a signal for departure, and gathering up your sofa cushions, and holding your dress up out of the grass upon which the dew has already fallen, you start half regretfully for the house.

Margery E. Blake

In the Fog

A fog had shut down over the city, thick and heavy. Everything was wrapped in its cold, dead dampness. The street lamps were not visible until one came directly upon them, and then they shone with a pale, ghastly light almost worse than the wet blackness.

So the man was thinking as he walked unseeingly but unhesitatingly on. He had been walking thus since early evening. If he could only become so tired, so actually overcome with fatigue, that he could sleep; so that his mind, instead of going 'round and 'round in ceaseless circles over the little, trivial events of the day, until they became bigger and bigger, might become a blank, a blessed, oblivious blank.

He felt that another sleepless night would drive him mad. He wanted to scream at the thought of it. The specialists had said, "No worry; physical exercise." But after a day spent out-of-doors in hard work, when his body ached with weariness, his brain seemed fairly to revel in his torment.

The injustice of it! Why, when all the world was at rest in calm forgetfulness of its troubles, why should he be forced to think and think and think until his brain seemed made of fire.

He was losing control of himself. He knew it. Only today, his partner had taken one of his usual duties upon himself, with a murmured word of excuse. He felt the clerks looking at him when his back was turned. Were they whispering, "Going mad! Heredity," and all that sort of thing? He wanted to choke their ghastly jokes down their throats.

He was going over the great bridge now, and looking down, he could see the lights, faintly and mistily reflected in the river. It was black and undiscernible, and yet leaning far over, he thought — he saw —

The water rose suddenly to meet him.

Frances Sheldon, C. P. '12

An Indian Legend

Oh, ye wise men and sachems! Listen to the story of how the stars were made.

There was once a young brave who loved a maiden, the most beautiful of the Narragansetts. She was little and slender, with the eyes of a fawn, and she had many suitors.

But of each one she required some task to prove his courage and wisdom, and in this all had failed.

When *the* young brave came to her wigwam, she said, "Go to the ends of the forest and get me beads, more lasting than wampum and brighter than my eyes."

The brave set out in his canoe, paddling day and night, and at last came to a great tepee where a powerful medicine-man lived who knew all things.

There the young brave stopped and called to the medicine-man, saying, "Oh, ye all-powerful, tell me what is more lasting than wampum and brighter than a maiden's eyes!"

Then the medicine-man answered, "There is nothing, unless it be the sparkles of the sun on the water. Take those to the maiden."

So the brave paddled back to the maiden's wigwam and called her to him, saying, "Here is something more lasting than wampum and brighter than your eyes."

Then the maiden was angry and said, "If they are more beautiful to you than my eyes, keep them, for me you shall never have."

And the brave grew angry too, and threw the sparkles to the winds, and they became the stars.

Frances Sheldon, C. P. 1912

It was a mystic world, a world of witchery and enchantment that night. Overhead the stars shone, more brilliant, more dazzling than ever before. The earth lay white and glistening under the pale, wan light of the moon. Every mountain stood out against the clear sky in sharp silhouette. The lake, its broad, white expanse dotted by an occasional fish-house or the dark outlines of an island, was under an unwonted spell of beauty.

Alone and thoughtfully I snowshoed down the wood path by the lake. The wood was a veritable fairyland. Every tree was bent low under its load of priceless ermine. I drew a long, deep breath, of contentment? Rather of sudden longing to know more of the wonders of God's world.

A rustle in the leaves broke the dead winter stillness. Fairies! Could it be the fairies? No, it was only a little rabbit. But what a picture he made, sitting upright on the snow! I watched him dart away into the wood and walked on wonderingly.

Suddenly I came upon a never-to-be-forgotten scene. Was it true or had the night so filled me with its mystic witchery that my eyes deceived me? There in the perfect setting of a moonlit dell the fairies were dancing, myriads and myriads of them, all clad in glistening crystals. Sounds of merriment broke the stillness, such merriment as is never heard by mortals. Far away in the distance a clock chimed the strokes of twelve. Away darted the little elves one and all, quick as the twinkling of an eye.

Once again the world lay in solemn stillness, and once again I went on my silent way, my only companion still Mother Earth wrapped in her spell of mystery.

Evelyn Brewster, C. P. 1912

A gentle mist lay over all the landscape and softened the rude outline of the old hut and made the few sturdy plants in the tiny garden less conspicuous. A young girl opened the door of the hut and stepped noiselessly upon the damp ground. She paused a moment and looked out into the shadowy world about

her. An expression of sadness, almost of pain, passed over her face. She must go forth to her work in the fields and labor until nightfall. Life seemed to her then very dull and monotonous.

As the peasant girl walked down the narrow lane and across the broad fields, the sun began to peep through the thin clouds. Almost immediately the gray mist lifted and the whole country seemed changed. The dewdrops beneath her feet became thousands of sparkling diamonds and the tiny flowers lifted their heads to nod good morning. The tall trees waved their branches and the cool breezes fanned her cheeks. The sun had driven away the clouds, and the sky had become a delicate blue, touched with the beautiful colors of the sunrise. The birds sang in great choruses and the fields were filled with music. Suddenly above all other sounds was heard the song of the lark. Its beauty and its joyfulness penetrated the inmost soul of the girl. She caught the spirit of the morning and broke forth into a song. She sang more and more exultantly, until at last she felt as free and happy as the lark itself.

Mildred Carolyn Chutter, C. P. 1912

A Case of Overwork

It was between one and two a.m., that stillest hour of the night, when the great pulsing heart of humanity beats slowly, and complete silence reigns for one brief hour. The midnight revelers have hied themselves to their rooms and beds; the wakeful cock has not yet announced the dawn.

In the student's room the air was tense with death-like stillness. The only sound which broke it was the occasional fluttering of leaves in his notebook, and the monotonous scratching of his pen. The room was stiflingly hot and close; there was a most disagreeable odor of mingled kerosene oil, stale tobacco and strong coffee. But the student seemed indifferent to all these minor circumstances; he was grinding.

Suddenly a creak in the corridor outside his room caused him to look up expectantly. The door opened softly, and a smiling but very sleepy looking young man, clad in an indescribable bathrobe, entered, leaving the door slightly ajar behind him. He paused after advancing a few steps into the room, and thrusting his arms far above his head, as though trying to touch the ceiling, he uttered a most prodigious yawn, which echoed up and down the corridor. After the preliminaries, the jovial smile suddenly vanished, his face grew stern, and he strode over to the desk where the student sat blinking at him through his spectacles.

"Look here, Stubbs," he said angrily, "this has gone far enough. It's got to stop right *now!* D'ye hear me? You'll be a physical wreck in another week. How many cups of coffee tonight? *Five?* Now that's — that's — well, old man, you've simply got to cut this out — Jehosophat! This room is suffocating! Let's have a window open here. There! Now you just come over here a minute and stick your head out. Best thing in the world for you. Now take twenty deep breaths of this clear night air. Fine! After that you just get to bed as soon as possible. Not going to have you coming down to breakfast tomorrow looking the way you did this morning. Oh, guess it's yesterday now, isn't it? But no joking, Stubbs, old chap, we

fellows are going to do something if you don't cut out this grinding at night. You've been at it a month now, and no fellow could stand it much longer."

While the two were leaning out the window, the door was pushed open, and a stealthy figure stole in, crossed the room, and went out again.

The cold night air was sharp and stinging, and after a few minutes the two drew in their heads and shut the window. Sutherland, the young man in the gay bathrobe, after cautioning his friend not to stay up any longer, went out. Stubbs, uncertain what to do, looked around dreamily for a second, then, because he could not decide, dropped into his chair and leaned back with closed eyes.

True, he thought to himself, he was a physical wreck, or was fast getting to be one. "Sutherland is right," he muttered. "Every ounce of oil I burn is a nail driven in my coffin." And he mixed his metaphors in absolute seriousness.

The cold night air had soothed him. He was growing very drowsy. Before he knew it he had dropped into a light doze. How long he slept he could not have told, but suddenly he woke with a start. He did not know what had wakened him, but perhaps it was the dim sense of duty in the background of his consciousness. He sat bolt upright in his chair and stared straight ahead, his fingers tightly clutching the arms of his chair.

Oh, Horror! What was that?

The lamp was burning low; the light was so dim that the corners of the room were not lighted at all. Out from the darkness of the corner he was facing peered a horrible death mask. Its eyes seemed lurid flames; from its nostrils poured circling blue vapor. As poor Stubbs gazed at the awful face, fascinated, unable to remove his gaze, it seemed to him that the flaming eyes grew more intense, that they were slowly approaching him. He could neither move nor speak. As the awful, leering face came nearer and nearer, his agony suffocated him. The terrible thought flashed through his brain, "It is death coming for me!"

When the human brain is overworked, there is a limit to its

endurance. At the moment when it seemed as though he would be destroyed in the inevitable crash, his senses failed him, and all was darkness.

* * * * *

Outside one of the rooms in the infirmary four or five very anxious boys were waiting impatiently. After a while the door opened quietly, and a pretty nurse stepped out. She laid her finger on her lips cautioningly, and beckoned the boys into the waiting-room. They followed eagerly.

"The doctor says his overtaxed nerves had unsettled his brain," she informed them, "and the terrible scare coming at such a time produced this breakdown. He has just regained consciousness. The danger is over now, but the doctor says it was a very serious joke to play on him, and advises you to throw away your sulphur before it gets you into any more mischief. And be sure to take that skull off his bookcase before he gets back to his room. Don't worry about it any more. The doctor understands, and says he doesn't think Mr. Stubbs will sit up late to study hereafter!"

"Oh thank you, Miss — Miss ——" and falling over each other in their embarrassment and relief, they hastily retreated, each one murmuring to himself something that sounded like "Peach!"

Helen I. Cram, 1912

Editorials

Although we had known for some months that Miss Means would not be with us this fall, it was hard to realize until school actually began how strange it would seem here without her. We miss her very much, but we are glad that she has freedom for rest and travel after her long time of devoted service to the school.

This year has been a very successful and happy one under Miss Kelsey, who with her unselfish love for the school agreed to take up the duties of leader again for one year. Her executive ability, her thorough knowledge of the school, her perfect sympathy with its high ideals, and her unfailing interest in the needs of every girl will make the year one of real benefit and growth in the history of Abbot.

With the approval and help of the faculty, a Student Council has been organized this year. Its purpose is to prevent, as far as possible, any injury to the reputation of the school, and at the same time to make a closer sympathy and unity between the faculty and the girls. By its method of election, the Council is made truly representative and works for the good of each girl as well as for the school in general.

The resignation of the principalship by Miss Means has of necessity made changes in the school, not the least of which is the changed appearance of the McKeen rooms. When Miss Means came to the school as principal, she fitted up these rooms with her own personal possessions, giving them the pleasing atmosphere of a private home, but this condition made refurnishing necessary when Miss Means left the school. Several warm friends became interested in the matter and made generous contributions of money for the purpose. Late in the summer the new furnishings were selected and the rooms made ready just in time for the opening of the school year. The dark mahogany tables and chairs, and the soft green draperies and upholstering give a restful, comfortable air to the rooms, and even old girls feel no sense of strangeness in them.

Miss Charlotte Root was married in November to Mr. Frank O. Patton, and writes very contentedly of her new life in Detroit. She is much missed here, for her work brought her in touch with all the activities of school life and she was loved and respected by everyone. Miss Edith Gutterson, who takes her place as secretary, is a former Abbot girl, having graduated in 1908. She has taken a good hold on the new work. As Abbot is her school, she has an especial interest in every girl. Her thoughtfulness and kindness have helped many of the new girls to feel at home and have awakened the old girls to their responsibility of caring for the new ones.

Mlle. Léontine Gallée, who comes out from Boston for French conversation, has charmed not only her pupils but all with whom she comes in contact by her vivacity and quick, ready sympathy.

During the past few years, the number of day scholars has greatly increased until it has seemed necessary to make some special provision for them. This fall the trustees have opened a new study room and have placed a teacher in charge of it. The room is large and pleasant and is lighted by many windows. Each pupil has her own desk, for the care of which she is responsible. All girls except those in the senior class are required to be in this room during study hours. The day scholars feel themselves fortunate in having Miss Helen Pratt, a graduate of Mount Holyoke in 1910, as their special teacher. Miss Pratt has won the love and respect of the girls by her cheerful, energetic manner, and by her ready sympathy with their point of view.

From the ugly chrysalis comes the beautiful butterfly. From the ugly duckling of Andersen's tales came the beautiful swan. And so the most beautiful of characters are often hidden beneath the crusts of indifference or timidity. Give each girl a chance to show what she has in her. There was never a human being created who had no good traits. It is so easy to say, "I don't like her." Stop a moment to think whether you know the girl well enough to judge. Have you ever done anything to make

her like you? Make advances. Don't wait to be met even half-way, if you know a girl is timid. If you think she doesn't like you, make her like you. Show that you want to be friends. Extend your little circle to include those girls who need friends and whom you want for friends.

The moment we shook the dust of Andover from our feet, that moment all care about work should have left us. Vacations are given for rest and pleasure. It is a dreadful feeling to know that you have work which should be done before vacation closes. It does no good to take books home. If you are a real girl, you will forget or neglect work at this time. But the spirit with which we enter into the old regime and take up our work where we left off, shows our true worth and character. Brace up and show that you have grit. Enter into the work with renewed vigor and spirit. Show your appreciation of the rest from work in this way.

A "sappy" girl is a most tiresome person. There are two kinds of "sappy" girls: those that look sappy and those that act so. They are equally uninteresting.

The first kind are the pale, meek-looking girls. Of course they are not to be blamed for being pale, but if they are unfortunate enough to be so, why is it that some of them insist upon wearing the most pallid colors? A girl with light hair, eyes of no distinct color, and a pale face cannot help looking sappy if she wears white or such light-colored clothes that they look faded. She looks weak and spiritless and she probably is. The same kind of girl will always wear floppy ribbons and bows, the kind that droop and look bedraggled or have long, ravelling fringes on the ends. There are darker girls who are just as bad. Their hair is an indescribable color and their eyes are probably large and pale blue. They have no color either. Girls like this ought not to wear dark clothes without anything bright on them. It makes them look dismal and forlorn. You have no idea until you stop to think about it, how many girls make themselves look "wishy-washy" and "namby-pamby" just because they wear such unbecoming colors.

The girls that act " sappy " are usually the same ones that look so. But if you couldn't see them you would know them just the same. When you are introduced to one, she simpers and smiles and with an embarrassed giggle murmurs, " Pleased to meet ya," meanwhile holding out a limp, flabby hand which " squuzzles up " when you take hold of it.

Such girls never have any ideas about anything. They always " Don't know," or they waver from one side to another as you talk to them. They might just as well decide on one thing and " stick " to it. Then, to make matters worse, they are usually painfully sensitive and have the idea that nobody likes them. They never dream of hunting for someone else to be nice to. They always wait for someone to come to find them. They are not dissatisfied because they have no friends. Why? Because they haven't spunk enough to object. Instead, they are grieved and hurt. If they would only wake up enough to do their share in making friends they would not find it hard.

A girl doesn't have to be especially pretty, original, bright, or energetic to avoid being " sappy ", but she must not wear colors that emphasize her lack of brightness. She must at least appear interested in what is happening, even if she really is not, and she must act as though she were put in the world to do something besides looking unhappy and bored.

Andover is an unusual New England town. It has an interesting past. Occasionally someone who has had a part in the old life tells of its earlier days when men dwelt more on the seriousness of living. The historical side has been especially emphasized this fall, when the South Church celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. At that time men and women who are no longer residents of Andover, met to renew old friendships, and to go once more to services in the church of their childhood.

The Andover of thirty years ago is no more. Yet is not the Andover of today a unique town? For while it is now near enough the city to come in contact with modern life and thought, it is still essentially a country town. For nature has done her part in making Andover interesting. She has given it tall, arching

trees, smooth green fields and attractive walks. The sunsets are remarkable. The red and the gold and the purple are intermingled until the entire west is aglow with light.

My Christmas vacation had almost ended without a flake of snow upon the ground, when I woke one morning to find the trees weighted with the soft down. By the time I left the city the snow had almost all melted, but when I got into Andover it was very different. The early twilight of a winter afternoon had fallen, and as my carriage drove to the entrance, I leaned out and looked at a scene new to me. Straight before me ran the smooth snow of the ground inside the circle. The road around the circle was broken, however, and showed that I was not the first arrival. The long dormitory looked large and black, though the white snow had drifted into every convenient crack and cranny and lights shone out from some of the windows. It was very still and quiet-looking, and the school buildings on either side were absolutely silent.

And that night, as I opened my window and looked out over the silent, white slope that stretched away up the hill and met the low stone wall and the distant buildings, I was glad the snow had come to show me that the school could look as pleasant to me in mid-winter, with a vacation just ended, as it looked in the spring, with a vacation just before me.

School Journal

Commencement

The Commencement Exercises of the eighty-second anniversary of Abbot Academy began Saturday evening, June 10, with the annual Draper Reading. The program:

PIANO DUET: Finale from Suite — *Debussy*
Misses Wiest and Wightman

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER — *Joseph C. Lincoln*
Ethel Lettie Rand, Haverhill

REBECCA AT THE WINDOW — *Sir Walter Scott*
Helen Mowry Danforth, Chicago, Ill.

A TOLA OF MUSTARD SEED — *Sir Edwin Arnold*
Florence McDowell Bliss, Sharon Hill, Penn.

FRIENDS — *Myra Kelly*
Olga Marie Erickson, Dorchester

THE SOUL OF THE VIOLIN — *Margaret Mantel Merrill*
Ruth Draper, Enosburg Falls, Vt.

MR. TRAVERS' FIRST HUNT — *Richard Harding Davis*
Catharine Parmele Atwood, Lincoln, Neb.

A COMPLETE WIFE — *Josephine Preston Peabody*
Margaret Clara Wilkins, Chicago, Ill.

THE LOST WORD — *Henry Van Dyke*
Mary Rutherford Harsh, Nashville, Tenn.

THE WATCH-MEETIN' — *Eliza Calvert Hall*
Edna Mae Francis, Andover

On Sunday, June 11, the baccalaureate sermon was preached at the South Church by the Rev. Edward Mortimer Chapman of Old Lyme, Connecticut.

Monday afternoon, June 12, the Seniors gave their lawn party in Draper Hall.

Monday evening came the musical by the pupils of Professor Ashton, Mrs. McGregor and Mr. Chase.

PART FIRST

CHORUS: Springtide — *Bargiel*
The Fidelio Society

ARIA: Voi che sapete — *Mozart*
Miss Huselton

PIANO DUET: Danse Bohémienne — *Söchting*
Miss Helen Vail and Miss Crittenden

VIOLIN SOLO: Shepherd's Dance — *German*
Miss Gould

SONGS: *a*) Ich liebe dich — *Grieg*
b) Daybreak — *Daniels*
c) Italian Folk Song — *Fairchild*
MISS PRESTON

PIANO SOLOS: 1) Prelude (Grazioso) — *Swinstead*
2) Giga — *Geminani*
MISS WIEST

PART SECOND

PART SONGS: *a*) Pastorale — *Chapius*
b) The Cricket — *King*
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY

PIANO SOLOS: 1) Spring Song — *Holländer*
2) Song of the Lark — *Tschaikowsky*
MISS SJÖSTROM

SONGS: *a*) A little winding Road — *Ronald*
b) The Skylark's Song — *Buck*
MISS HUSELTON

PIANO SOLO: Arabesque (Allegretto Scherzando) — *Debussy*
MISS WIEST

SONGS: *a*) Loch Lomon' — *Old Scotch*
b) The Woodpigeon — *Lehmann*
c) The Cuckoo — *Lehmann*
MISS GREEN

TWO MOVEMENTS FROM SUITE — *Debussy*
MISS WIEST AND MISS WIGHTMAN

CHORUS: To Sea! — *Atkins*

Tuesday morning, June 13, the school assembled for the Tree Exercises and Ivy Planting. The final exercises were at the South Church. The program:

PRELUDE AND MARCH
JUBILATE — *Joseph N. Ashton*
CHOIR

INVOCATION
PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN — *C. G. Hamilton*
CHOIR

ADDRESS
JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS, ESQ.
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS
REV. DANIEL MERRIMAN, D.D.
PARTING HYMN — *S. M. Downs*
PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

FREDERIC G. MOORE, *Marshal*

Academic Senior Class

Marion Vose Bemis	Springfield
Dorothy Elizabeth Bigelow	Worcester
Persis Edson Bodwell	Lynn
Helen Mills Copeland	Newton Centre
Margaret Olive Copeland	Newton Centre
Olivia Coleman Flynt	Monson
Marian Rhoda Green	New Milford, Conn.
Maud Caroline Gutterson	Winchester
Mary Helena Hall	New Britain, Conn.
Borghild Hoff	Upper Montclair, N. J.
Miriam Howard	Hyde Park
Frances Huselton	Butler, Penn.
Rebecca Hardwick Newton	Brookline
Katharine Lewis Ordway	Winchester
Frances Mary Pray	Bristol, N. H.
Jessie Noble Wightman	New Britain, Conn.
Corinne Willard	Detroit, Mich.

College Preparatory Senior Class

Marion Brown	Lawrence
Charlotte Elizabeth Gowing	Lawrence
Edith Harriet Johnson	Andover
Bessie May Rand	Haverhill
Lillian Walworth	Lawrence
Henrietta Owen Wiest	York, Penn.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

September

16 Hall Exercises. Miss Kelsey: Talk on School Regulations.
Chapel. Miss Kelsey: The Beginning of a New Year.

19 A. C. A. annual dance in Davis Hall.

20 Walking Club picnic at Foster's Pond.

23 Hall Exercises. Music by Olga Sjöstrom. Draper Reading by Margaret Wilkins.
Chapel. Rev. M. W. Stackpole: The Value of Holding High Ideals.

30 Chapel. Dr. Charles M. Brown: The Essential Qualities of True Womanhood.

OCTOBER

October

3 Shadow Picture Entertainment by Miss Metcalf's corridor.
7 Chapel. Prof. Henry Tweedy.
10 Senior Class Picnic at Haggett's Pond.
Tennis Tournament won by Helen Hamblet.
14 Chapel. Rev. Mr. Palmer: The Poetry of the Bible.
15 Two Hundredth Anniversary of the South Church.
21 Chapel. Miss Kelsey: The Vital Need of Religion in Every Girl's Life.
23 Visit of Miss Root.
28 The Entertainment of the Abbot Club by the School.
Meeting of the Student Volunteer Conference of Greater Boston, in Davis Hall.
29 Visit of the Wellesley Delegates of the Student Volunteer Conference.
30 Morning Chapel. Miss Anna Brown: The Value of the Student Volunteer Movement.
31 Hallowe'en Masquerade Dance in Davis Hall.

NOVEMBER

November

4 Chapel. Rev. W. E. Lombard: The Story of Esther.
Geraldine Farrar Concert in Symphony Hall.
9 Miss Means's Visit to the School.
10 Miss Kelsey's Tea for Miss Means.
11 Abbot-Bradford Hockey Game at Bradford. Bradford victory. Score: 6-3.
Celebration of Andover victory over Exeter in football.
12 Chapel. Professor Taylor: The Beautiful Side of Life.
14 Band Concert at Harvest Ball in the Town Hall.
15 "The Bluebird." Shubert Theatre, Boston.
17 Mrs. MacGregor's House-warming.
18 Hall Exercises. Reading by Miss Maria Merrill of Poems by the Canadian Poet, William Henry Drummond.
Chapel. Rev. Frank W. Hodgdon: The Moral Law.
22 Maude Adams in "Chantecler."
23 Schroeder-Perabo Concert in Davis Hall.
26 Chapel. Rev. Clark Carter: Missionary Work in Lawrence.
28 Morning Chapel: Thanksgiving service.

DECEMBER

December

3 Chapel. Mr. Stearns: The Use of Opportunity.
9 Hall Exercises. Dr. C. L. Babcock: Delphi and Apollo's Shrine.
Christmas Tree in the Recreation Room.
10 Chapel. Christmas service.

JANUARY

January

6 Chapel. Miss Kelsey: The Life of John Gibson Paton as a Lesson in Faith.
7 Sunday Evening Musical in Miss Kelsey's room.
10 Kneisel Quartet Concert in Davis Hall.
12 Morning Chapel. Rev. Mr. John X. Miller: Missionary Work in India.
13 Hall Exercises. Miss Harriet McLean: Home Life in Mexico.
14 Chapel. Miss Kelsey: Freedom by the Law of Liberty.
16 Senior Middle Class Play: "Fanchon the Cricket."

Lectures

Miss Merrill entertained us Saturday afternoon, the 18th of November, by reading to us some of Drummond's French Canadian poems. Miss Merrill had read to us once before, two years ago, and she was so interesting that we were very anxious to have her come again. This time the new girls enjoyed Miss Merrill's reading just as much as the old girls had done before. If she will ever again accept an invitation to read she will receive a most hearty welcome from the school.

Saturday, December 9th, Dr. C. L. Babcock of the Bureau of University Travel delivered an interesting stereopticon lecture on the Oracle at Delphi. Dr. Babcock showed us pictures of the very mountainous region in which the shrine is situated, and then explained how Delphi had come to have such a powerful influence upon the Greeks. The Oracle always stood for temperance, freedom and purity of life. This was the first lecture to be given from the Merrill Lecture Fund.

January 13th, Miss Harriet McLean spoke to us on Mexico at Hall Exercises. Miss McLean told us of the daily life of the Mexicans, and also of the nine days' Christmas celebration. She made us feel that these people were intensely interesting with their old, strange customs.

Concerts

On Thursday, November 23, at four o'clock, Mr. Ernst Perabo, pianist, and Mr. Alwin Schroeder, 'cellist, gave the first of our annual school concerts. The music alone was a treat, but to see these two men together was delightful. They felt deeply for one another, as was plainly shown when they played together. The program was thoroughly enjoyed by the large and enthusiastic audience. We were indeed very fortunate to secure an engagement with the Kneisel Quartet, which is considered the best string-quartet in the country. The concert was given on Wednesday, January 10, at two o'clock.

The program consisted of quartets by Haydn, Debussy, and Schubert. The distinction between the styles of the different composers was plainly brought out. Each number was played with such rhythm and feeling that one could not help being affected by it. Perhaps it will be interesting to know that the violin which Mr. Kneisel used is worth five thousand dollars.

The pupils of Mrs. MacGregor have given two delightful concerts in Miss Kelsey's rooms, on Sunday evenings. At the first one Mrs. MacGregor herself sang. This was a treat which we all enjoyed very much. A feature of each concert was the number given by the double trio which Mrs. MacGregor is training. Those who have sung in the recitals are: Olga Erickson, Catherine Vail, Helen Cram, Margaret Wilkins, Cornelia Crittenden, Margery Blake, Marion Gould, Helen Bowman. Frances Skolfield played, and Miss Howey and Esther Parks accompanied the girls when they sang.

Mr. Ashton's organ recitals have been continued this year. They are held on Wednesday afternoons, in the Phillips Academy Chapel. The programs, which have been varied, have been very much enjoyed by all who heard them.

Plays

The Draper Hall girls and faculty were entertained by Miss Metcalf's corridor on the evening of Tuesday, October 3, in the recreation room. Two shadow plays were given by the girls, "The Romantic Tale of Nancy Lee," and "The Adventures of Jack and Jill." The stories were read during the acting. The entertainment was a novel one, and was greatly enjoyed by all the guests. Light refreshments were served after the plays.

The casts were as follows:

ROMANTIC TALE OF NANCY LEE

NANCY	Hazel Goodrich
WILLIAM	Marion Willis
FATHER	Helen Hersey
PRIEST	Margaret Perry

ADVENTURES OF JACK AND JILL

JACK	Barbara Moore
JILL	Margaret Perry
MOTHER	Mildred Bryant

The annual Senior-Middle play was a little more pretentious than usual this year. The members of the class gave the well-known "Fanchon, the Cricket," and gave it admirably, too. The play itself was charming, the characters were well cast, the costumes were pretty and appropriate, the scenery was splendid. Taken altogether, the

play was a decided success. A great deal of credit should be given to Miss Utter, who trained them so well, and to the girls, who responded and entered into the spirit of the play.

The cast follows:

FANCHON		Helen E. Bowman
FATHER BARBEAUD, (a rich farmer)		Catherine Vail
LANDRY, DIDIER }	Twin Brothers {	Helen Danforth, Jane Newton
FATHER CAILLARD		Olga Erickson
OLD FADET		Helen Boyd
MOTHER BARBEAUD		Margaret Wilkins
MADELON		Cornelia Crittenden
MANON		Marion Martin

School Charities

In 1910-11 the amount of the Sunday evening contribution was $112. During the year special collections were taken, amounting to $271.85, for various causes, among which were: The Consumers League, Fresh Air Fund, and Christmas Missionary Barrels.

So far this year the work has been very interesting and successful. With the usual enthusiasm, the girls undertook to dress a large number of dolls for Miss Louise Kiniry, an old Abbot girl, who is working in the Clarke Settlement House in New York City. Under the management of Helen Boyd, forty five children's dresses were made and sent to a Settlement House in Indianapolis. Christmas barrels this year were sent to a Kentucky Settlement School, where Miss Elizabeth Watts, an Abbot girl, is in charge of the Kindergarten Department.

Athletics

The first event in Athletics this year was the tennis tournament. Because of the unusually long list of girls entering the tournament, it lasted until after hockey had begun, and then it did not progress very rapidly, because the same girls were wanted for both sports. However, the finals were played about the second week of October, and Helen Hamblet, a day scholar from Lawrence, is the champion for this year. Miss Kelsey presented the medal to her a few days later, in Chapel.

The afternoon of the day the hockey teams were announced there was a class game between the Seniors and the Senior-Middlers, in which the winning team was to get its numerals. The girls on the

first team were pretty well divided between the two classes, and both teams had very enthusiastic supporters. The numerals were finally awarded to the Class of 1913, as the score was 5—3 in their favor. This class game was a very good thing for the two teams, for it showed them their weak points ever so much better than regular practice did, and they had the next week in which to improve before the Bradford game.

The hockey game was played at Bradford, November 11th. The score was 6—3 in favor of Bradford. On account of the very small number of Seniors, Miss Kelsey allowed us to take the Glee Club to the game. Bradford has a new field of regulation size which is both better and larger than either the old one or ours. Abbot played a very good game and the score was 3—2 in our favor at the end of the first half. But we were unable to hold out until the end, because our girls were too short-winded. The Bradford Seniors gave a tea to those who came over with the team, and those who played were invited to dinner.

Items of General Interest

Miss Means made a two days' visit to the school in November, about a week before she sailed for Egypt. It was good to get a glimpse of her, though few of us had a chance for a long talk—there were so many demands on her time and attention. She writes now very enthusiastically from Cairo, where she will soon be joined by Dr. and Mrs. Merriman, with whom she will travel by automobile through Italy.

There have been a number of temporary changes in the faculty this year. Miss Wilkins, who graduated from Mt. Holyoke in 1911, has been teaching Mathematics in place of Miss Kelsey. Miss Howey, though not able to return last fall on account of her mother's illness, came back after Christmas to start in the new semester. Her place was filled last term by Miss Metcalf, who substituted for her last year while she was abroad. Miss Runner spent last summer traveling in England and Scotland. For the last three months she has been studying at the American School in Rome. Miss Rachel A. Dowd, who graduated from Mt. Holyoke in 1907, has been taking Miss Runner's place here at Abbot. Miss Dowd has had several years' experience teaching, first at the High School in Deep River, Connecticut, and later at the Walnut Lane School in Germantown.

We were interested to read in the Hartford Courant that by the will of Miss Sarah R. Dunham a legacy of $6000 was left to Miss Charlotte Root (now Mrs. Frank Patton.)

Miss Schiefferdecker has sent us Christmas greetings from Berlin and writes how eager she is for school and Andover news.

Her address is Fräulein Natalie Schiefferdecker, bei Frau Lülves, Wilmersdorf-Berlin, Jenaer Str. 1 hochparterre.

Miss Merrill is living with Mrs. Harlow in Woburn, and by letters and by faithful attendance at the Abbot Club meetings keeps in touch with many old girls.

Miss Durfee is superintendent of schools in her home town, Wales, Maine, and that office, added to her home duties, makes her a busy woman, though, as always, ever ready to "lend a hand," as she used to be in school.

Miss Melita Knowles has been appointed successor to Miss Henrietta I. Goodrich as secretary of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union.

Mrs. MacGregor and her two sisters are living this winter in the Leach house on School Street, nearly opposite the school. On November 17th, they most hospitably entertained the teachers and the music pupils at a very pleasant house-warming.

The room on the left hand of the school door of Draper Hall, which has been used for several years as the office of the principal's secretary, has been made into a very pleasant sitting-room for the faculty. The furniture, which came from Smith Hall, is of a warm brown color and the chairs and sofa are very comfortable. Mrs. Draper has given for use in this room a set of her own gold and white china, and a handsome heavy plated coffee and tea service.

A comfortable leather easy-chair has been given by the class of 1901 for the recreation room in Draper Hall.

Back of the tennis court, on the edge of the grove, a new laundry is being built this winter. It is to be a low, red brick building, of an architecture that harmonizes well with the other buildings, and inside it is to be fitted out entirely with electrical appliances.

The many friends of Lucy E. Montague, a beloved teacher at Abbot from '74 to '79, will grieve to learn that she has recently suffered two heavy bereavements, the death of her husband, William W. Brown, an influential citizen of Portland, Maine, following so soon the death by accident of her elder son, Montague, in the autumn.

Mr. Nice, who died on October 20th, was a loyal friend of Abbot. He came to school quite regularly twice a week to sell his flowers, which, he said, were raised especially for the "young ladies."

Alumnae Notes

Boston Abbot Academy Club

The Abbot Club calendar is extremely interesting and varied this year. The first meeting, on October 28, was an innovation and most successful. Miss Kelsey very cordially invited not only the Abbot Club but any former members of Abbot to an informal field day and afternoon tea at the school. A charming autumn folk dance given by sixteen girls in white dresses covered with autumn leaves, was followed by a basketball game between the student and alumnae teams. Then Miss Kelsey and the faculty received the club in Draper Hall, giving the old girls an opportunity to meet the undergraduates.

On December 2, the Club met at the Vendome. Miss Susanna E. Jackson gave a talk on Madam Abbot, and then followed the "Abbot Memory Book," consisting of living pictures, illustrating scenes and events in the history of Abbot Academy.

The next meeting was on January 6, when Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly spoke at the Vendome on "Woman in Social Service," explaining the common mistakes made and the possibilities for the large corps of so-called social workers.

New York Abbot Club

A goodly company of Abbot girls met at the Hotel Somerset, November 11th, for the fall meeting of the Abbot Club. Katharine Sanford presided and at the close of the business meeting introduced the guest of honor, Mrs. Kate Douglass Wiggin Riggs. Mrs. Riggs read from her latest book, "Mother Carey's Chickens." The selections were so skilfully made that the narrative though very much abridged, was complete. It is not necessary to tell Abbot students of the charm of Mrs. Riggs' personality and the beautiful quality of her reading voice — they know.

After the reading, the luncheon was served at several small tables as is the fashion of the New York Club. At the guest table were Mrs. Riggs, our former principal, Miss Watson, the present and former officers of the club, and the graduates whose memories went back to the days of Miss McKeen. Mrs. Riggs was as interesting in her informal conversation as she had been at the meeting upstairs. She told of her experiences in training a Southern cast for a production of "Rebecca"; she spoke also of her weekly readings in the New York public schools, a work which is a labor of love, and, no doubt, is paid abundantly in kind.

Miss Ingalls will be the guest of honor at the spring meeting, the second Saturday in April, to which any former Abbot girl is cordially invited.

The senior alumnae of Abbot Academy, as learned from the recent researches in the compilation of the new catalogue, are as follows: Mrs. Nancy (Jones) Tyler, of Andover, who entered the school in 1832; Miss Mary H. Cornelius, of Newton Centre, who entered from Andover in 1832; Mrs. Elizabeth (Barnwell) Flanders, of Los Angeles, Cal., who entered from Beaufort, S. C., in 1835; and Mrs. Phebe (Davis) Munroe, of Concord, Mass., who entered from Gloucester in 1835.

1841. Emily J. Chandler of Andover celebrated her eighty-sixth birthday on November 16, and herself made a cake for the occasion.

1841. New Year's greetings were received from Luthera L. Sheldon (Mrs. Henry W. B. Wightman), who is living with her daughter at 205 Pawtucket Street, Lowell.

1845. Mrs. Lydia (Blanchard) Abbott writes from Fort Scott, Kan., of her great interest in the old Academy of her younger days.

1845. Rebecca F. Farnham (Mrs. William S. Jenkins), of Andover, has been ill for some weeks, but is now much improved in health.

1849. Susan Barrett (Mrs. Austin N. Parkhurst) is making her home at 85 Irving Street, Arlington.

1852. Lucelia Wakefield (Mrs. John C. Learned) is living at 4201 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Two daughters are graduates of Smith College, and a son is at Sheffield Scientific School.

1853. Sara B. Edwards (Mrs. William E. Park) is spending the winter with her daughter, who is acting dean of Bryn Mawr College.

1853. Emily Stevens (Mrs. Francis H. Russell) came to the meeting of the Abbot Club at the Academy in November, and was much interested in all the changes, as she had not seen the school for many years. Her present address is 58 Allerton Street, Brookline.

1854. Mrs. Marcella (Brown) Kelly of Auburndale made a visit to Andover in the fall. When a girl in Andover, she taught in the Phillips, Holt, and Abbot district schools, as well as in other towns, in the intervals between periods of study at Abbot Academy. Mrs. Kelly had a serious fall a year ago, but recovered from the effects of it so that she is still able to keep house for her son. She passed her eighty-first birthday January 20.

†1856. A pleasant letter from Mrs. Mary (Hazen) Finn of Sedgwick, Kan., says that her grandchild has two Abbot Academy grandmothers. The other grandmother, Mrs. Adeline (Hazen) Kimball, 1862, is spending the winter with her.

1857. Mrs. John Wesley Churchill (Mary Donald) after extended visits with friends in Honolulu and her son, Captain Marlborough Churchill, in Manila, is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Gordon, in Japan.

1857. Mrs. S. C. Crocker (Jane B. Davis), formerly of Methuen, is spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Davies, dean of Jackson College, Medford Hillside.

1858. Mrs. Lucy Ellen (Abbot) Holt is conducting a school for the mountaineers at Landrum, S. C. It is called the Sunnyside Mission School, and there are about thirty pupils.

1868. Theodora Merrihew (Mrs. James G. Rieck) has recently been heard from. Her address is The Apthorp, Broadway, New York City.

1875. The address of Mrs. Arthur M. Blair (Ellen E. Chamberlin) is changed to 14 Lyndhurst Street, Dorchester, Mass.

†1878. Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Mooers (Edith L. Capron) and their daughter Lilian (1899), have moved from Lawrence to 72 County Street, Attleboro.

†1880. Rev. Charles H. Cutler has resigned his charge at Bangor, Me., and he and Mrs. Cutler (Sarah F. Ripley) have been spending some time in Andover.

1881. News has been received through Mrs. Jennie (Abbott) Marland of Griffin, Ga., of the sad death in Eton, Ga., of Alice M. Bird (Mrs. William Greenlee). She was the daughter of a missionary in Syria, and returned to the work soon after leaving Abbot. There she met Dr. Greenlee, who was a medical missionary. Since their return from Syria some years ago, Dr. Greenlee has been teaching in the South.

†1884. Dr. Jane L. Greeley writes, "Life moves on with me in much the same old rounds," and we know how busy and useful those rounds are. She spent a restful summer vacation "in the tip ends of the Maine woods."

†1884. Margaret C. McGiffert, who has written for the Atlantic and other magazines, is now living with her invalid mother in Duluth, Minnesota. She is assistant to the pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

1884. Lily Dougall, the author of "Beggars All" and many other interesting novels, has left with regret her home for several years past, at East Undercliff, Exmouth, England, and her present address is Cutts End, Cumnor, Oxford.

1884. Mrs. Cornelius H. Patton (Pauline Whittlesey) president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, returned to Newton in October after nearly a year spent with her daughters in Italy and Switzerland, while Secretary Patton was making his missionary tour around the world.

†1885. Ruth A. Hatch (Mrs. A. Frank Shiverick) has two sons, one a sophomore in Cornell, the other in the High School at home. Her address is 1310 Madison Park, Chicago, Illinois.

†1885. Mary Lee Newton is living this winter at Hotel Bristol, Boston, where she is engaged in social service and also continuing her musical studies.

†1886. Forrest F. Dryden, husband of Grace M. Carleton, president of the class of '86, has recently been elected president of the Prudential Insurance Company.

1886. Mrs. Frank R. Shipman (Mary A. Ripley) is spending the winter at St. Georges, Bermuda.

†1887. Seven of the class of '87 were in Andover at Commencement time for their twenty-fourth anniversary. They were Alice Hamlin-Hinman, Eliza Atwell-Browne, Angie Dunton-Purrington, Emma Twitchell-Sturgis, Grace P. Smith, Caroline T. Robinson and Harriet H. Thwing. Mr. Browne represented the husbands of the class, and Eleanor Hinman the children. Monday evening after the musicale in Davis Hall, the class enjoyed the hospitality of the class of '86 at the Phillips Inn. It is expected that a larger number of the class will be present at the twenty-fifth reunion next Commencement.

†1887. Catherine F. Crocker, who has been for some years teaching in the Chicago Latin School, is taking a year off and is living with her sister and mother (Jane B. Davis, 1857) at 72 Professors Row, Tufts College, Mass.

1887. Elizabeth H. Pennell of 4 Joy Street, Boston, is doing successful and interesting work as adviser and interior decorator.

†1889. Alice Joy (Mrs. Richard Arms) writes from Longacres, Grand Junction, Colorado, that she and her family are well and happy on their ranch, and though the life is wild and rough in some ways, it is a healthful one for the children.

1891. Carrie Beal (Mrs. Harry Earhart) is leading a busy life in her home city, Detroit, Michigan. She has four children, but finds time for French and Literature clubs, and last, but not least, she is president of the Missionary Society of her church.

1892. Mary Beal (Mrs. John A. Stephenson) of Duluth, Minnesota, is to spend the winter with her family in Santa Barbara, California.

†1894. Mrs. Allen E. Cross (Ethelyn Marshall) is spending several months in Honolulu with Mabelle Bosher while her husband is travelling in the East.

1894. Among the contributors to the January Atlantic is Grace Fallow Norton, whose group of poems, "In the Free Ward," will interest her Abbot Academy friends.

1896. Anne P. Hincks is working this winter with the Boston Society for the Care of Girls.

†1897. Mrs. Marlborough Churchill (Mary Smith) is spending the winter with her mother in Andover. Her husband, Captain Churchill has recently been transferred from Manila to Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

†1898. Rev. and Mrs. Donald McFayden (Edith Tyer) are spending the winter in Boulder, Col. Mr. McFayden is to give a course of lectures in the University of Colorado during the second semester.

†C. P. 1899. Dr. James R. Littleton, husband of Mary K. Marland, is now on the staff of the Medical College of the University of Georgia in Augusta.

1899. Lucy and Aletta Hegeman spent the summer in France and are now living in their apartment in New York. Helen Nason, †1903, has been visiting them, but has recently gone to Florida for a visit.

1900. Mrs. Frederic Avery Potter (Lilian Otis) is spending the winter in Pasadena, California.

†1901. Evelyn Carter is taking a course of postgraduate work at the New York Kindergarten Association on West 42nd Street, and is living with Honora Spalding at 248 Lenox Avenue.

†1901. Margaret Reed is still teaching in Miss Waring's school in Montclair, New Jersey.

†1901. We were very sorry to hear of the death of Elizabeth Douglass's husband, Mr. Robert Candee, in December, less than two months after the birth of her daughter. Her address is 1101 Davis Street, Evanston, Illinois.

†1902. Mercer Mason Kemper spent the summer with Mrs. Mason and Ruth in San Diego, California, and is now at Fort Russell, Wyoming.

1902. Margaret Eshbaugh Adams has moved from New York to New Brunswick, New Jersey. Her address is 90 Lawrence Avenue.

†1904. Laura P. Eddy began in December her work as assistant to a surgeon in Bay City.

1904. Sally Leadbetter has been making visits in New York and Boston this winter — the first time she has come east since she left school. She and Emily Stearns spent a night at Abbot, and together they have now gone to Florida. In the spring, Emily will accompany Sally home to Portland.

†C. P. 1904. Mary Byers Smith of Andover, President of the Abbot Academy Club of Boston, Smith College '08, is second vice-president of the Students' Aid Society of her college.

†1905. Elizabeth Ripley of Troy, N. H., is teaching in a private family in Knoxville, Tennessee. Her address is 921 Temple Avenue.

†C. P. 1905. Frances Cutler is teaching at the Brantwood School, Lawrence Park, Bronxville, New York, and reports come that she is enjoying the work and the life very much.

†C. P. 1905. Elizabeth Cole is teaching Mathematics and English in the Catherine Aiken School in Stamford, Connecticut.

1905. Nell Carmichael writes that she is very busy in the office of the Mohawk Spring Water Company in Amsterdam, New York. The water comes from a spring on their own farm.

†1906. Persis L. Mackintire is teaching music in Worcester.

†1906. Mr. Hudson B. Hasting, Rena Porter's husband, has been appointed professor of Surveying in the new Reed College in Portland, Oregon.

1906. Margaret Sherman is spending the winter in Florida with her father and mother.

1906. Katrina Williamson is studying music in Boston with the intention of teaching next year.

†1907. Laura Howell has taken a position for the winter as diatician in the Washington County Hospital, at Hagerstown, Maryland.

1907. Mrs. David Sherwood (Olive Gordon) is living in Canandaigua, New York, where her husband is engaged in poultry farming.

†1908. Marion Allchin spent part of the winter in Europe on her way home from Japan.

†1908. Thirza Gay visited Hilda and Isabel Seaton in Ashland, Kentucky, in October and November. She hopes for a visit from Isabel in the spring.

†1910. Laura A. Jackson spent the summer in Europe.

†1910. Emily Silsby is in California for the winter months.

†1911. Frances M. Pray is teaching school in Meaderbrook, New Hampshire, a little town about three miles from Rochester.

†1911. Helen M. Copeland has entered the course in design in the Boston School of Art.

†1911. Margaret O. Copeland is studying Domestic Science at Miss Farmer's School in Boston.

†1911. Rhoda Green is studying in Miss Wheelock's School of Kindergarten in Boston. She is living in Winchester with Maud Gutterson, †1911.

†1911. Miriam Howard spent the first two months of the school year in a hunting camp in Massachusetts, tutoring a small boy. Since then she has been at home, in Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

†1911. Katharine L. Ordway is a freshman this year in Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

†C. P. 1911. There are five of last year's senior class at college this winter. Lillian Walworth is at Vassar, Bessie Rand at Smith, Edith Johnson at Jackson, and Marion Brown and Charlotte Gowing are at Wellesley.

†C. P. 1911. Henrietta Wiest is studying at the Conservatory of Music in Baltimore.

Visitors

Miss Means, Lucia Watkins Bayley, 1883, Maria Pillsbury Taylor, †1907, Fanny Fletcher Parker, †1872, Esther Parker, †1908, Emily T. Silsby, †1910, Ruth Murray, †1910, Doris Brown, 1911, Lydia C. Skolfield, †1910, Katharine R. Jenkins, 1910, Dorothy Taylor, †1908, Margaret Copeland, †1911, Helen Copeland, †1911, Mary Bell Gilbert, †1909, Elizabeth Gilbert Dale, †1903, Dorothy E. Bigelow, †1911, Edith Flynn †C. P. 1910, Beatrice Twiss, †C. P. 1910, Mary Sweeney, 1910, Katharine Ordway, †1911, Constance Gutterson, †1900, Maud Gutterson, †1911, Lucy Porter, †C. P. 1910, Mira Wilson, †C. P. 1910, Dorothy Dole, 1910, Ruth Niles, 1911, Miss Knowles, Miss Titcomb, Miss Tryon, Miss Charlotte Root, Alice Lefavour Bennett, 1887, Elizabeth Hincks, 1911, Winona Algie, †1901,

Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, †1875, Katrina Williamson, 1906, Dora Heys, 1910, Persis Bodwell, †1911, Martha D. Chapman, †1865, Florence Fletcher Prescott, †1902, Martha Blakeslee, †1902, Katharine King, †1902, Honora Spalding, †1902, Gladys Hayden, 1910, Emily Stearns, 1904, Sally Leadbetter, 1904, Helen Vail, 1911, Rhoda Green, †1911, Emily Sophia Emerson, †C. P. 1901, Mary Merriam, †1870, Edith E. Ingalls, †1882, Mattie Hart Moore, †1889, Janet Gorton, †1909, Helen Whitten, †1909, Leila Fowler, †1909, Miriam Howard, †1911, Marion Towle, †1908, Thirza Gay, †1908, Carrie Morang, 1911, Elizabeth Rees, 1910, Rebecca Newton, †1911.

Engagements

Miss Sarah S. Utter to Mr. Charles M. Fletcher of Canaan, Vermont.

†1899. Elizabeth Richardson to Mr. Harry Thomas of Taunton.

†C. P. 1901. Emily S. Emerson to Edmund E. Day, Ph.D., instructor in Economics at Harvard University.

†C. P. 1905. Frances M. Tyer to Mr. Douglas Crawford.

1905. Elizabeth Williams to Mr. Seymour Ballard of Chicago.

1907. Gladys Dudley to Mr. Emil Frank Stephan.

1907. Violet Bates to Mr. Harold Hartshorn Wilkins of Amherst, New Hampshire.

†1908. Katharine Wurster to Mr. Clement Ray.

†1908. Mary E. Cheney to Mr. Richard Valney Chase, Dartmouth, 1911, of Plymouth, New Hampshire.

1909. Elizabeth Ordway to Mr. Warren Ordway of Newton Centre.

1909. Beatrice Lewis to Mr. George Thompson of Fort Worth, Texas.

Marriages

Patton—Root.—In Pittsburgh, Pa., November 23, 1911, Charlotte L. Root to Mr. Frank Oakman Patton. Address, 256 Helen Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

1894. Featherston—Merrill.—In Santa Barbara, Cal., October 26, 1911, Florence Merrill to Mr. Renne Sterling Featherston. Address, Pomkoc, Cal.

†1896. Morgan—Saunders.—In Longwood, October 2, 1911, Frances Ward Saunders to Mr. Harry Wesley Morgan.

1898. Fuess—Goodhue.—In Andover, June 27, 1911, Elizabeth Cushing Goodhue to Mr. Claude Moore Fuess. At home, Andover.

1901. Scott—Brooks.—In Manchester, N. H., June 21, 1911, Ethel Brooks to Mr. Alexander Hodge Scott. At home, 45 Russell Street, Manchester, N. H.

1902. Amos—Herrick.—In Lawrence, July 12, 1911, Katharine Ingraham Herrick to Captain Frank Porter Amos, Eleventh Cavalry, United States Army.

†1903. Roberts—Burnham.—In Manchester, N. H., October 4, 1911, Edith Duncan Burnham to Mr. Arthur Osborne Roberts. At home, 16 Appleton Street, Manchester, N. H.

1903. Harding—Bott.—In Arlington, October 4, Helen Lemon Bott to Mr. Theodore Parker Harding. Address, 55 Bartlett Avenue, Arlington.

1905. Heinzelman—Sattler.—In Belleville, Illinois, September 7, 1911, Cornelia Grant Sattler to Mr. Chester Arthur Heinzelman.

1906. Pray—Russell.—In Springfield, July 22, 1911, Gertrude Russell to Mr. Hairy Clifford Pray. At home, 8 Summer Street, Southbridge, Mass.

†C. P. 1907. Buxton—Allen.—In Longmeadow, September 9, 1911, Mabel Terry Allen to Mr. Warner Rockwell Buxton.

†1907. Brandon—Smith.—In Upper Montclair, New Jersey, June 14, 1911, Agnes Washburne Smith to Mr. John Roberts Brandon.

1907. Kimberly—Watt.—In Hackensack, New Jersey, June 14, 1911, Marian Elphinstone Watt to Mr. Ralph Kimberly. Address, 325 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

†1908. O'Leary—Skolfield.—In Portland, Maine, October 21, 1911, Frances Arabella Skolfield to Mr. Harold William O'Leary. At home, 142 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, New York.

1908. Boynton—Lewis.—In Andover, November 27, 1911, Marion Madeline Lewis to Mr. Kellogg Boynton. At home, Keeseville, New York.

†C. P. 1909. Von Havenberg—Smith.—In Boston, January 3, 1912, Albert Alexander Smith to Mr. Henry Waggoner von Havenberg. At home, Hotel Mountfort, Boston.

Births

In Andover, December 7, 1911, a son, George, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip F. Ripley (Miss Mabel G. Bacon).

In Denver, Colorado, January 14, 1912, a daughter, Anne Pulsifer, to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice B. Biscoe (Miss Agnes Slocum).

†1898. In Andover, September 14, 1911, a daughter, Mary Stewart, to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Angus (Annie Smart).

1898. In Quincy, Illinois, November 7, 1911, a daughter, Rosamond, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Castle (Eleanor Thomson).

†C. P. 1899. In Griffin, Ga., September 2, 1911, a son, James Rufus Littleton, to Dr. and Mrs. James Rufus Littleton (Mary K. Marland), of Augusta, Ga.

1900. In Andover, October 31, 1911, a son, Walter Manning, to Mr. and Mrs. James J. Brainard (Arline Manning).

†1901. At Evanston, Illinois, October 25, 1911, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Candee (Elizabeth Douglass).

†1901. In Greenfield, August 16, 1911, a daughter, Pauline, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Burtt (Charlotte A. Holt).

†1902. In Derry, N. H., November 7, 1911, a son, Edward Chase, to Dr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Newell (Harriett L. Chase).

1903. In Boston, November 17, 1911, a son, Dennie Thomson, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Pratt (Rosamond M. Thomson).

†1904. In Englewood, New Jersey, November 10, 1911, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey A. Lee (Mary W. Davis).

1906. In Melrose, June 19, 1911, a son, Henry Wheeler, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wheeler Hardy (Elspeth C. Saunders).

†1907. In Newport, New Hampshire, December 17, 1911, a daughter, Linda, to Mr. and Mrs. Dillwyn S. Rollins (Louise F. Richards).

1907. In Worcester, December 8, 1911, a daughter, Katharine Abbot, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Bigelow (Mary Abbot Ball).

1907. In Winchester, January 8, 1912, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Linton (Marion Lovering).

Deaths

In Boston, December 31, 1911, Mrs. William Greene Abbot.

1840. In Andover, October 12, 1911, Elizabeth M. Valpey, widow of Plato Eames, aged 86 years.

1841. In Worcester, February 25, 1911, Caroline E. Merriam, widow of Jonathan B. Sibley, aged 90 years and 9 months.

1842. In Andover, September 17, 1911, Charlotte Sarah Abbott, aged 83 years, 9 months.

1846. In Andover, July 19, 1911, Hannah Abbott, aged 85 years.

1848. In Weston, October 21, 1911, Sarah E. White, wife of Charles L. Field.

1851. In Long Beach, California, July 27, 1911, Mrs. A. O. Banks (Hannah A. Wakefield).

1852. In Beloit, Wisconsin, December 13, 1911, Mrs. David S. Foster (Agnes Ferguson Byers).

1854. In Methuen, June 27, 1911, Josephine Davis, widow of Jacob Emerson.

1856. In Albany, New York, January 18, 1912, Arabella J. Manning, wife of Theodore V. Van Heusen.

1856. In Winthrop, June 9, 1911, Adelaide S. Burrill, widow of John H. S. LeFavor.

1857. October 29, 1911, Joseph Edward Burtt, husband of Martha P. Millett.

1860. In Brockton, Mass., December 6, 1911, Mrs. Alden Delano Chaney (Catherine B. Lemon).

1860. In Alta Vista, New York, June 28, 1911, Annie G. Hervey, widow of Rear Admiral Edward T. Strong, of Andover.

1866. In Portland, Maine, October 22, 1911, William W. Brown, husband of Lucy E. Montague.

1868. In Boston, January 16, 1912, Dr. John A. Lamson, husband of Mary E. Whitcher.

1868. In Shirley Hills, New Hampshire, August 25, 1911, George P. Sewall, husband of Sarah Atherton.

1873. In Cleveland, Ohio, November 3, 1911, Mrs. Howard J. Lee (Mary Olive Ayer).

1881. In Eton, Ga., October 20, 1911, Mrs. William McCowan Greenlee (Alice M. Bird).

†1882. In Derry, N. H., Mrs. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury (Annie Watts).

†1895. In Brookline, October 23, Iolanda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Sherman Talcott (May Churchill).

†1901. At Evanston, Illinois, December 16, 1911, Robert Candee, husband of Elizabeth Douglass.

1911. At Glen Ridge, New Jersey, July 6, 1911, Winifred Fairchild.

Work is progressing steadily on the new general catalogue. Blanks for the desired data are being sent to all former students and teachers whose addresses can be learned, and to the relatives or friends of those who are not living. Thanks are due to all who have been prompt in returning blanks and tireless in making researches. Changes in address should be reported as soon as made, in order that facts may be kept up to date during the necessarily slow process of compiling the catalogue. If former students will form a habit of reporting important items in regard to themselves and others, it will facilitate the work more than they can possibly realize. Any information should be addressed to Miss Jane B. Carpenter, Andover, Mass.

Obituaries

WINIFRED FAIRCHILD

(Daughter of Agnes Baldwin).

In July, not long after school had closed for the summer vacation, we were shocked and saddened to hear of the death of Winifred Fairchild, for the last two years a much loved member of the school. The news came as a great sorrow to us, for during these years of her life with us she had made a deep place in our hearts by the cheerfulness and sweetness of her disposition and by many kind and unselfish acts. Though far from well much of the time, she was always bright and cheerful, forgetful of herself and ready to help others. The story of her wonderful courage in the days of her last illness has strengthened the memory of a brave and noble character which she left with us.

ANNIE WATTS PILLSBURY, †1882

In the death of Mrs. Pillsbury last August, the school has lost one of its most devoted alumnae. In a class preëminent for those qualities, her loyalty and devotion to school and class were unique. Her daughters were brought up with affectionate regard for their mother's old school, and in due time became members, the younger being now in Abbot. The tie between her and each of her classmates was a very close one. One of them (Mrs. Bramble) in an affectionate tribute to her, writes: "From her girlhood days in Manchester, during the years at Abbot Academy, in her married life at Derry, two facts stand out prominently in her life — she never made an enemy and never lost a friend. The quiet, steadfast and kindly efficiency which was hers gave an impression of reserves of strength, deeps never sounded, an invincible courage."

MRS. WILLIAM G. ABBOTT

Mrs. William G. Abbott, who died in Boston last December, was in charge of Draper Hall from 1901-1903. Though connected with Abbot Academy for but so short a time, she has left with those who were then in school a memory of a nature of rare dignity and unselfishness. The charm of her personality was felt by everyone and was an inspiration to gentle and noble living.

HANNAH ABBOTT, 1846

Miss Hannah Abbott, who died in Andover last July, was a type of the old-time New England character at its best. "She lived her long life serenely, helpfully, and with a noble kindliness. It was a life well worth the living, and it has made the lives of us who knew and loved her, richer, nobler and better worth the living also."

Abbot Academy Faculty

KATHERINE R. KELSEY, Acting Principal, 1911-1912.
Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences

NELLIE M. MASON,
Science

REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A.B.,
History

†MARTHA HOWEY, B.L.,
Literature

‡OLIVE G. RUNNER, B.L.,
Latin

MARY E. BANCROFT, A.B.,
English

DELIGHT W. HALL,
Greek

GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A.B.,
French

HEDWIG D. CRAMER,
German

*EDITH E. METCALF, A.M.,
Literature

SARAH S. UTTER,
Elocution and Physical Culture

**RACHEL A. DOWD, A.B.,
Latin

**NANCY S. WILKINS, A.B.,
Mathematics

Prof. JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A.M.,
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony

Mrs. ALICE WENTWORTH MacGREGOR,
Vocal Music

S. EDWIN CHASE,
Violin and Mandolin

FREDERIC A. BOSLEY,
Drawing and Painting

Mlle. LÉONTINE GALLÉE,
French Conversation

† On leave of absence, Sept. 1910 — Jan. 1912.
‡ On leave of absence, 1911 — 1912.
* Substitute, Sept. 1910 — Jan. 1912.
** Substitute, 1911 — 1912.

EDITH L. GUTTERSON,
Secretary to the Principal, and Librarian

PHILANA McLEAN,
In charge of Draper Hall

EDITH H. ALDRED,
Resident Nurse

HELEN G. PRATT, A.B.,
Supervisor of Day Scholars' Room

JANE B. CARPENTER, A.M.,
Keeper of Alumnae Records

Lectures

DR. C. L. BABCOCK
MISS HARRIET McLEAN

Speakers

REV. M. W. STACKPOLE
DR. CHARLES M. BROWN
PROF. HENRY TWEEDY
REV. FREDERIC PALMER
MISS ANNA BROWN
REV. W. E. LOMBARD
PROF. JOHN PHELPS TAYLOR
MISS MARIA S. MERRILL
REV. FRANK W. HODGDON
REV. CLARK CARTER
MR. ALFRED E. STEARNS
REV. JOHN X. MILLER

Concerts

MR. ERNST PERABO — MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER
THE KNEISEL QUARTET

School Organizations

A. C. A.

President . . . . . Helen Danforth
Vice-President . . . . . Ruth Draper
Secretary . . . . . Barbara Moore
Treasurer . . . . . Ethel Rand

Student Council

Olga Erickson, *President* . . Frances Lincoln
Hildegarde Gutterson, *Secretary* Mildred Horne
Ruth Draper . . . . . Barbara Moore
Cornelia Crittenden

Fidelio Society

President . . . . . Catherine Vail
Secretary and Treasurer . . . Margaret Wilkins

Athletic Association

President . . . . . Barbara Moore
Secretary and Treasurer . . . Catherine Vail

Basketball Team

Captain . . . . . Edna Francis
Manager . . . . . Catherine Vail

Hockey Team

Captain . . . . . Barbara Moore
Manager . . . . . Catherine Vail

Odeon

Alice Harsh *President* . . . Helen Cram
Ruth Draper . . . . . Frances Lincoln
Frances Sheldon . . . . Marion Martin
Jane Newton . . . . . Katharine Selden
Mary Harsh

Glee Club

Leader . . . . . Helen Bowman

Class Organizations

Academic, '12

President	Ruth Draper
Secretary and Treasurer	Dorothy Simpson
Class Color	Yellow
Class Flower	Chrysanthemum

College Preparatory, '12

President	Barbara Moore
Class Color	Old Rose
Class Flower	Rose

Academic, '13

President	Olga Erickson
Vice-President	Margaret Wilkins
Secretary	Helen Boyd
Treasurer	Helen Danforth
Class Color	Violet
Class Flower	Violet

College Preparatory, '13

President	Hildegarde Gutterson
Secretary and Treasurer	Dorothy Perkins
Class Color	Green
Class Flower	White Chrysanthemum

Alumnae Association

PRESIDENT:

MISS ANNA L. DAWES

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Miss Julia E. Twichell — Mrs. Rebecca Davis Spalding
Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols Bean — Mrs. Ellen Chamberlain Blair
Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile — Miss Mary F. Merriam
Mrs. Lilian Waters Grosvenor

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

Miss Agnes Park

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION

Miss Emily A. Means — Mrs. Warren F. Draper
Miss Agnes Park

Calendar

1911

Thursday, Sept. 14, 9 A.M.	Fall Term begins
Tuesday, Nov. 28, 3 P.M. to Dec. 1, 6 P.M.	—Thanksgiving Recess
Tuesday, Dec. 12, 2 P.M.	Fall Term ends

Christmas Vacation of Three Weeks

1912

Thursday, Jan. 4, 9 A.M.	Winter Term begins
Tuesday, Jan. 30,	First semester ends
Thursday, Feb. 1,	Second semester begins
Thursday, Feb. 22,	Holiday
Tuesday, March 26, 2 P.M.	Winter Term ends

Spring Vacation of Two Weeks

Thursday, April 11, 9 A.M.	Spring Term begins
Thursday, May 30,	Holiday
Thursday, June 11,	School year ends

Summer Vacation of Fourteen Weeks

Thursday, Sept. 19, 9 A.M.	Fall Term begins

COURANT ADVERTISERS



...The Sherman Studio...

IS THE RIGHT PLACE TO
GO FOR PHOTOGRAPHS



MAIN STREET - NEAR MORTON

WHEN THE SNOW COMES DOWN

We saw the earth so cold and bare
When last the fiery sun went down;
A white, new garment smoothed with care
Now covers all, both hill and town.

FRANK E. GLEASON

DEALER IN

COAL, WOOD, HAY and STRAW

MILL WOOD FOR KINDLINGS

CARTER'S BLOCK - - - - - - MAIN STREET

ANDOVER, MASS.

Park St. Boarding and Livery Stables

T. F. MORRISSEY & SON, Proprietors.

FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING

Expressing and Jobbing

Carriages and Hacks for Funerals, Weddings and Receptions
Depot Work a Specialty

PARK ST., - ANDOVER, MASS.

TELEPHONE 59

The fairies who in clouds do dwell
Shook up their downy beds so fine,
And fluffy feathers downward fell
The sleeping buds a quilt to line.

ALBERT W. LOWE

Pharmacist

PRESS BUILDING, MAIN STREET

ANDOVER, MASS.

All kinds of FRUIT in their Season

FANCY AND PLAIN BISCUITS
POTTED MEATS AND FISH,
NUTS, FIGS, DATES, OLIVES

J. H. CAMPION & CO.

THE METROPOLITAN

ANDOVER'S CANDY STORE

HEADQUARTERS FOR

HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES

HOME MADE FOODS OF ALL KINDS

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

M. E. DALTON, 42 Main St., ANDOVER

J. H. PLAYDON, FLORIST.....

Roses, Carnations, Violets and Chrysanthemums our Specialties

PLANTS AND CUT FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Store, Arco Building - - - Tel. 105-3

Greenhouse, Frye Village - - - Tel. 109-11

Picture Frame and Gift Shop

A N D O V E R  MASSACHUSETTS

Louise Goldsmith Clark Arthur G. Clark

WILLIAM J. BURNS

.....Tailor and.....
Men's Furnisher

AGENTS FOR
FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY

Andover, Mass.

T. A. HOLT COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries

CORNER ESSEX AND CENTRAL STS., - ANDOVER

WALTER I. MORSE

Dealer in HARDWARE

Cutlery and Cordage, Horse Clothing, Farming Tools, Window Glass
Paint, Brushes, etc.

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

BENJAMIN BROWN

BOOTS and SHOES for LADIES

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

BUCHAN & FRANCIS

Upholsterers

AND FURNITURE DEALERS



Goods Stored, Packed and Shipped



MAIN STREET - - - ANDOVER

MRS. MARY EARL

Chiropody

HYGIENIC FACIAL AND SCALP TREATMENT

Manicuring, Shampooing, Hairdressing, Singeing

CALLS MADE BY APPOINTMENT

J. E. WHITING

Jeweler and Optician

Andover Souvenir Spoons.... ....Abbot School Pins

MAIN STREET - ANDOVER, MASS.

ANDOVER NATIONAL BANK

HOURS: 9 A. M. TO 12 M., 2 P. M. TO 3 P. M.

Close Saturday at Noon

FINE ATHLETIC GOODS

Kodak and Photo Supplies **Expert Bicycle Repairing**

H. F. CHASE - - Andover, Mass.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

The fir tree has put on a cap,
Of silver is his bonnet spun;
He caught it in his ample lap
As down it whirled in gleeful fun.

SMITH & MANNING

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES

ESSEX STREET - - - ANDOVER

...SKOWHEGAN JERSEY CREAMERY...

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

SEPARATED, PASTEURIZED, SWEET CREAM, AND CREAMERY BUTTER

SKOWHEGAN - - MAINE

BRIDE, GRIMES & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

W. F. RUTTER & CO.

STEAM, WATER AND GAS PIPING,

SUPPLIES and TOOLS

LAWRENCE, MASS.

CARMAN'S

162 TREMONT STREET

$3.00

SPECIALTY SHOE SHOP

Why pay more when you can obtain regular

$5.00 values for **$3.00**

In Boots, Pumps, Oxfords, Ribbon Ties, Carriage Boots and TWENTY-SEVEN shades of SATIN SLIPPERS in OPERA STYLE

Silk Hosiery to match at 90 cents

Mail Orders have our Prompt Attention.

Kayler's

DELICIOUS

BEVERLY CHOCOLATES

ICE CREAM SODAS
and COLLEGE ICES

146 TREMONT STREET 414 BOYLSTON STRET
AMES BLDG., COURT STREET

BOSTON

WAX BROTHERS

..Florists..

143 TREMONT STREET - - - BOSTON
Opposite Temple Place Subway Station.

Choice Roses, Violets and Orchids
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Mail and Telephone Orders Promptly Filled.
Telephones Oxford 574 and 22167

Mention the Abbot Courant.

INSURANCE OFFICES

Bank Building, Andover, Mass.

FIRE

LIFE

PLATE GLASS

AUTOMOBILE

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

TEAMS' LIABILITY

BURGLARY & THEFT

STEAM BOILER

PHYSICIANS' DEFENCE

AUTOMOBILE LIABILITY

PERSONAL ACCIDENT

The tinkle of the merry bells,
And laughter of the children gay
Resound and echo through the dells,
And brighten up the sharp, cold day.

Ethel Rand

COLUMBIA DUCIT SEQUANTUR ALII

Ladies' Gymnasium Suits

APPROBATION OF LEADING PHYSICAL DIRECTORS
CONSUMERS' LEAGUE ENDORSEMENT

Columbia Gymnasium Suit Co.,

301 Congress Street, Boston

B. S. COLE

MUTTON, LAMB, VEAL, POULTRY
and GAME

Wholesale and Retail

Stalls 13 and 15 Faneuil Hall Market - BOSTON, MASS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins

Correct Footwear

We supply the right thing for every occasion—formal or otherwise—Dress Slippers and Shoes ❧ Walking and Skating Boots Gymnasium Footwear ❧ Traveling and Room Slippers ❧ Overshoes and Rubbers

ORDERS BY MAIL OR TELEPHONE PROMPTLY FILLED

47 Temple Place, 15 West Street

BOSTON

The usual knight in the usual way
Rode up the usual hill one day.
"If I rescue another maid," said he,
"I shall surely die of ennui."

Compliments

CROSS COAL COMPANY

Satisfaction and Real Economy

RESULT FROM BUYING

MEATS that are the **BEST**

You can always get that kind from

WESTON-THURSTON CO.

DEALERS IN

BEEF, VEAL, LAMB, PORK, POULTRY,
BUTTER, CHEESE and EGGS

STALLS 20-22-24 NEW FANEUIL HALL MARKET
BOSTON, MASS.

COBB, BATES & YERXA COMPANY

Importers and .... Grocers ....

Schools, Clubs, Hotels and Public Institutions Supplied Upon Most Favorable Terms

---

222 SUMMER STREET (Wholesale only)

ALSO AT

56 to 61 SUMMER STREET

6 and 8 FANEUIL HALL

89 CAUSEWAY STREET

and 274 FRIEND STREET

THE ANDOVER PRESS

...Printers...

Publishers of

The Andover Townsman

Proprietors of... The Andover Bookstore

PRESS BUILDING Established 1809

"Waters Reducing Valves,
used exclusively by Abbot Academy,
Manufactured by
Waters Governor Company,
Boston, Mass."

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

.... COMPLIMENTS OF ....

ANDOVER COAL COMPANY

POST OFFICE AVE., ANDOVER, MASS.

PAGE

THE CATERER

LOWELL, MASS.

M. V. KILEY A. G. TAYLOR

Elite Millinery

ELM BLOCK

BARNARD STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

MOURNING GOODS A SPECIALTY

HOME-MADE
CANDY

CLUB
SANDWICHES



SPECIAL
LUNCHEON
PARTIES
Arranged For

112 MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS
WILL WELCOME YOUR PATRONAGE

Dry Goods, Ladies' and Gent's Furnishings

MISS F. M. PORTER

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

Agents for
Rhodes and Moulton's Laundry

Agents for the
Crossett Shoe for Men

J. P. WYLLIE & CO.

Fine Footwear

Repairing a Specialty. MAIN STREET, ANDOVER

STORAGE, RENTING, REPAIRS

MYERSCOUGH & BUCHAN

AUTOMOBILE STATION

TELEPHONE 208

59-61 PARK STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

PETTINGELL-ANDREWS COMPANY

ELECTRICAL GOODS
LIGHTING FIXTURES

AUTO AND MOTOR BOAT SUPPLIES

BOSTON, MASS.



$1.50 $3 $4 1.75 $2.50 $2.25

Patty Comfort

Doll with a rubber lined body of best qualiiy to fill with hot water, keeping a child warm in carriage or bed.

Comfort Bunny

Holding about a quart of hot water, has a washable cover like a young white rabbit - - - $1.50

Mother Bunny

Like Peter Rabbit's Mother, $2.00
She wears a blue coat and white apron

SEND FOR PICTURES.

20% DISCOUNT WITH THIS COUPON.

Mistress Patty Abbot Comfort, Andover, Mass.



Please mail Patty Comfort at - - - - $
" " Bunny Comfort at - - - $1.50
" " Mother Bunny Comfort at - - $2.00

*M*_____

*Address*_____

Enclosed is check deducting 20% for Abbot's sake.



The Abbot Courant

June, 1912

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1912

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XXXVIII No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1912

Contents

Fishing (poem) 5
Grace Fallow Norton

Two Days of Grandma's 7
Barbara Moore

The Wanderlust 10
Frances Sheldon

The Spectator No. 1—The Hobble Skirt 11
Emily Prue

The Spectator No. 2—Growth of Hair by Purchase . . . 12
Jane Newton

Reduced to Thirty Cents 13
Barbara Hadley

Spring 14
Jane Newton

The Naughtiest Day of My Life 15
Laura A. Marland

Gulliver's Travels in Mother Goose Land 16
Helen Boyd

At Twilight 21
Lucy Howe Hall

Editorials , ... 22

School Journal 29

Alumnae Notes 37

The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies fifty cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.

The Andover Press



SENIORS AND THEIR SUPPORTERS ON FIELD DAY

THE ABBOT COURANT

Editors

MILDRED CHUTTER, C.P., '12 — HELEN DANFORTH, '13
BARBARA MOORE, C.P., '12 — HELEN BOWMAN, '13

Business Editors

MARGARET C. WILKINS, '13 — MARGERY BLAKE, '14
ELSIE WHIPPLE, '14

Vol. XXXVIII JUNE, 1912 **No. 2**

Fishing

When Tony takes the weir-boat
To sail out to the weirs,
We little children crowd to go,
And Tessa is in tears,

For she would be the skipper
And Marco take the fish,
And Silvia cries to hold the sheet,
But none may have his wish;

For Tony mutters and puts out
Across the purple bay,
And all the wee brown children dry
Their eyes and fall to play.

Save Manuel and I. We creep
Into the cool shadow
Beneath the old gray whaling-wharf
His father has. We know

A place for fishing. O, it is
Another purple bay
Of gloom and glamour — we've a weir
For finer fish than they.

Such dreams as swim in our dream-deep,
  Such tides of beauty rise
To fill our hearts' frail nets, that break
  With joy at each new prize.

For Manuel found a star and
  I found a mermaiden!
O children, children, hush, you'll fright
  Its mate away again.

O Silvia, Marco, Tessa,
  How can you shout and sing,
When in our silent wonder-weirs
  There's such a lovely thing?

Grace Fallow Norton, 1894

Two Days of Grandma's

When I was about eight years old I had a grandma and a grandpa who lived on a farm about two miles from home. If you've never known grandparents who lived in the country, you have missed a great big "something" that you can never make up for.

Every Friday night grandpa used to drive up to our house and I always hurried home from school and waited excitedly for him to ask if anybody wanted to go home with him, fairly holding my breath until Mother had said yes. I was so intent upon going that I usually raced down the walk carrying my little bag and paying absolutely no attention to Mother's warnings about going to bed early and eating only the things I could have at home.

Just as soon as we reached the country, I was allowed to drive. Is there anything as much fun as driving when you are too young to know that the horse would "jog" along home just the same if you were not there? There were two marked places on the road to Grandma's. The first was a group of houses where there lived several big dogs that delighted in barking at us. As soon as they appeared, Grandpa always fumbled around the bottom of the carriage and found a few stones that he had put there to throw among these dogs. This only "egged" them on to chase us, but I supposed it was necessary and never suspected that he only did it to amuse me. We always passed them safely, and the next thing to look forward to was a certain swamp where there lived birds of every kind and description. Usually most of them had gone, or were going, to bed by the time we passed, but we always stopped and listened just the same.

Very soon after we left the swamp we began to get near Grandma's. We passed the little schoolhouse on the hill, where father used to go to school, and then we passed the apple orchard and came to the North yard. It was a big yard, almost entirely shaded by great butter-nut and tulip trees. The grass there was not cut and there were so many violets that you could not help stepping on them if you walked there. They were not the

kind of violets that grow in fields, but they were deep blue and had long stems because the place was so cool and shady. On the other side of the house was a big green lawn surrounded by more shade trees. The house itself was very pretty, but quite unlike the usual farmhouse. It was made of rough stone and cement and the woodwork was painted brown, or rather tan. Every verandah was covered with vines and the effect was very "home-like."

As we approached the house, old Kit used to prick up her ears and quicken her gait, the signal for me to crawl under the lap-robe to s'prise Grandma. For I never dreamed that she really was not surprised after I had done the same thing several times. She never failed to act so, for she always asked where I was and why Grandpa had come home alone, and then I used to pop out and s'prise her.

While Grandpa unharnessed the horse, I used to help Grandma set the table. Then, just about ten minutes before supper was ready, Grandpa would come to lie down, and if I played with his hair, he would tell me bear stories. He had long, thick, snowy white hair just like a little boy's Dutch cut. I used to braid it, and tie ribbons on it, and make him promise to go to supper with it tied up. But such stories as he told! I always believed every word of them, and even now I hate to think that he did not kill hundreds of wild bears.

The supper was always the very best imaginable. I could have tea or coffee, things I never dreamed of having at home. We had dessert too, and I was accustomed to an early supper of cereal to be eaten in the kitchen. After the dishes had been washed we used to play "chase." All the lights were put out, and Grandpa chased Aunty, Uncle, Grandma and me. It was so exciting that I reached the point where I shrieked if anyone pointed a finger at me. Finally, an hour or two after my usual bedtime, Grandpa and Grandma both took me out to say good-night to the stars and to hear the frogs peep. Whenever I hear them now, it reminds me of how I used to listen, and then, saying goodnight, crawl sleepily upstairs to stand half asleep while being put to bed.

The next morning before breakfast I used to meet Grandpa in the pantry and we found pie, or doughnuts, or cookies, which we took with us as we went to do the chores. I used to throw down the hay to feed the horse and then Grandpa would climb up and throw me off into the mow. After breakfast he went sketching, for he was an artist, and I went too and explored the woods, or dammed brooks while he sketched. In the afternoon, Aunty and I hunted through the woods for wild flowers. I learned most of their names and then she told me fairy stories about them. Sometimes we would lie in the North yard, among the violets where it was cool, and she would tell me all the funny things my Daddy did when he was a little boy. I could tell those stories now, for I heard them till I knew every one, and Aunty couldn't skip any for I always made her go back and tell the rest.

On Sunday we all went to church, my only consolation being that I did not have to wear a hat, as at home. After our Sunday dinner, to my great sorrow, I had to leave. But my grief did not last long, for before I had gone half-way home I began to long to get there to tell Father and Mother the things I had done.

I always loved to go to Grandma's, but I took it as a matter of course, just like having ice cream every Sunday, or turkey on Thanksgiving Day. I never realized until my younger brothers and sisters began to grow up without such a place to go, that I had had a big " something " that they were missing.

Barbara Moore, C. P. 1912

"The Wanderlust"

It was given to me to ask and to know,
I asked, "What is strong after love?" and lo!
A voice came out of the tingling air
  Around me, below, above,
A voice as great as a thunder-peal,
  As winning as woodland dove.
"I am the Wanderlust," it said,
  "Taking a man by the throat,
Making him drunk with draughts of fame,
  Showing him visions of note;
Of temples filled with a violet haze,
  Of the Southern Cross aflame,
Of lovely, dark-eyed women, veiled,
  Of victors crowned with fame,
Of the sun on brazen, desert sands,
  In the distance an Arab's form,
Of the ocean, a snarling and raging prey
  In the teeth of a mighty storm."
My pulses beat hard. The world seemed fair,
I turned and followed, I knew not where.

Frances Sheldon, C. P. 1912

No. 1. The Hobble-Skirt

The definitions of the word hobble which can be found in any dictionary are the following: to walk lamely, bearing chiefly on one leg; to walk with a hitch; to fasten the legs loosely together; to perplex, embarrass.

I do not presume to say that the fair sex in the use of the hobble-skirt is affected by any of these characteristics, nor do I presume to change Swift's thought a little and say, "She has a hobble in her gait." For do we ever see a member of the fair sex hitch as she walks because she wears a hobble-skirt? Or is she ever perplexed or embarrassed in running or in boarding a car, or in getting into a carriage or automobile?

And speaking of automobiles suggests an explanation. We have so many improved artificial means of locomotion in this progressive age, that the natural means are not required as much as formerly. Therefore the hobble-skirt has its advantages, for who would walk if an up-to-date automobile was at their disposal? Motoring may not be as good exercise as walking but is it not as great a pleasure?

In the matter of walking, is there anyone who admires a woman who takes long, manly strides in walking? Here again the hobble-skirt does duty for it actually prevents the display of this masculine characteristic on the part of the fair sex and forces them to take as mincing, ladylike steps as possible.

I heard some one remark that ladies in hobble-skirts looked like "hens on hot griddles." I have never seen a hen in this position, and, as Gilett Burgess says of the Purple Cow:

"I never hope to see one,
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather see than be one."

For I imagine it must be an extremely uncomfortable position. The poor hen can neither walk nor run, but is obliged to take short, springy steps which certainly give a hitching effect.

How much truth there is in this comparison between wearers of the hobble-skirt and hens in this particular position, I am not at liberty to say. I leave a matter of such importance to wiser heads than mine, and merely say in conclusion: let each choose for herself what she may wear with comfort and grace, whether it be in accord with the dictates of fashion or not; but whatever she may choose, let it be appropriate, not only for her own sake but for the sake of the community in which she lives.

Emily Prue, 1913

No. 2. Growth of Hair by Purchase

You have heard of the stories of the nymphs that sat on the rocks with their beautiful hair, raven and gold, tossed by the breezes to and fro. And how by their songs they enticed the sailors near the rocks. Yes, some say the songs, but, gentlemen, I beg to inform you it was their hair which shone like gold in the sun, and that the sailors fell in the rocky snare because of the lure of gold.

Gentlemen, even today our hearts get tangled up in the soft curl that hangs on the white neck of some fair damsel. But alas, sometimes the prized curl is shaken too violently by the proud possessor, and lo! it drops to the floor, never to rise again with the same heart in its center. Perhaps you, sir, are interested in those fluffy puffs on your lady's head, but look closer and you will see that those too are false. Just to think of the trouble my lady must have taken in order to obtain those enticing locks! What if they don't exactly match, they are really just as pretty. She doubtless went many times to interview the hair-dresser and I'm sure it was with the intention of pleasing you with a supposed amount of naturally curly locks. Think, too, of the time it must have taken to arrange it properly on the head, and the extra number of hairpins and combs necessary for the process of pinning on! Yet this fair maid is willing to do all this and bear all the weight of it, all for you. And think you that now

all her troubles are over, when the last pin is securely fastened? No. In her mind she momently thinks of your opinion of her if you found out it was really not her own, though it is sometimes paid for. She trembles lest it should drop off. Yet she suffers all this eagerly enough — for you. And you are generally deceived until she has decided to undeceive you and then it is generally too late for you to express your sentiments — if you have any.

Ladies, have you ever thought of wearing caps instead of somebody else's hair? Let me whisper in your ear how much lighter, and cheaper (if you are mercenary) and easier to get into (if you are without a maid) a little lace cap would be. But don't let me give the impression that I don't admire your present taste. Bear in mind, I merely mentioned the cap, as a suggestion.

Jane Newton, 1913

Reduced to Thirty Cents

Has money wings, I wonder, and a spiteful little head that loves to plan mysterious disappearances? Or is it your own head that thinks, "Well, I'm rich till I'm not rich, so what's the use of worrying"? Then when you're *not* rich do you figure and figure and figure, trying to find where your money went to? I do!

Your two weeks' allowance comes in a typewritten letter, in the form of a check. The check is either blue or yellow. Blue and yellow are *so* pretty. Well, you take the slip to the bank, and receive a roll of greenbacks in return. I mention colors to make it more impressive. Next you go to the florists and pay a bill with a lordly air. Then home you go and pay back what you owe, with not quite such a lordly air. Square with the world once more, but only five cents left. Five cents! not thirty cents, but five, and company coming Wednesday. This is getting too harrowing so I'll stop. Reduced to thirty cents? Oh, would it *were thirty!!*

Barbara Hadley

Spring

I

Oh it's the springtime that I'm loving;
It's the best time of the year,
And my heart is over-flowing,
With the joy of being here.

II

When I wake up in the morning
To the beauty of the day,
The sun himself is beaming
As he hastens on his way.

III

And the birds are all a-singing
As they're flying to and fro,
And it sets my heart a-singing,
Just to hear them singing so!

IV

Every creature loves the springtime,
Every growing earth-born thing,
And they show it in their happy lives,
To the Maker of the spring.

Jane Newton, 1913

The Naughtiest Day of My Life

"I guess the naughtiest day of my life has been today. To be sure I don't want you to think I've always been good, for nurse says I'm the worst little "wretch" she ever saw. The very first thing I did was to run out on the new lawn. Of course I didn't know that John had worked for a week to make some grass come up. I thought it was going to be a play-yard for me. Then I saw some horrid weeds coming up in Mother's *special* garden and I knew she would be very much vexed, so I pulled them up. Then Mary (the nurse) came out and said they were the most expensive flower seed that Mother planted. Well, I got a good punishment for that: Mary made me have just plain bread and water for luncheon.

"In the afternoon, as she said I couldn't go out, I went into the library to read, for Aunt Jane says I should learn to read and improve my mind, even if I am only five years old. I sat down in an easy-chair. There were some boards across it but I got in, and what do you think? It had been varnished and I thought I never should get up again, but I did. I was just mad then and I took my doll and went up in Mother's room. I had some fun while it lasted, but just at the most exciting moment, Mary's voice sounded through the house. I was just putting some cologne on my dolly's dress and some more face powder on her face. Oh, but she looked pretty, and I had all of Mother's pins on my own dress. I had spilled Mother's ink while I was there, and turned on the electric lights 'cause it was rather dark I was making b'lieve.

"When Mary came, I got a good lecture. I don't believe a saint could live with her. When Mother got home and I told her, she just wiped away my tears and kissed me.

"I really wish Mary would go away and never, never, *never* come back."

Laura A. Marland

Some people are naturally wanderers and I belong to the Gypsy tribe. After my voyage to Airdomland the atmosphere of my house seemed close and small. My family were awkward and stupid, so after three months' stay with them I started off to see the Rockies in my nine passenger automobile.

I will not trouble the reader with the particulars of that trip. Let it suffice him that one night, the 10th of May, 1913, as the moon shone down with a greenish light and the great Rockies approached and receded as I flew past, I rounded the side of a mountain and threw on the brake for the down grade. Something cracked and I felt myself leaping into space. I grasped the seat with both hands; braced my feet, closed my eyes and expected momentarily to be dashed into atoms. The flight continued for perhaps five minutes when we began to slow down. The awful rate at which I had gone through the air left me breathless and when the machine finally stopped I relaxed and slid to the floor.

I opened my eyes, sat up and gasped. Whereas a few minutes before the country had been rocky and barren, now I found myself at the entrance of a wood, and what a wood! The trees were uniformly trimmed and each seemed to grow from a wooden bucket. The moon's rays were no longer green but instead fell through the symmetrical leaves in hundreds of colors.

I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment when something brushed against my shoulder. I shivered and clung to the speedometer, for a dark shadow suddenly started from the road and an animal with horns like our cows, sailed up into the sky and over the moon.

A shout echoed down the road, "Oh! Diddle, oh! Diddle; high! Cat! and say! Fiddle! Ho! the cow's jumped over the moon;" with this cry two queer figures emerged from the wood, hand in hand, a small dog at their heels. To my amazement one figure, evidently the boy's, had a face shaped like a dish and his companion's oval face resembled the bowl of a spoon. They stopped, looked up at the moon, the girl giggled, the small

dog sat down on his haunches, threw back his head and laughed long and heartily. Something seemed to frighten them and Dishibus (as I afterward learned the boy's name to be) ran off with Spoonila down the road.

As I wanted to continue my journey in this strange land I made repeated attempts to crank the machine but to no avail. I worked grimly for a few minutes until, out of patience, I slid under the car to see what the trouble was.

"Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman, be he alive or be he dead I'll grind his bones to make my bread." The wrench dropped from my hand at this awful threat which was accompanied by a crashing at the roadside. Alarmed as I was I could not forbear trying a little strategy, so when the noise seemed almost on top of me, I leaned toward the Gabriel Horn, gave it a mighty push and waited for developments. The sound which followed was scarcely over when something fell heavily to the earth. I scrambled out and beheld a great object seated near the side of the road. I tried to see the end of it but could not until I stepped back some distance, then on looking up far above me I beheld the astonished face of a man, very like that of an inhabitant of Brobdingnag. Thinking to make the best of my momentary advantage, I pulled out my electric flashlight and threw the glare in his face. He uttered one word, "Human-Luman," which I easily understood as human, for, as I afterward discovered, all the inhabitants of this country spoke in rhyme. He started to pick up his club. This was hardly to my liking so I seized the machine crank. The giant, for such he was, now grew curious and approached the car. I made signs for him to keep his distance, then began showing him my automobile.

By this time the light of the moon had grown faint and the morning light began to show in the east. The sound of barking came to my ear. "Hark! Hark!" said the giant, "the dogs do bark, the beggars are coming to town, some in rags, some in tags and some in silken gowns." And sure enough, around the corner came a troup of people with dogs at their heels. When they saw me and my strange companion, they stopped. I had a sudden idea. They spoke in rhyme, why shouldn't I? "Oh!

won't you come and ride with me, in my machine whoe'er you be?" They seemed to understand at once and climbed upon the seats like a lot of children. Once more I vainly tried to crank the car, then motioned to my new ally and with a mighty pull he started the motor. Off we went, while he strode by our side, easily keeping pace with us in his great boots. We passed through the queer little wood and flew past a region of stunted shrubs. My guest who sat in front with me, anxious to be agreeable, pointed out this section of land and said, "There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise, he jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes, but when his eyes were——"

Just then we came up before a neat-looking little house with a prim garden in front. The noise of the automobile brought a wee little maid with a quaint dress and big hat, to the fence. My giant leaned down quite close to her and though he looked a little sheepish, he said goodnaturedly, "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow?" At first she looked a little frightened but finally the dimples showed in her round cheeks, and dropping a deep courtesy, she said, "Full of bells and cockle shells." And then to my astonishment five or six little maids popped up from behind the fence and, entering into what seemed like game, I said, "And pretty maids all in a row!"

At the end of this street I beheld a fence which seemed to tower above the surroundings, but the trees beyond it waved their branches mechanically over its top. Two men came from around the corner leading a small boy by the ear. Wishing to know the trouble with the child, I thought quickly, "What's the matter?" this to the men, then turning to my automobile guests I cried, "Cease that chatter."

My efforts to speak in their language amused Hugidity (my giant friend), greatly, but he turned and questioned the old men. "Why!" said they, "this Simple Simon met a pie-man going to the fair, Said Simple Simon to the pie-man, 'Let me taste your'——" Just here a great clatter arose on another street. Everyone scurried back to the sidewalk.

"Make way for King Cole, He's a merry old soul." The crowd nodded in approval and my companion grinning remarked,

"And a merry old soul is he. He calls for his pipe and he calls for his bowl and he calls for his fiddlers, one, two, three."

The gates of the palace opened and the king went in. Being of a curious turn of mind and very much interested in all these people, I followed the crowd. Through the kindness of Hugidibus I was invited to pass the evening in the palace as a guest of the king. There was to be a great dance and reception to which all the kingdom was coming.

After supper the king and I went into the reception room, where the throne was placed. The guests soon began to arrive. As each one entered he was announced by a man in a plum-colored suit who stood near the king. First was Mother Goose herself. The dear old dame looked just as if she might have come right out from some little child's story book. Then came Old Mother Hubbard, Simple Simon, Jack the Giant Killer (whom I now distrusted, on account of my liking for the giant) with Little Miss Muffet, Peter Piper, Little Jack Horner, Mistress Mary. In they all came, happy and carefree. I even heard Little Miss Muffet admire Mistress Mary's gown. This surprised me somewhat for I was as yet not very well acquainted with their customs and I remembered how impossible this would have been at home where the women seemed to look upon another's lovely dress only in an envious way. Next in came Jack Spratt and wife. Perhaps I should say His Wife and Jack for all looks and actions on the part of this worthy couple bespoke the fact that Mrs. Spratt was the leader in this family. I wonder if these women obtained their equal rights through violence or how, for this question was quite evidently settled. The last guest was the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. She came in with all her children. I couldn't help wondering just how she with no one to help her could keep all her family as well, happy, and good. I soon decided, however, that one reason was the fact that the words "bridge" and "theatre" were most likely unknown in this land.

When all the company were seated near the throne, King Cole arose and in a big, jovial voice announced, "Mr. Human-Luman's come to our land today, come to see our famous folk

and then he'll go away, and while he's here among us with his big bright auto car, let us treat him with affection; let none his visit mar; show him all our curious customs, show him all our happy folk, tell him how in life we *prosper,* because we all can see a *joke.*"

After this the fun began and kept up until very late. Towards morning when the guests began to leave, each one gave me a pressing invitation to spend some time with him. I decided that the first part of my visit, or at least until I had mastered their language, I would spend with King Cole. He seemed very happy over my decision and suggested that his page, who was no other than Little Jack Horner, should take me to the royal stables where I could find room for my automobile. I took hold of a sticky little hand and we started off. He seemed to have an endless supply of plums in his pocket and just before I got into the car he gave me one. As I had eaten so much during the evening I put it in my pocket. When it came to getting in the car with me he drew back and no amount of urging on my part succeeded in changing his mind. I started off alone and got along well until I came to where the road divided. Which should I take? An old man with white hair pointed out one: "Wiggle, wiggle, wander, that way yonder: Up a path, down a vale, Hickety, Pickety, Ponder." This was rather vague but I started out on the road which he pointed out. As it was still dark and I could get no gasoline here, I crept rather than ran down the road. The rain began to come down in torrents; the wind blew, the lightning flashed and thunder crashed. I drew up beside the road to keep as dry as possible under some trees. Suddenly the great side of the mountain around which I had come, crashed down behind me. Gradually the rain ceased. As it grew lighter I noticed that the trees seemed to have the same irregular shape that they had at home; the road was wide and the whole landscape seemed homelike. Then I realized I had followed the wrong road. I turned the machine around to go back but the road over which I had passed the night before was filled up, a great stream of water flowed across in front of it and I had no way to return. I rubbed my eyes. Perhaps it was all a dream,

this land of contentment and peace, the land of King Cole. I put my hand in my pocket and brought out a small, sticky, little plum, my only proof of my singular visit.

There was nothing for me to do now but to go back home, and to my astonishment I found that when I thought of my wife, and boy and girl my enthusiasm waxed greatly. I will not trouble the reader with a particular account of the trip home, but I arrived home on the 14th of June, 1913. I stayed but three months with my family. Then as their speech seemed prosaic and their manners quarrelsome in comparison with my new standards, I decided to leave them again. They were well cared for so I felt free from worry on that account. I took leave of my wife and boy and girl and went on board the new airship "Flitter-Wing." But the account of this adventure must be left until another time.

Helen Boyd, 1913

At Twilight

The heav'ns are golden-tipped and glowing bright,
It is as if the sun in his farewell
Had pressed a kiss upon the fair, sweet earth,
And blushing red she shines in evening light.
The trees are by the soft cool air caressed,
And breezes rustle lightly o'er the fields,
The birds are twittering low and happily,
All nature — lovely nature — is at rest.
Now in the calm of this sweet summer eve,
My soul spreads softly out its tender wings,
And flies straightway to you, dear friend of mine,
Where it too finds its peace and e'er would live.

Lucy Howe Hall
Class of 1896

Editorials

When school opens in the fall, we shall have the honor and pleasure of welcoming Miss Bertha Bailey, whose appointment as principal was announced by the trustees in February. Miss Bailey is a graduate of Wellesley College in the class of 1888 and is a Vice-President of the Wellesley Alumnae Association. She is at present co-principal with Miss Lillian Dixon of the Taconic School for Girls at Lakeville, Connecticut. Since her visit to Abbot in February, we have felt what earnestness and enthusiasm she is going to bring to us, and there can be no question of the loyalty and good will we are ready to bring to her. We are also very glad to know that Miss Kelsey has been appointed assistant principal, and that we are still to have the counsel and guidance that have meant so much to us during the two years she has been our head.

A new course in music has been added to the curriculum this year. It is a course in Musical Theory and Practice, taking up Elementary Harmony, Form and Analysis, and Musical History. It will cover two years' work, and, supplemented by an extra hour of private instruction weekly in the second year, meets the Music requirement, counting one point, for admission to college. It is only within the last two years that it has been possible to offer music as a regular point for entrance to Smith, Wellesley, and Mt. Holyoke. We have already fitted two girls for college in this work, but it is now added as a regular course, open to those who are qualified to take it.

Few of us realize the importance of adopting, in each phase of our life, a given purpose, a definite aim towards which to work.

In our life at school, it is especially easy to place such goals, for, first of all, high attainment in scholarship should be the aim of every Abbot girl. Scholarship is the foundation of all culture, and the first principle to be mastered is concentration. A brilliant recitation one day and a failure the next will never give great results. Careful and constant application is necessary in every step; lessons learned for a day mean lessons learned over when

the time comes for examination. The value of an education lies not in the mere parrot-like learning of books, but in the ability to put to use the acquired knowledge.

The same fact is applicable to the development of character. It is instinctive in girls to imitate some person or ideal, and we should choose as our friends those who possess traits most worthy of imitation.

Make your ideal, then, in whatever it may be, the highest; choose something really to be striven for. You will more than reap your reward when the slow steps of development have brought you finally to your goal.

An angry, or a peevish person is quite interesting to watch, especially at a safe distance. Of course spunky children are rather funny, but an older person who, in her anger, has lost control of herself, acts so much like the child that she is really amusing. A good many kinds of people lose their tempers and in so doing make themselves ridiculous.

For instance, there is the girl who acts like a spoiled baby. Something happens that does not quite suit her fancy. First she becomes irritated like a fretting infant. She begins to whine about it. Other people are not especially interested, so she exaggerates it a little and persuades herself that there is something really wrong, and when no one gets very sympathetic, she goes off and sulks until tired of her own company. Is not that an idiotic proceeding? Yet how often people act that way!

Then there is the sensitive girl who believes herself slighted. She does not get spunky, but her feelings are wounded. She is angry but proudly disdains to refer to the matter. Instead, she withdraws into her own little shell, and others say she "has a grouch."

These are peevish people, but the girls who get "mad" are even more humorous. There is the kind that gets excited, "perfectly furious" as she expresses it. She talks it over, exaggerates, stamps her feet, tosses her head, and flashes her eyes, like a "fidgety," nervous horse. Do you suppose she thinks for

one moment that other people believe she is angry? They do not. They know that she is worked up about something, but nobody gets particularly alarmed about it.

Then the last and one of the worst kinds of anger is that which works through the tongue. Some people get tense, their faces grow white, and their eyes open wide. Then, in a cutting tone, they whip out sarcastic remarks. But they never impress those they are addressing, they look so unnatural and queer. They are funny, but as you listen to their biting, snippy remarks you even pity them, for you realize that they don't know what they are saying.

Is it not queer that people will make themselves so perfectly ridiculous just because they are angry? It does absolutely nothing but amuse some one else. How much more we respect a person who, when peevish, does not tell the world, and who, when angry, controls her feelings and her tongue!

If you desire to bore anyone, begin to "talk shop." There is scarcely anything so tiresome to listen to as a full recital of one's work, especially school work. It really gets on one's nerves to hear, day after day, of the difficulty of the French lesson, of the length of the English lessons, and so on throughout the entire list, which never changes. To hear nothing but lessons, lessons, lessons, at table or elsewhere, is really very annoying. We are not here for the sole purpose of learning what books can tell us. As much, if not more valuable knowledge may be gained from other sources. Besides, it is selfish to "talk shop" all the time. Your companions may know little about your lessons, and care less. If the eternal self is put in the background, "talking shop" will soon be a thing of the past, and interesting conversations on live questions will rule.

Did you ever stop to think what a disagreeable thing it is to pass themes and note-books in late? Many times when work or play is unusually pressing it is so easy to say, "Well, I won't do that exercise tonight; I will make it up afterwards." When tomorrow comes, your conscience is a wee bit troubled as you

slide out of class hoping that the teacher in charge won't notice that your work is not on the desk. During the next few days, the work which ought to have been done hangs over you, and oppresses you, until in desperation you do it, when you are longing to be out in the sunshine, or having fun with the girls. You give it to the teacher, but it is received with a sigh, or you are reminded that tardy work does not receive full credit, or worse than anything else, the teacher says nothing at all but takes it with such cool indifference that you feel the most insignificant being alive.

We have often heard the old adage, " Think twice and speak once." Because we are forbidden to speak, it does not follow that we cannot act. On the contrary, it is necessary to act quickly, but not impetuously. It does no good to think that you must do a kind act. It does no good to think it again, unless you go to work and do the act. Good manners have been taught to us since we were children. They have become a part of us. But we grow careless and forget ourselves, thinking that apologies will take the place of good manners and courtesy. Apologies are very good in their place. But they should come in their place and at the proper time. Apologies which are not sincere or are ill-timed are almost worse than none. For instance, it is extremely annoying to speak to anyone three or four times, and, when the attention is finally caught, to be met with a blank expression and a " I *beg* your pardon." Really, it makes one's blood boil, and the temptation to shake the offender is strong. Is it thoughtful to be so absent-minded that one is not conscious of the surroundings? Does it show good manners?

Laughing is one of the things that reveals character, but it is such a common act that few girls realize its importance. There are so many different kinds of laughter. There is the loud shriek, one can scarcely call it a laugh, which causes little quivers of annoyance to run the entire length of the backbone, and lowers one's estimate of the person not a little. Then there is the sarcastic laugh which is one of the cruelest things in the world.

It can go deeper and hurt longer than harsh words, and very seldom does any good. The nervous giggle is very common among school girls, and one never connects it with any great strength of character. Sometimes because of this little laugh, which often comes from embarrassment, a girl is accused of insincerity. Then there is the good, honest, spontaneous laugh, which seems to ripple forth out of the heart of a girl bubbling over with content. It is contagious, and will bring cheer and happiness to everyone she meets, even to the bluest, most discouraged person.

It is the duty of every girl to keep in touch, at least to some degree, with the questions of the day which are being discussed in the world about her.

A girl in a boarding school is always in danger of becoming entirely engrossed in her own small world, and growing to disregard the fact that questions of vital interest are continually coming up, of which she knows little or nothing. Her thoughts may include her own family and friends, or simply her school, or, worst of all, only her own clique, and she gradually limits her interest to events which directly concern only matters within this narrow scope, and must naturally appear poorly informed or even illiterate.

While this may have no important bearing upon her life in connection with her immediate friends, she is bound to meet other people who will not be at all interested in the doings of her own social set; and she not only neglects her social training if she disregards her duty in this respect, but retards her mental development as well, for narrow mindedness will be a natural result of a too-confined scope of interest.

A " Happy Go Lucky " girl is the kind of a girl to be. It sounds cheerful, doesn't it? Well, it is cheerful, too. It also sounds as though it might be easy, but I fear it is not. For a " Happy Go Lucky " girl is a happy medium between a " shirker " and a " grind."

When you first think about it, it seems as though one might

be a shirker and be "Happy Go Lucky" too; but would you, or could you be happy? If you are in school, you will flunk. Then you will begin to dread meeting the faculty. Why? Guilty conscience, I suppose. They will develop a boring habit of nagging at you to make up lessons or to come and have something explained. For a time you could ignore it, but it would get tiresome and you would not be quite happy.

A grind might think she was happy; at least she might have a self-satisfied virtuous feeling because she was doing well in her lessons, but would she be popular? Not a bit. Nobody likes a girl who spends most of her time "grinding" and the rest of it wondering why other people did not understand this, or failed in that. If the girls ignored her, and that is what they would do, would she be any happier than the "shirker"? No.

The "Happy Go Lucky" girl, as I have said before, must neither be a "shirker" or a "grind." She must live up to the name. In other words, she must be carefree, bright, happy and cheerful — really "Happy Go Lucky."

> "'Send your road is clear before you,
> When the old Spring Fret comes o'er you,
> And the Red Gods call for you."

How often, with the "Old Spring Fret" upon us, have we set out from Draper Hall for an early morning walk, leaving every ghost or shadow of care behind us long before we have reached the end of the Grove, and crawled through the bars or over the wall! The sound of the birds, joyous and energetic, the bright pearly drops of dew on the grass and bushes, the beauty of the hills, deep blue in the distance and the indescribable smell of an early spring morning — what a thrill it all sends through us, a thrill of gladness at being alive in a splendid live world. We answer the "call of the Red Gods," tramping through woods and over fields and meadows, finally returning to answer "the call of duty," filled with the enthusiasm of the morning's freshness and vigour, and the inspiration of its wonder and beauty.

School Journal

Calendar

JANUARY

January

20 Hall Exercises; Miss B. M. Gair: Daily Vacation Bible Schools.
20 Chapel. Rev. George Gutterson: The New Jerusalem.
26 Coasting Party.
27 Hall Exercises: Prof. Burton of Minnesota: Dickens as a Moral Force.
27 Chapel. Pres. Faunce of Brown University: The Evolution of Christian Thought.
30 Hockey Spread.
30 Sleigh Ride, around North Andover Pond.
31 Basketball game: Phillips Academy and Stearns School.

FEBRUARY

February

1 Morning Chapel: Mr. Stackpole: announcement of new Principal;—Miss Bertha Bailey of the Taconic School.
3 Alumnae Association Luncheon at Hotel Vendome.
4 Miss Alice Donald: Talk on Japan.
5 Miss Bailey's visit to Abbot.
6 Miss Kelsey's Tea for Miss Bailey.
6 Dickens Festival at South Church.
8 Miss Lilla Ormond's Recital in Davis Hall.
10 Hall Exercises: Miss Kelsey: History of Abbot Academy. Music by the Glee Club.
10 Chapel. Mr. Shipman: Prejudices.
11 Sunday evening Musical in Miss Kelsey's room.
13 Miss Kelsey's Afternoon Tea for Senior Dance guests.
13 Senior Dance in Davis Hall.
17 Hall Exercises: Miss Melita Knowles: Work of Women's Industrial Union.
17 Chapel. Mr. D. G. Crawford: The Life of Moses Parmelee.
20 Masquerade in Helen Bowman's room.
21 Phillips Academy Tea and Promenade.
24 Hall Exercises: Prof. Fay of Tufts College: The Majesty of the Mountains.
24 Chapel. Miss Newman: Hindman School in Kentucky.
27 Dramatic Club Plays in Town Hall.
29 Tea given by the ladies of the South Church.

MARCH

March

2 Chapel. Mr. Paddock of Weiser: The Opportunity for Service.
5 Senior Play: "The Twig of Thorn".
9 Hall Exercises: Test for Draper Readers.
10 Phillips Chapel: Jacob Riis.
17 Chapel. Mr. Ryder: The Life of St. Patrick.
19 German Play: "Der Verkannte Onkel," given by Phillips Academy in Davis Hall.
21 Indoor Meet in Davis Hall. Seniors, 25; Senior Middlers, 38.
22 Morning Chapel. Announcement of Draper Readers.
22 Awarding of Indoor Meet Ribbons.
23 Chapel. Dr. Geo. E. Martin: One Day of the Son of Man.

APRIL

April

13 Hall Exercises: Miss Howey: Florence.
13 Chapel. Miss Margaret E. Henry: The Maryville College in Tennessee.
14 Phillips Chapel. Dr. Cornelius Patton: Africa.
20 Mrs. MacGregor's Concert in Davis Hall.
20 Chapel. Mr. Wilson.
23 Ghost Party given by Helen Bowman and Helen Boyd.
27 Hall Exercises: Mr. Chutter: Passion Play at Oberammergau.
27 Chapel. Rev. Robert E. Speer: The Great Lesson of Christ's Humility.
30 Senior Middle Class Banquet.
30 Senior Class Straw-ride to Haggett's Pond.

MAY

May

1 May Breakfast in the Town Hall.
1 Boston Sight-seeing Trip.
4 Chapel. Dr. Cutler: Lessons taught by Jane Addams's Life.
7 French Play, "L'Avocat Patelin," Davis Hall.
11 Hall Exercises: Dr. William Nielson: Ballads.
11 Chapel. Mr. Hincks: Thoughts suggested by Tennyson's "Merlin and the Gleam".
15 Field Day. Score: Seniors 52, Senior Middlers 61.
18 Chapel. Rev. Clarence Barbour: The Conquest of the World that Tempts Each One of Us.
21 Pageant in the Town Hall.
22 Bradford Game. Bradford 18, Abbot 25.
29 Trustees' Dance for Seniors and Senior Middlers.

Lectures

On the first Saturday after we returned from the Christmas vacation, Miss Bertha M. Gair came to talk to us about the Bible Schools conducted in many of the large cities during the summer. Talented college students are in charge of these schools. They are trying to inspire the children of the slums with higher ideals of cleanliness, home life, and American citizenship.

Several years ago, Dr. Richard Burton lectured to the school. He left behind the memory of a very pleasant afternoon, and we were all delighted at the prospect of hearing him. This time he lectured on "Dickens as a Moral Force". Dr. Burton is an exceptionally interesting speaker and we listened intently to him for over an hour, as he showed what he felt to be the true character of Dickens. He illustrated certain of Dickens's characteristics by reading certain portions from several of his novels. Dr. Burton inspired us with his great enthusiasm, and made the lovers of Dickens more enthusiastic, and those who had read few of his books anxious to know and understand him.

In the early part of February, Miss Kelsey spoke to us about the building of Draper Hall, a very interesting subject to us, Abbot girls. We realized how Mr. and Mrs. Draper, the alumnae and the town itself sympathized and helped the school during the erection of the dormitory.

An interesting lecture on arbitration was given to the school at the last Hall Exercise of the winter term, by Rev. James Tryon, one of the most active members of the Peace Society. He spoke of the success of arbitration during the last half century, and proved how several serious wars have been prevented by means of it. Arbitration can decide all inter-national questions, even those pertaining to a nation's honor.

Rev. Frederick G. Chutter lectured to the school on Saturday, April 27. His subject was the Passion Play, which he saw at Oberammergau two years ago. The story, which has been told and retold, never grows old, and it was given to us this time in the most beautiful of words. It was illustrated by colored slides, many of which were taken by Mr. Chutter himself. The pictures and the story made a great impression on the minds of the audience.

One Saturday in April, Miss Howey lectured to us on Florence, where she had spent a part of last winter. She made us feel what a delightful place Florence is, with its interesting people and fascinating little shops. The greatest attraction in Florence is its art galleries, and its wonderful cathedral and churches.

Early in May, Dr. William A. Neilson of Harvard University lectured to us on the interesting but unusual subject of ballads.

Ballads were handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another, and can almost always be distinguished from modern imitations. Dr. Neilson illustrated his lecture by reading certain typical ballads, and we enjoyed greatly the swing and the music of the words, especially in the refrains.

One Saturday in the winter Miss Melita Knowles, a former teacher of the school, spoke to us about the Women's Industrial Union of Boston, in which she is much interested. Many of us were unacquainted with the work that the Union is doing in enabling many poor women to obtain better positions, and in opening libraries and recreation rooms for their use.

Concerts

Miss Lilla Ormond, who gave the last of our series of recitals on February 8, proved herself to be a true artist. The audience was charmed by the singer's gracious manner and artistic rendering of the program. The program, which was a varied one, was divided into three groups of songs. Miss Green, who accompanied Miss Ormond, was especially interested in Abbot, as her mother was a pupil here.

On Saturday, April 19, at half-past two, the pupils of Mrs. MacGregor gave their annual spring recital. People who have been here for some time say that it was unusually good. It was very easy to see the improvement in the voices since last fall. The self-possession of the singers, the good enunciation and perfect breath-control, show the good training of Mrs. MacGregor. Miss Bennett, from Boston, was a great support to the girls in her accompaniments.

The program:

TRIO: THE SHOOGY SHOO — *Mayhew*

THE GLEE CLUB

DUETS: *a*) BOATMAN'S SONG — *Abt*
b) LIKE THE LARK

MISSES GOULD AND BLAKE

a) BALLAD "DADDY" — *Behrend*
b) I LOVE YOU TRULY — *Bond*

MISS CATHERINE VAIL

a) DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES (*Ben Jonson*) *Old English*
b) ANNIE LAURIE — *Old Scotch*
c) THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME — *Balfe*

MISS OLGA ERICKSON

a) THE HILLS O' SKYE — *Harris*
b) THE SKY MEADOWS — *Salter*

MISS MARGERY BLAKE

a) BONNE NUIT — *Massenet*
b) PASSING BY — *Purcell* (1700)
c) TIPPERARY IN THE SPRING — *Spalding*

Miss Cornelia Crittenden

a) THE ARROW AND THE SONG — *Pinsuti*
b) HE WAS A PRINCE — *Lynes*

Miss Helen Bowman

a) LE SAIS-TU? — *Massenet*
b) DAYBREAK — *Daniels*

Miss Helen Cram

a) SWEET MISS MARY — *Neidlinger*
b) GUTE NACHT — *Franz*
c) FIDDLE AND I (obligato by Miss Helen Boyd) — *Goodeve*

Miss Margaret Wilkins

DUET: PASSAGE BIRD'S FAREWELL — *Hildach*

Misses Erickson and Bowman

a) A BONNY CURL — *Chadwick*
b) SLAVE SONG — *Teresa Del Riego*
c) THE BEGGAR MAID — *Barnby*

Miss Marion Gould

a) WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG — *Griswold*
b) KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN — *Crouch*

Miss Bowman

a) THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD — *Lehmann*
b) BALLAD — *Old Air*

Miss Cram

TRIO: LULLABY AND GOOD-NIGHT — *Brahms*

The Glee Club

Plays

Departing from the usual run of plays given by Senior classes, the class of 1912 presented an Irish folk-play on the evening of March 5. The play was delightfully simple and charming in every way. "The Twig of Thorn," is based on the superstitions of the Celtic race, especially the superstition centering about the thorn bush. The scene for the entire play was the interior of a hut. A charming love-story furnished the plot,—the old, old story of two lovers and only one lass. The very simplicity of the play made it impressive. It is to be hoped that we shall have more Senior plays like this one.

The characters were admirably well cast. Much credit for the success of the play is due to Miss Utter, who trained the class and who herself took one of the leading parts. Miss Gutterson was also of great assistance.

THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

NESSA TEIG, the woman of the house	Miss Cram
MAURYA, her neighbor	Miss Laton
OONAH, Nessa's granddaughter	Miss Draper
AENGUS ARANN, a young peasant	Miss Simpson
AILEEL, a wandering poet,	Miss Utter
FATHER BRIAN, the priest	Miss F. Sheldon
A FAERY CHILD	Miss Cram
FINULA	Miss Bingham
KATHLEEN	Miss Bliss
SHEILA neighbors	Miss Brewster
SHEAMUS	Miss F. Sheldon
MARTIN	Miss Moore
TUMAUS	Miss Chutter

On March 19, the German department of Phillips Academy entertained a large audience in Davis Hall, with a play. The play was written and staged by Herr Thüre. The story had been told to us previously by Mrs. Cramer, so that we were able to understand the actions. The German used was very simple and direct. Abbot Academy was especially amused by the Abbot girl who was represented on the stage. Although we admired the acting immensely, we hope that this girl is not the type of beauty found in our school. It was a decided experiment to have a Phillips play in our hall.

On May 7, the French Department presented "L'Avocat Patelin", an adaptation from a fifteenth century play. Miss Sherman directed. The play was full of humorous situations, which the actresses brought out very clearly. The setting of the last act was something new in Abbot, a court-room scene. The exceptionally well-played character parts, clear pronunciation and good French accent combined to make the play a splendid success. The costumes, which were copied from illustrations of the costumes of the fifteenth century, were very effective.

CAST

PATELIN, avocat	Miss Helen Boyd
GUILLAUME, drapier	Miss Evelyn Brewster
VALERE, fils de Guillaume et amant d'Henriette	Miss Helen Hanscom
AGNELET, berger de Guillaume, amant de Colette	Miss Dorothy Perkins
BARTHOLIN, juge du village	Miss Helen Bowman
MME. PATELIN, femme de l'avocat	Miss Cornelia Crittenden
HENRIETTE, fille de Patelin	Miss Edith Wade
COLETTE, servante de Patelin, et fiancée à Agnelet	Miss Florence Bliss
UN PAYSAN	Miss Hazel Smith
UN ARCHER	Miss Olga Erickson

Athletics

The annual Indoor Meet was held in Davis Hall, March 21. It began with the general drill, and among the events were the vertical and oblique ropes, parallel bars and the various jumps. Alice Prescott broke the record in the spring-board high jump, and she was awarded the small A. The final score was 35-25 in favor of the Senior-Middlers.

We celebrated Field Day this year on May fifteenth. Several changes were made in the usual program. The old custom of "tagging" was given up. Instead of this, lots were drawn for Abbot and McKeen Halls and the girls decorated their own windows on the front of Draper Hall.

The Seniors formed their lines at Mrs. Draper's house, just as they have done for so many years. They represented Chrysanthemums, their class flower, by wearing closely fitting bonnets covered with yellow petals. The Senior Middlers were dressed in lavender and white costumes, representing Kate Greenaway girls.

There were several changes in the athletic programs, too. More class games were introduced and more of the events took place upon the circle. We tried to make the meet less athletic this year, but one in which more girls could enter. No medal was awarded, because no individual had enough points. This was probably due to the change in the program. The final score was 61-52 in favor of the Senior Middle class.

The Basketball game against Bradford was played on our own grounds this year, May 22. Many of the old girls, including all but one of the last year's team, were here to watch the game. The two teams were very evenly matched, the score at the end of the first half being 16-15 in favor of Bradford. But, thanks to a sensible talk from our coach, and to the fact that we had to win, Abbot woke up during the second half and made the final score 25-18 in her own favor.

After the game, the Bradford Seniors were entertained at a tea in the Senior Parlor. Their two teams were invited to supper and Miss McLean had decorated the corner of the dining room where they were to sit with the color of the visiting team.

But after the Bradford girls had gone, Abbot gave vent to her pent-up feelings. I doubt if more school spirit was ever felt or shown than on the night of that game. The singing was well led by our cheer leaders, and we were proud of them all. The school gathered in the recreation room, where we sang and had speeches from the faculty and girls.

It was the school spirit that made us win the game. Beforehand we had not had much confidence, but we felt that we simply must win for the old girls, and Miss Utter and Miss Brown, and most of all for Abbot.

Items of General Interest

The last word from Miss Means was from Italy, where she was taking delightful motor trips with Dr. and Mrs. Merriman. During the winter months she was in Egypt. She wrote especially of a ten days' trip to the Fayoum, across the Libyan desert "It was such fun to have your own caravan and tents, and to camp out in the middle of the desert, though I suppose we were never more than a day's ride from the Nile". She expects to come home in June and spend the summer at "the island".

Miss Runner and Miss Metcalf have been having a delightful trip in Sicily and Greece. They expect to get home early in July.

Miss Mary R. Towle, who was teacher of history at Abbot 1905-1906, has opened an office for the general practice of law at No. 1 Broadway, New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Duncan Reynolds, (Miss Louise Lawrence, Latin teacher from 1903-1907), and their little daughter are now living in Boston, at 356 Commonwealth Avenue.

The carved oak table and chairs, which have been in Davis Hall, have been moved to the platform in Abbot Hall, where they are used for the morning service, the use for which they were intended by the donors, the class of 1900 and the G. A. S. Society in 1904.

A very beautiful Bible, interesting to us because of its history, has been presented to the school through the instrumentality of Rev. Rufus Tobey. It was the parting gift of members of the school in 1852, to the retiring principal, Rev. Asa Farwell.

Mrs. Draper has very generously given to the school the engraving of "Pilgrim's Progress", which for many years has hung in her hall. It is now hung between the front windows of the girls' sitting-room.

A number of presents have been given to the faculty for their new sitting-room. Early in the winter term, Mrs. Taylor gave a beautiful mahogany tea table, and just lately a handsome writing table of the same wood and similar design has been given by the Boston Abbot Club. For the tea-table, we have Mrs. Draper's tea service, a silver and cut glass tea-maker from Mrs. Tyer, and a lemon fork from Miss Metcalf.

The following explanation of the design on the Japanese cabinet given us in memory of Miss Emma L. Taylor, was sent us by Dr. Sanborn too late for the February issue.

"The design of peonies I am told suggests 'they are always praying.' The lions and wild beasts in the bamboo bush, are human instincts in ambush against which we are to be on guard even if seemingly surrounded by flowers".

A delegation of three girls and one teacher is to go to the Silver Bay Conference this June.

This is Important

It has been the aim of the trustees and the many generous friends of Abbot to supply the school not only with the necessary ment, but also, as far as possible, with every possible means for recreation.

There are, however, several objects toward which the school is in need of contributions from her always loyal alumnae.

First, the Downs recital fund. This fund was started by Professor Downs, who contributed from his own purse more than he could easily afford, to provide a way by which a number of concerts might be given annually at Abbot Academy. This sum, however, is too small sufficiently to cover the cost of the concerts, and it would indeed be a mark of appreciation of Professor Downs's efforts, to raise an adequate sum for their regular maintenance.

There are a few other things which are needed to make Abbot's equipment one of the finest in the state. It has been proposed that the hockey field be sufficiently excavated to allow the flooding of it, and so form a skating-rink in the winter. This would probably cost two hundred and fifty dollars, which should not be hard to raise, especially since it will be worth far more than that to Abbot girls, when "the ice, my dear, is perfectly *wonderful*, but Miss Kelsey says it's too far to go 'way out to the pond."

We need one more tennis court. Three courts for sixty-five girls make us exercise our self-denial to the utmost, for we cannot monopolize the courts, much as we should like to.

Our dreams of a swimming pool, bowling alleys and indoor tennis courts are, of course, only dim hopes which belong to the far future, but they will undoubtedly come some day, and we ought to be able to obtain the new court and the skating-rink within two years.

Are you still interested in your Alma Mater? Would you like to help make her still more attractive to her girls? A little from each one will do it.

Alumnae Notes

Boston Abbot Academy Club

Saturday, February 3, was a beautiful day, most favorable to the reunion of the Alumnae Association and the Abbot Academy Club.

One hundred loyal old scholars rallied to the call. Mrs. Tyer, a former president of the Alumnae Association, Miss Mary Byers Smith, president of the Club, Miss Kelsey, acting principal, and Miss Bailey, principal-elect, received during the social hour preceding the luncheon, and everyone was glad of this opportunity to meet the new principal.

The post-prandial exercises consisted of charming musical selections by a chorus of present pupils under the direction of Mrs. MacGregor, and two piano solos by Miss Mary Lee Newton, a graduate of the school.

Miss Smith spoke a few words of welcome and introduced the speakers:—Mrs. Tyer, who represented the Alumnae Association in its allegiance to the school and in its welcome to Miss Bailey. At her suggestion, too, greetings were sent to Miss Cornelius, probably the only surviving pupil of the first year of the school.

Miss Kelsey made the principal address on the theme, "The Abbot Academy Girl of Today," and while she showed plainly that present conditions differ from those of the past, as do the ideas and ideals of the present school, still that there is earnest, generous life in the old school, and faithful, intelligent, and sympathetic guidance on the part of the teachers, in class and out, none can doubt.

Miss Bailey expressed her pleasure in meeting so representative a company of loyal alumnae, and won their confidence in her determination and ability to forward the high aims and aspirations of the school in the upbuilding of well-rounded, Christian womanhood.

On Saturday, March 2, "Two Modern Dramatic Movements" were discussed at the Club, Rev. John Edgar Park, formerly of the West Parish Church, and one whom the school always delighted to hear, speaking, all too briefly, upon "The Irish Theatre" and its interpreters, The Irish Players, whose work at the Plymouth Theatre, in the winter, was so heartily recognized by the Boston public; and Frederic N. Cook 2nd, who spoke more fully of the "Moving Picture Show" and its immense power for good when properly censored and controlled — as it is coming to be more and more — bringing relaxation, amusement and information to the working people.

The Annual Meeting for the election of officers was held April 6. After satisfactory reports of a most interesting and successful year were read, and the election of officers and other business accom-

plished, a beautiful musical program was enjoyed by an enthusiastic audience, Mrs. Frothingham and Mrs. Nichols, both distinguished members of the Thursday Morning Club, giving generously of their talents, at the piano and on the violin, at the invitation of Mrs. Harold D. Walker (Adeline G. Perry, '90), one of the directors of the Abbot Academy Club.

The officers for the coming year are: President, Miss Frieda Billings; First Vice-President, Miss Mary F. Merriam; Second Vice-President, Miss Maria S. Merrill; Treasurer, Miss Ethel Shumway; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Helen Buss; Recording Secretary, Miss Dorothy Taylor.

New York Abbot Girls

At the April meeting of the New York Abbot Club, Miss Edith Ingalls gave a brief address in memory of Professor and Mrs. Downs. An impressionistic picture rather than a detailed analysis, it was merely a suggestion of their gifts, the oneness of their artistic aims, of their zeal for the school, and their influence upon its development. In closing, Miss Ingalls said: "Their bright and radiant selves speak to you today in all the beautiful things they have said and done, in the beauty they have made richer and nobler, in their reverence for the highest, both in intellect and character, in the grace which their rare gifts cast upon the sordid commonplaceness of ordinary life, in their sensitive and wide humanity, and, above all, in the unselfishness with which they shared every good thing they knew or had, at whatever sacrifice of strength or fame. Youth they always loved, with its radiant dreams and aspirations, and their reward is to me remembered as we remember Youth, unsullied by the world!" She applied to them Mrs. Downs's own words from "Historic Andover"—

> "The seal of what they set
> Stamps all our best and noblest yet."

Mrs. Forrest F. Dryden was elected president, and a charming luncheon followed in the dining rooms of the Somerset.

Many pleasant expressions of loyalty to the school, and gratitude to individual teachers, have been received by Miss Carpenter, in connection with the work on the records. One letter from a Mount Holyoke alumna, sister of Julia (Ford) Thompson, 1867, who is not now living, says: "I was interested in the school because of its connection with teachers whom I knew at Holyoke, and for whom I had the highest regard,— the McKeen sisters, Catherine and Phebe. They were wonderful women, and we Holyoke girls were their enthusiastic admirers."

1863. Mrs. Salome J. (Abbott) Marland has gone to live with her daughter Mary (†C. P. 1899), in Augusta, Ga. Her address will be, Care Dr. James R. Littleton.

1867. Mrs. Emily (Fellows) Reed has changed her home from Yonkers, N. Y., to Montclair, N. J., where her daughter, Margaret (†1901), is teaching. The address is 48 Lloyd Street.

1868. Julia A. Carter, of North Wilmington, is one of those who have been most enthusiastic in searching for information in regard to early students from her town.

†1873. Cleora F. Munsen (Mrs. John K. Judd), recently had the opportunity to visit the little cemetery in Bradford, Vermont, where Miss McKeen and Miss Phoebe are buried. She took a picture of their graves, for the annual letter still kept up by the class.

†1873. Carrie N. Dana (Mrs. E. R. Bennett) has moved with her family from Chicago to Lawrence, Mich., where she is enjoying the pleasant change from city to life on a farm. Her daughter, Mabel Bennett, 1901, (Mrs. Thomas Church), lives quite near at Bangor, Mich.

†1875. Ellen E. C. Blair writes that she knows of nothing of especial interest concerning any member of the class of 1875. "We have reached the time when the marriage of a son or daughter has lost its novelty, and even the birth of a grandchild is less exciting than it was. I think most of us are just ordinary women, useful in our homes and more or less in church and civic affairs, without the distinction that warrants a paragraph."

†1878. Sara F. Barnes is living in Boston at 91 Pinckley Street.

†1879. Helen Page (Mrs. Henry S. Downe), who has lived for several years in London, now makes her home in Paris, where her husband's business headquarters are. Her younger son is in Cornell.

†1879. Amy A. Learoyd is again teaching in her old position in the Peabody High School.

†1879. Caroline N. Potter teaches in the High School at her home in Brunswick, Me.

†1882. Catharine C. Geer is now at the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick, Md.

†1882. Lizzie Tyler (Mrs. M. E. Gutterson) is living in Andover, where she is able to keep in touch with the present Abbot girls.

†1882. Alice Parker (Mrs. I. A. Porter) leads a busy and happy life in her new home, West Medford.

†1882. Effie Dresser (Mrs. W. E. Wilde) of Winchester, spent a delightful winter vacation in the White Mountains.

†1882. Abbie McCutcheon (Mrs. J. H. Bramble) is living at 1747 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

†1882. Lillian Wilcox (Mrs. C. E. Miller), while devoting herself to her two sons, keeps her interest in church and mission work.

†1882. Marion Locke (Mrs. H. C. Morrison) finds interest and entertainment in the development of her three sons.

†1882. Annie F. Frye spent the early part of February with Mrs. Harlow, and attended the Ormond recital at Abbot as guest of Miss Merrill.

†1883. Mary H. Hillard is principal of the Westover School, at Middlebury, Conn.

1883. Ellen A. Webster is secretary of the Boston Students' Co-operative Registry. Her address is 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge.

†1884. Mary Nevin (Mrs. John B. Booth) is living in Sewickley, Pa. Her daughter, Marguerite, is in Smith, and her son, William, in Williams.

†1884 May Field Boise is enjoying experimental farming in Conway, Mass.

†1884. Freda Johnson (Mrs. F. C. Bolton) returned to her Baltimore home last summer after a delightful seven months in Europe. Her son, Nelson, is at Princeton.

†1884. Margaret McGiffert has found this year one of loneliness since her mother's death in February, but she has kept her heart and hands full with church work, in which she carries heavy responsibilities.

†1884. Marion Keene (Mrs. A. M. Little) leads the life of a busy pastor's wife in Peoria, Ill., where her home has been for the last twelve years. Her oldest son, Edward, enters Yale this fall.

†1884. Jane Greeley is on her fourteenth year of medical practice in Jamestown, N. Y.

†1884. Emily M. Skilton is helping in the work of the Florence Crittendon Society of Lowell, a society founded for the protection of young girls.

†1884. Anna Kimball's duties on committees for Art Club, Church, Missionary Society, Diet Kitchen, Hospital and Charity Organization, in Concord, N. H., prove her breadth of interest.

The class of '86 held the most important re-union of its history, in Andover, last June, the occasion being the 25th anniversary of its graduation. The class originally numbered eighteen, and of the surviving fifteen members, nine were present. Four of the husbands and three of the sons added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. The re-union was held at Phillips Inn, and lasted from Saturday until the following Wednesday.

†1886. Anne King is living in Red Bluff, Cal.

†1886. Phebe Curtis (Mrs. George B. Vilas) is living at 1022 Maple Avenue, Evanston, Ill. Her eldest son is now at Exeter preparing for college.

†1886. Mary Gorton (Mrs. Frank W. Darling) of Hampton, Ga., took a delightful trip last summer with her husband and young son, to California and Hawaii. On her return trip she had the opportunity of seeing two of her classmates, Anne King in San Francisco, and Florence Rowley Richdale in Vancouver, B. C. Mrs. Darling's little son has been very sick this winter with typhoid fever.

†1886. Louise Pitts (Mrs. Calvin Vary) of Newark, N. Y., is gradually recovering from her illness of last year. Mrs. Vary's daughter Grace, the '86 class Baby, is now in Europe with her husband, who is the first class son-in-law.

†1886. Alice Twitchell of Portland, Maine, who has gained a reputation for her lectures and personally conducted European trips, has made several visits to her classmates this year.

†1886. Florence Swalen (Mrs. Charles M. Spofford) spent last summer in Europe with her husband and daughter. She is now living in Boston, where her husband is to be a professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The class of 1887 is to have its twenty-fifth reunion this June.

†1887. Mrs. Edgar L. Hinman's plans for a summer at the old home in Lexington were spoilt by the serious illness of Professor Hinman at Lake Champlain.

†1887. Caroline Robinson is the curator of the Museum of Fine Arts at Bowdoin College.

†1887. Jeanie Carter Prall has a daughter who is a sophomore at Mount Holyoke.

†1887. Anna Benson Root is living now in Detroit.

†1887. Catherine F. Crocker is to teach French next year at Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa.

†1887. Angeline Pearson is teaching Art at Taconic Hall, the State Normal School at North Adams.

†1887. Through the kindness of Mr. Brown, the class letters are typewritten and sent to Jean Jillson, who is teaching at Brusa in Turkey.

†1889. The school friends of Alice Newton (Mrs. Alfred T. Judd of Greenfield, Mass.), will learn, with deep sympathy for Mrs. Judd, of the sudden death of her husband from heart disease, March 6, 1912. Mr. Judd was a prosperous business man, influential for good in his community. A son, Howard, shares his mother's loss.

†1890. Jessie E. Guernsey writes of a year of pleasant experiences in Calhoun, Alabama, where she has been teaching in a colored school. She had previously been studying at Teachers' College and Columbia University, and received the degree of M. A. in 1910.

1890. We were very sorry to hear of the death, January 16, of Mildred Curtis, the little daughter of Sadie Bliss Curtis, a niece of Mrs. Draper.

†1891. Lena Hinchman (Mrs. Charles E. Townsend) is living in Newburgh, N. Y.

†1893. Alleine Hitchcock sends enthusiastic reports about the interesting kindergarten work which she is doing in Honolulu.

†1893. Mrs. Edwin C. Cotton (Elsie Francis) is now living in Westfield, Mass.

†1893. Anna T. Nettleton writes that Abbot Academy French and History of Art were put to a test when she went to Europe first in 1902, and three times since. The knowledge she had received stood the test well. She is now very busy with church work in New Haven.

†1894. Henrietta A. Calhoun (Mrs. Frank C. Bogart) of Rothesay, N. B., writes, "Soon we shall be looking for a school for John." Wouldn't Phillips Academy do?

1894. Ellen C. Lombard, after several years as principal of the Kindergarten Department of the Cortland (N. Y.) Normal School, has recently been made superintendent of practice teaching in the Wheelock Kindergarten Training School in Boston.

†1896. May Young (Mrs. James T. Duffy) writes from her home in Bay City, Mich., of her busy and happy life.

†1896. Frances W. Saunders (Mrs. Harry W. Morgan) since her graduation has spent a busy life of study and travel. She was married to Mr. Morgan last October and is now living in Brookline.

1896. Katharine Carlton Walker has been spending some time at "Grace Hill," West-Park-on-Hudson.

†1897. M. Frances George is an Instructor in Sewing in Brookline.

1897. Lillian Miller Troutman is living in Butler, Pa.

†1897. Gertrude Ware is teaching in the Kindergarten Department of Atlanta University, Georgia, a school for negroes. Miss Ware says the school is in need of help, money or "barrels." Communications should be addressed to her in care of the University.

1898. Mabel Norris Oakley has moved to Evanston, Ill., 1201 Michigan Avenue.

1899. Mary King Marland (Mrs. James R. Littleton) is now living in Augusta, Ga. She is the mother of two sons and a daughter.

1899. Marie Hershey, of Sterling, Ill., has been teaching for several years in the High School of her home town. She spent last summer abroad.

1899. Udetta Brown is studying this year at the School of Philanthropy in New York.

†1900. Mrs. John Gale Hun (Leslie Crawford) is living in Princeton, N. J., where her husband is an instructor in Princeton University.

†1900. Emma Bixby Place is living in Boston. Her husband is the Physician in Chief of the South Department of The Boston City Hospital. He is also Clinical Instructor in Pediatrics at the Harvard Medical School.

†1900. Winona Algie is teaching in Champlain, N. Y.

†1900. Grace Chapman Spear, whose husband is an artist, is the proud mother of two children. Mrs. Spear has a charming home in Brookline.

†1900. Grace Fleek Kennedy is living at her home in Newark, Ohio, with her two children. The death of her husband, which occurred a year ago, was a crushing blow, not only to her, but to all the community.

†1900. Alice Bradley is at her home in Holyoke, Mass.

†1900. Lucy Hamilton Ayers has moved from her home in Jacksonville, Ill., to Denver, Colo., where her husband was called to be Vice-President of The Continental Trust Co.

†1900. Many of the children of Montpelier, Vermont, have been fortunate in having Charlotte Shipman as their kindergarten teacher.

†1900. Alice Wood Hodgdon is living quite an ideal life with her husband on their farm in Bonte Bay, Maine. They are very happy with their little son, Stuart, just a year old.

†1900. Constance Gutterson is extremely busy and very happy in her orthopedic work in The Children's Hospital at Albany, N. Y. She is straightening crooked backs and making weak bodies strong.

†1900. Minifred Todd Mills is living at St. Stephen, N. B., Canada.

C. P. 1901. Harriet Lee (Mount Holyoke, †'07) has just recovered from a serious illness. She will spend the coming year at home in Fairfield, Iowa.

C. P. 1901. Julia Rockwell Bancroft (Wellesley, '05) has the unique distinction of having the first class baby of her college class and the only baby of her academy class.

C. P. 1901. Helen Buck (Mount Holyoke, †'05) expects to sail for Europe June 11th, where she will take an interesting walking trip in Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol.

C. P. 1901. Clara Thomson Blackford (Smith, '05) has spent one interesting year of army life in the Philippines, but owing to the location of her husband's regiment, she has had to spend much of her married life at home.

†C. P. 1901. Emily S. Emerson (Mrs. Edmund E. Day), who has been for some years private secretary to the Dean of Dartmouth College, has been assisting in the preparation of a new general catalogue of the college.

†1902. Word has been received of the death, in Derry, N. H., her home during the whole of her married life, of Mrs. Benjamin Chase, mother of Hariett Chase (Mrs. Charles E. Newell), with whom we deeply sympathize. Mrs. Chase was a woman of strong individuality and marked ability, fruitful in good works, which will long be remembered.

1903. Carolyn B. Foster (Mrs. George E. Richards) has moved to Worcester, where her husband is engaged in newspaper work. Their home is at 434 Park Avenue.

†1904. Mary Davis Lee and her family leave for England the first of June.

†1904. Verta A. Smith spent the greater part of last summer travelling in Europe.

C. P. 1904. Mary Sweeney and Elizabeth Schneider sailed for Europe in April, with Mr. and Mrs. Schneider. They will visit Elizabeth's relatives in Austria, and plan to come home in September.

†C. P. 1905. Frances Cutler is to teach English and German at the Putnam Hall School, Poughkeepsie.

†1905. Muriel Abbot Closson is now Mrs. E. W. Murphy, and lives in New York City.

†1905. Katherine Woods has been living in New York this winter. Address, 53 Washington Square, South.

†1906. The address of Rena Porter Hastings is 526 20th Street, Portland, Oregon.

1907. Julia K. Currier is now at La Folla, Cal. She and her mother have been travelling part of the winter.

†1907. A new pulpit in memory of the father of Anna Richards, Rev. W. R. Richards of the Brick Church, in New York City, has been placed in Woolsey Hall in New Haven.

†1907. Margaret Belville Payne's address is now 161 Tulpehocken Street, Germantown, Pa.

†C. P. 1907. Clara J. Hukill has spent the winter in California. Her permanent address is Franklin, Pa.

†1908. Marguerite Eyer will graduate from Leland Stanford University in December. Her permanent home is now Western Avenue, Los Angeles.

†1908. Mary E. deWindt (Mrs. John O. Hauser) is living at 179 Milton Avenue, Rahway, N. J. Mr. Hauser is editor of a daily paper there.

†1908. Winifred Ogden is studying at a cooking school in New York City.

†C. P. 1908. Marion Cole has been studying Domestic Science in Teachers' College, New York City, this year.

1908. Alice E. Conant has been taking graduate work this year at the Emerson School of Oratory, in Boston.

†1909. Maybelle Gilbert is doing a great deal of Y. W. C. A. work. She is also very much interested in missionary work.

†1909. Sally Knox is doing public reading with much success.

†1909. Janet Gorton is in the Art School in Boston.

†1909. Edith Gardner is teaching violin in her home town.

†1909. Helen Weber and Beulah McCarty are enthusiastic members of a charity club in Canton, Ohio.

†C. P. 1910. Clarissa Hall is in the Smith Mandolin Club.

†C. P. 1910. Mira Wilson is making a good record at Smith. She is on the College Orchestra, a member of Φ K Ψ, also the Oriental Club, and is the Business Editor of the Weekly.

1910. Dora E. Heys of Lynn, Mass., has been in Washington, D. C., for a few weeks visiting Marguerite Claflin, who was her room-mate at Abbot.

1911. Catherine Atwood has been at school in Paris this winter.

†C. P. 1911. Edith Johnson is at Judson, which is part of Tufts College, where she has spent a happy and successful year. She is on the Dramatic Committee, Secretary of the Class of 1915, and a member of Alpha Omicron Pi.

†1911. Katharine L. Ordway expects to take a kindergarten course next year at Miss Fisher's in Boston.

†1911. Frances M. Pray is teaching in a private family in Winchendon.

Visitors

Elizabeth Hincks, '11, Miss Merrill, Annie Frye, †'82, Ruth Newcomb, †'10, Frances Pray, †'11, Mattie Hart Moore, †'89, Miss Titcomb, Marion Allchin, †'08, Dorothy Taylor, †'08, Ruth Niles, '11, Miss Knowles, Miss Tryon, Martha Coffin, †'83, Mrs. Lucia Watkins Bailey, †'83, Ruth Murray, †'10, Persis Bodwell, †'11, Doris Brown, '11, Minnie Clay, '91, M. Louise Storrs, '91, Frances W. Cutler, C. P. '05, Marjorie Bellows, †'06, Alice Webster, †'07, Beulah McCarty, †'09, Janet Gorton, †'09, Mrs. Carrie Bancroft Benner, '73, Marion Towle, †'08, Dora Heys, '10, Mrs. Anna Peabody Longley, '82, Emily T. Silsby, †'10, Rebecca Newton, †'11, Fanny Hazen, C. P. '05, Mrs. Harriet Chapelle Newcomb, †'76, Ri Pillsbury Taylor, †'07, Thirza Gay, †'08, Isabelle Seaton, †'08, Maud Gutterson, †'11, Esther Parker, †'08, Margaret Copeland, †'11, Edith Seccomb, '10, Dorothy Bigelow, †'11, Helen Vail, '11, Mrs. Eleanor Butters Farnham, '78, Helen Hart, '11, Katrina Williamson, '06, Mary Hall, †'11, Olivia Flynt, †'11, Mrs. Louise Lawrence Reynolds, Elizabeth Ripley, †'05, Lillie R. Johnson, †'10, Helen Copeland, †'11.

Engagements

1899. Lillie Dodge to Mr. Edwin Brewster.

1903. Winifred Draper Cobb to Mr. Jacob Fischer of Boston.

†C. P. 1909. Edith Van Horn (Smith '13) to Mr. Jesse R. Watson of Wellsboro, Pa.

†1910. Ruth Murray to Mr. Arthur Scudder Moore of Lynn.

†1910. Edith Seccomb to Alan Jewett Young of Newton Centre.

Marriages

1868. SPOONER—COLTON.—In Calcutta, India, January 13, 1912, Elizabeth S. Colton, of Easthampton, to Dr. David Brainerd Spooner. Address, Bankipore, Bengal, India.

†1899. THOMAS—RICHARDSON.—In Wellesley Hills, January 31, 1912, Elisabeth Garland Richardson to Mr. Harry Parkhurst Thomas. At home, 27 Harrison Street, Taunton, Mass.

C. P. 1901. DAY—EMERSON.—In Hanover, New Hampshire, June 5, 1912, Emily Sophia Emerson to Mr. Edmund Ezra Day. At home after first day of December, 7 Chauncey Street, Cambridge.

1905. HARMES—CALLENDER.—In Scranton, Pennsylvania, June 5, 1912, Jessie Mary Callender to Mr. Edward Atwater Harmes.

†1906. RICE—ELLIS.—In Marlboro, Mass., April 3, 1912, Helen Bullard Ellis to Mr. John Edward Rice. Address, 391 Lincoln Street, Marlboro.

1907. STEPHAN—DUDLEY.—In Whitinsville, April 10, 1912, Gladys Dudley to Mr. Emil Frank Stephan.

†1908. RAY—WURSTER.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., February 12, 1912, Katherine Augusta Wurster to Mr. Clement Ray. Address, 1162 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Births

1898. In Andover, April 13, 1912, a son, John Cushing, to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Moore Fuess (Elizabeth C. Goodhue).

†1900. In St. Stephens, N. B., March, 1912, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Mills (Winifred Todd).

†C. P. 1900. In Portland, Ore., March 2, 1912, a son, Bradford Norman, to Mr. and Mrs. George Norman Pease (Alice B. Boutwell).

1901. In Dorchester, April 13, 1912, a daughter, Phyllis Ariel, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Estabrook (Florence E. Noone).

†1906. At 17 Summer Terrace, Springfield, February 20, 1912, a daughter, Barbara Ruth, to Mr. and Mrs. Guy W. Downes (Ruth L. Adams).

C. P. 1906. In Springfield, in January, a daughter, Elizabeth Boyden, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Day (Clara E. Castle).

†1907. In Portland, Maine, January 26, 1912, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Turner Rundlett (Christine L. Wyer).

†1910. In Dalton, January 26, 1912, a daughter, Helen Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. William D. Abbott (Louise Tuttle).

Deaths

1845. In Washington, D. C., March 20, 1912, Sarah Phillips Newman.

1852. In Boston, May 11, 1912, Mary Tyler Abbott, of Everett, wife of William H. Jenks.

1855. In Hyde Park, May 19, 1912, Caroline M. Brown, wife of Samuel R. Moseley.

1874. In Farmington, Connecticut, March 11, 1912, Mrs. Frederick L. Scott (Alice F. McKeen).

†1894. In New Brighton, Staten Island, May 19, 1912, Mary I. Baldwin, wife of Dr. Alfred H. Thomas.

1901. At Dorchester, April 20, 1912, Mrs. Charles M. Estabrook (Florence E. Noone).

Responses to the inquiries sent out in preparation for the new alumnae catalogue are coming in steadily. Many new addresses and married names have already been added, thanks to the coöperation of former students and friends. It is important that all blanks should be returned, even if delayed, as the book cannot be issued for some months. Change of residence and other data should be reported without fail to the keeper of alumnae records, Miss Jane B. Carpenter, Andover, Mass.

Abbot Academy Faculty

KATHERINE R. KELSEY, Acting Principal, 1911-1912.
Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences

NELLIE M. MASON,
Science

REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A.B.,
History

MARTHA HOWEY, B.L.,
Literature

‡OLIVE G. RUNNER, B.L.,
Latin

MARY E. BANCROFT, A.B.,
English

DELIGHT W. HALL,
Greek

GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A.B.,
French

HEDWIG D. CRAMER,
German

SARAH S. UTTER,
Elocution and Physical Culture

**RACHEL A. DOWD, A.B.,
Latin

**NANCY S. WILKINS, A.B.,
Mathematics

Prof. JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A.M.,
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony

Mrs. ALICE WENTWORTH MacGREGOR,
Vocal Music

S. EDWIN CHASE,
Violin and Mandolin

FREDERIC A. BOSLEY,
Drawing and Painting

Mlle. LÉONTINE GALLÉE,
French Conversation

‡ On leave of absence, 1911 — 1912.
** Substitute, 1911 — 1912.

EDITH L. GUTTERSON,
Secretary to the Principal, and Librarian

PHILANA McLEAN,
In charge of Draper Hall

EDITH H. ALDRED,
Resident Nurse

HELEN G. PRATT, A.B.,
Supervisor of Day Scholars' Room

JANE B. CARPENTER, A.M.,
Keeper of Alumnae Records

Lectures

PROF. CHARLES FAY
PROF. RICHARD C. BURTON
DR. WILLIAM A. NIELSON
REV. FREDERICK E. CHUTTER

Speakers

MISS BERTHA M. GAIR
REV. GEORGE H. GUTTERSON
PRESIDENT W. H. P. FAUNCE
REV. FRANK R. SHIPMAN
MISS MELITA KNOWLES
MR. DOUGLAS CRAWFORD
MISS NEWMAN
REV. E. A. PADDOCK
REV. W. H. RYDER
DR. GEORGE E. MARTIN
MISS MARGARET E. HENRY
REV. F. A. WILSON
REV. ROBERT E. SPEER
DR. CHARLES H. CUTLER
PROF. EDWARD G. HINCKS
REV. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR

Concert

MISS LILLIE ORMOND

School Organizations

A. C. A.

President . . . . . Helen Danforth
Vice-President . . . . . Ruth Draper
Secretary . . . . . Barbara Moore
Treasurer . . . . . Ethel Rand

Student Council

Olga Erickson, *President* . . Frances Lincoln
Hildegarde Gutterson, *Secretary* Mildred Horne
Ruth Draper . . . . . Barbara Moore
Cornelia Crittenden

Fidelio Society

President . . . . . Catherine Vail
Secretary and Treasurer . . . Margaret Wilkins

Athletic Association

President . . . . . Barbara Moore
Secretary and Treasurer . . . Catherine Vail

Basketball Team

Captain . . . . . Edna Francis
Manager . . . . . Catherine Vail

Hockey Team

Captain . . . . . Barbara Moore
Manager . . . . . Catherine Vail

Odeon

Alice Harsh *President* . . . Helen Cram
Ruth Draper . . . . . Frances Lincoln
Frances Sheldon . . . . Marion Martin
Jane Newton . . . . . Katharine Selden
Mary Harsh

Glee Club

Leader . . . . . Helen Bowman

Class Organizations

Academic, '12

President . . . . . Ruth Draper
Secretary and Treasurer . . . Dorothy Simpson
Class Color . . . . . Yellow
Class Flower . . . . . Chrysanthemum

College Preparatory, '12

President . . . . . Barbara Moore
Class Color . . . . . Old Rose
Class Flower . . . . . Rose

Academic, '13

President . . . . . Olga Erickson
Vice-President . . . . . Margaret Wilkins
Secretary . . . . . Helen Boyd
Treasurer . . . . . Helen Danforth
Class Color . . . . . Violet
Class Flower . . . . . Violet

College Preparatory, '13

President . . . . . Hildegarde Gutterson
Secretary and Treasurer . . . Dorothy Perkins
Class Color . . . . . Green
Class Flower . . . . . White Chrysanthemum

Alumnae Association

PRESIDENT:

MISS ANNA L. DAWES

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Miss Julia E. Twichell — Mrs. Rebecca Davis Spalding
Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols Bean — Mrs. Ellen Chamberlain Blair
Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile — Miss Mary F. Merriam
Mrs. Lilian Waters Grosvenor

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

Miss Agnes Park

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION

Miss Emily A. Means — Mrs. Warren F. Draper
Miss Agnes Park

Calendar

1911

Thursday, Sept. 14, 9 A.M.	Fall Term begins
Tuesday, Nov. 28, 3 P.M. to Dec. 1, 6 P.M.	Thanksgiving Recess
Tuesday, Dec. 12, 2 P.M.	Fall Term ends

Christmas Vacation of Three Weeks

1912

Thursday, Jan. 4, 9 A.M.	Winter Term begins
Tuesday, Jan. 30,	First semester ends
Thursday, Feb. 1,	Second semester begins
Thursday, Feb. 22,	Holiday
Tuesday, March 26, 2 P.M.	Winter Term ends

Spring Vacation of Two Weeks

Thursday, April 11, 9 A.M.	Spring Term begins
Thursday, May 30,	Holiday
Tuesday, June 11,	School year ends

Summer Vacation of Fourteen Weeks

Thursday, Sept. 19, 9 A.M.	Fall Term begins

COURANT ADVERTISERS



...The Sherman Studio...

IS THE RIGHT PLACE TO

GO FOR PHOTOGRAPHS



MAIN STREET - NEAR MORTON

FRANK E. GLEASON

DEARER IN

COAL, WOOD, HAY and STRAW

Carter's Block **Main Street**

ANDOVER, MASS.

Park St. Boarding and Livery Stables

T. F. MORRISSEY & SON, Proprietors

FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING

Expressing and Jobbing

Carriages and Hacks for Funerals, Weddings and Receptions

Depot Work a Specialty

PARK ST., - ANDOVER, MASS.

TELEPHONE, 59

HINTON & CO. - - Caterers

PLAIN AND FANCY
CREAMS AND ICES

Cakes to Order

ORDERS FILLED AT ONE DAY'S NOTICE

HIDDEN ROAD . . . Take Reading Car . . Telephone Connection

PEOPLES ICE CO.

T. F. & J. H. NUCKLEY, Props.

No. 57 PARK STREET - ANDOVER, MASS.

Tel. 447-4

DAVID I. SWARTZ

Ladies' Custom Tailor

Importer

Tailor-made Suits in the latest and most approved fashions at very reasonable prices. Work promptly and neatly done. Satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention given to remodeling and repairing

---

D. I. SWARTZ

Carter Block 3 Main Street Andover, Mass.

I've always loved the Springtime,
And I think I should like this year,
For there are lovely birds and flowers,—
But, Oh, the worms are here!

ALBERT W. LOWE

Pharmacist

PRESS BUILDING, MAIN STREET
ANDOVER, MASS.

All kinds of FRUIT in their Season

FANCY AND PLAIN BISCUITS
POTTED MEATS AND FISH
NUTS, FIGS, DATES, OLIVES

J. H. CAMPION & CO.

THE METROPOLITAN

ANDOVER'S CANDY STORE
HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES
HOME MADE FOODS OF ALL KINDS

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

M. E. DALTON, 42 Main St., ANDOVER

J. H. PLAYDON, FLORIST.....

Roses, Carnations, Violets and
Chrysanthemums our Specialties
PLANTS AND CUT FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Store, Arco Building - - - Tel. 105-3
Greenhouses, Frye Village - - Tel. 109-11

Picture Frame and Gift Shop



ANDOVER MASSACHUSETTS

Louise Goldsmith Clark Arthur G. Clark

WILLIAM J. BURNS

.....Tailor and.....
Men's Furnisher

AGENTS FOR
FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY

Andover, Mass.

T. A. HOLT COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries

CORNER ESSEX AND CENTRAL STS., - ANDOVER

WALTER I. MORSE

Dealer in HARDWARE

Cutlery and Cordage, Horse Clothing, Farming Tools, Window Glass, Paint, Brushes, etc.

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

BENJAMIN BROWN

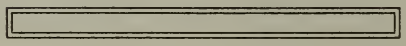
BOOTS and SHOES for LADIES

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

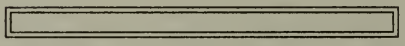
BUCHAN & FRANCIS

Upholsterers

AND FURNITURE DEALERS



Goods Stored, Packed and Shipped



MAIN STREET, ANDOVER

MRS. MARY EARL

Chiropody

HYGIENIC FACIAL AND SCALP TREATMENT

Manicuring, Shampooing, Hairdressing, Singeing

CALLS MADE BY APPOINTMENT

J. E. WHITING

Jeweler and Optician

Andover Souvenir Spoons... ...Abbot School Pins

MAIN STREET - ANDOVER, MASS.

ANDOVER NATIONAL BANK

HOURS: 9 A. M. TO 12 M., 2 P. M. TO 3 P. M.

Close Saturday at Noon

FINE ATHLETIC GOODS

Kodak and Photo Supplies... ...Expert Bicycle Repairing

H. F. CHASE, - - - Andover, Mass.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

We've had so many lessons,
Yes, and lectures too,
We'll all be glad when summer's come,
And there's nothing more to do.

SMITH & MANNING

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES

ESSEX STREET, - - ANDOVER

SKOWHEGAN JERSEY CREAMERY

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEAEERS IN

SEPARATED, PASTEURIZED, SWEET CREAM, AND CREAMERY BUTTER

SKOWHEGAN - - MAINE

BRIDE, GRIMES & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

W. F. RUTTER & CO.

Steam, Water and Gas Piping

SUPPLIES and TOOLS

LAWRENCE, MASS.

CARMAN'S

162 TREMONT STREET

$3.00

SPECIALTY SHOE SHOP

Why pay more when you can obtain regular

$5.00 values for $3.00

In Boots, Pumps, Oxfords, Ribbon Ties, Carriage Boots and TWENTY-SEVEN shades of Satin SLIPPERS in OPERA STYLE

Silk Hoisery to match at 90 cents

Mail Orders have our Prompt Attention.

Kaylor's

DELICIOUS

BEVERLY CHOCOLATES

ICE CREAM SODAS
and COLLEGE ICES

146 TREMONT ST. 414 BOYLSTON ST.
AMES BLDG., COURT ST.
BOSTON

WAX BROTHERS

..Florists..

143 TREMONT STREET - - BOSTON
Opposite Temple Place Subway Station

Choice Roses, Violets and Orchids
CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Mail and Telephone Orders Promptly Filled
Telephones Oxford 574 and 22167

Mention the Abbot Courant

INSURANCE OFFICES

Bank Building, Andover, Mass.

FIRE

LIFE

PLATE GLASS

AUTOMOBILE

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

TEAMS' LIABILITY

BURGLARY & THEFT

STEAM BOILER

PHYSICIANS' DEFENCE

AUTOMOBILE LIABILITY

PERSONAL ACCIDENT

COLUMBIA DUCIT SEQUANTUR ALII

Ladies' Gymnasium Suits

APPROBATION OF LEADING PHYSICAL DIRECTORS
CONSUMERS' LEAGUE ENDORSEMENT

Columbia Gymnasium Suit Co.,

301 Congress Street, Boston

B. S. COLE

Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Poultry and Game

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Stalls 13 and 15 Faneuil Hall Market - BOSTON, MASS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins



The leading store in New England for the sale of Women's Footwear of every description . . . . .



47 Temple Place **15 West Street**

BOSTON

The girls gaze out of windows,
Always — day or night;
Nothing ever happens, but
They think that something might.

Each night the Good-man did his best
To make the fire to "KEEP".
Each morning when he rose from rest
The COAL had gone to sleep.

He slumbers now in calm content;
He's found to his delight,
That CROSS' COAL
Will keep alive all night.

ARCO BUILDING - - ANDOVER

Satisfaction and Real Economy

RESULT FROM BUYING

MEATS that are the **BEST**

Yon can always get that kind from

WESTON-THURSTON CO.

DEALERS IN

BEEF, VEAL, LAMB, PORK, POULTRY, BUTTER, CHEESE and EGGS

STALLS 20-22-24 NEW FANEUIL HALL MARKET

BOSTON, MASS.

COBB, BATES & YERXA COMPANY

Importers and ....Grocers....

Schools, Clubs, Hotels and Public Institutions Supplied Upon Most Favorable Terms

---

22 SUMMER STREET (Wholesale only)

ALSO AT

56 to 61 SUMMER STREET

6 and 8 FANEUIL HALL

89 CAUSEWAY STREET

and 274 FRIEND STREET

THE ANDOVER PRESS

Printers

Publishers of

The Andover Townsman

Proprietors of... The Andover Bookstore

PRESS BUILDING Established 1809

"Waters Reducing Valves,
used exclusively by Abbot Academy,
Manufactured by
Waters Governor Company,
Boston, Mass."

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

...COMPLIMENTS OF...

ANDOVER COAL COMPANY

POST OFFICE AVE., ANDOVER, MASS.

PAGE

THE CATERER

LOWELL, MASS.

M. V. KILEY A. G. TAYLOR

Elite Millinery

ELM BLOCK

BARNARD STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

MOURNING GOODS A SPECIALTY

HOME-MADE CANDY

CLUB SANDWICHES



SPECIAL LUNCHEON PARTIES Arranged For

112 MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS
Will Welcome Your Patronage

Dry Goods, Ladies' and Gent's Furnishings

MISS F. M. PORTER

MAIN STREET - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

Agents for
Rhodes and Moulton's Laundry

Agents for the
Crossett Shoe for Men

J. P. WYLLIE & CO.

Fine Footwear

Repairing a Specialty

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER

STORAGE RENTING REPAIRS

MYERSCOUGH & BUCHAN

AUTOMOBILE STATION

TELEPHONE 208

59-61 PARK STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

PETTINGELL - ANDREWS COMPANY

ELECTRICAL GOODS

LIGHTING FIXTURES

AUTO AND MOTOR BOAT SUPPLIES

BOSTON, MASS.



$1.50 $3 $4 $1.75 $2.50 $2.25

Patty Comfort

Doll with a rubber lined body of best quality to fill with hot water, keeping a child warm in carriage or bed.

Comfort Bunny

Holding about a quart of hot water, has a washable cover like a young white rabbit - - - $1.50

Mother Bunny

Like Peter Rabbit's Mother, $2.00
She wears a blue coat and white apron

SEND FOR PICTURES

20% DISCOUNT WITH THIS COUPON

Mistress Patty Abbot Comfort, Andover, Mass.



Please mail Patty Comfort at - - - $
" " *Bunny Comfort at - - - $1.50*
" " *Mother Bunny Comfort at - - $2.00*

*M*_____

*Address*_____

Enclosed is check deducting 20% for Abbot's sake.

The Abbot Courant

January, 1913

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1913

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XXXIX No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1913

Contents

The Lullaby of the Sea (poem) 5
Esther Parks

The Candlestick and the Cradle 6
Dorothy Perkins

The Fifth Siege of Constantinople 8
Ethel Rand

At the Young America 12
Barbara Hadley

Going to College 15
Mary Rutherford Harsh

As Good as His Word 17
Margaret I. Blake

A True Story 20
Helen Boyd

My Dream Friends (poem) 20
Dorothy Perkins

Da Capo al Fine 21
Helen Hanscom

Odysseus as a Gentleman (of today) 23
Elisabeth Bartlett

A Story 25
Barbara Hadley

Editorials 27

Letters to the Editor 33

School Journal 37

Alumnae Notes 47

The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies fifty cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.

The Andover Press



REVEREND DANIEL MERRIMAN, D. D.

THE ABBOT COURANT

Literary Editors

HELEN DANFORTH, 1913

DOROTHY PERKINS, C.P., 1913 — BARBARA HADLEY

ELISABETH BARTLETT, C.P., 1914 — MARY SWEENEY, C.P., 1914

Business Editors

MARGARET WILKINS, 1913

RUTH JENKINS — MILDRED HORNE, C.P., 1914

Vol. XXXIX — JANUARY, 1913 — No. 1

The Lullaby of the Sea

O hush ye, my baby,
O hush ye and sleep;
The waves are thy cradle
Thy mother, the deep.

The gull soars above thee
Against the dark sky,
Crying and calling
A weird lullaby.

The night breeze is sighing,
All mournful and drear;
But fear not, lie quiet,
Thy mother is near.

The stars far above thee
Their long vigil keep,
So hush ye, and list
To the song of the deep.

Esther Parks, C. P. 1914

The Candlestick and the Cradle

Paolo Vindriddi, whistling thoughtfully to himself as he watched the sun go down behind the trees, trudged along the narrow road beside his small grey donkey and his dusty two-wheeled cart.

His mind was filled with thoughts of his pretty young wife, who would be awaiting him. In his cart he was carrying a new article of furniture, which he had gone all the way into the city to purchase. It was very small, and, as the cart jolted over the ground, it rocked back and forth. He was very happy and very much awed because of the necessity for this new bit of furniture. He was thinking very seriously about it, for his wife would need care and many delicacies, and the little one would cost also much money. And money did not come so easily to Paolo Vindriddi.

He sighed, and gave the donkey a prompting thwack on its small grey flank, which was quite useless, for the little beast only raised an ear in surprise, and proceeded comfortably along at the same gait.

Suddenly Paolo's musings were interrupted by the sound of a human voice, and in the gathering dusk he perceived a prostrate figure at the side of the road.

He hastened toward it, and dropping on his knee, he found it was an old man, who was quite unable to move.

"Water," came in a gasp from the weak lips, and Paolo hastened to fetch his water-bag from the cart. He propped the old man up, and aided him to swallow some of the liquid, which seemed to make him more comfortable, but he was nearly exhausted, and just able to drag his bundle to his side and extract a package, which he handed to Paolo. He tried to speak, but his head suddenly sank forward, and he became a dead weight in his supporter's arms.

Sadly, for he was a sympathetic fellow, Paolo made the sign of the cross, and lifted the body, which was a light enough weight, into his cart. Then he thought of the package which had been handed to him, and eagerly untied its wrappings. To his surprise, he found it contained only a curiously carved candle-

stick with a wax taper which had been partly burned. He tucked it rather disappointedly into his pocket, and proceeded on his way, stopping at the coroner's when he reached the village, to relieve himself of his burden and his tale.

Soon after, he was at his own small home, and so eagerly welcomed by his black-eyed wife, Mizzi, that he temporarily forgot his adventure.

"Hasten and eat," said Mizzi, "for I have no candle to make light for thee, and it grows rapidly darker."

"Ah! that need not trouble thee," answered Paolo, and he drew forth the taper which had been presented to him. This, of course, necessitated the relating of how he had come by it, and it was late before they sat down to their repast.

Two nights afterward, as they sat again at their supper, Mizzi brought a candle from her new supply to replace the taper, which had almost burned down to the candlestick. She tried to dislodge it, but it stuck, and Paolo was obliged to pry it out with the point of his knife. As it flew out of the candlestick, in the space beneath he spied a small object encased in tinfoil.

Hastily unwrapped, it lay on the table before them, a great round white pearl, worth what seemed a small fortune to Paolo. Quickly he crossed himself. Then Mizzi threw her arms around his neck with a little gasp of wonder. Simultaneously their heads turned and they looked at the new bit of furniture, which stood importantly in front of the fire-place. Then, as their eyes met again, they smiled.

Dorothy Perkins, C. P. 1913

The Fifth Siege of Constantinople

Riding at a quick canter through the streets of Constantinople, Crispus, a young and handsome officer, high in the favor of Constantine XIII, reined up his spirited horse before the Palace of Blachernal, situated in the northwestern part of the city. Leaving his horse in charge of a page, he bounded up the marble steps and sought out the apartments of the beautiful Helena, a young princess who bore the name of the sainted mother of Constantine the Great. That day Crispus threw aside the heavy velvet draperies with more energy than usual and hastened to greet the beautiful girl, whom he hoped some day to take to his own palace as his bride. Helena reclined on a couch which was covered with a crimson cloth richly embroidered in gold. She herself was dressed in a flowing robe ornamented with jewels. Her soft dark eyes kindled with a new light as she greeted the young soldier, and her cheeks, which were naturally a clear olive color, flushed to a faint blush.

"You seem in great haste, Crispus. Something surely of unusual interest must have brought you here so unexpectedly at this time of the day."

"'You speak rightly," answered Crispus, as striding up and down the marble floor, he finally halted and seated himself beside the maiden. "I would I had pleasant news for you on this beautiful day. If only the affairs of the empire were as peaceful and undisturbed as this quiet chamber." And, as he said this, both unconsciously glanced over the warm colored walls hung with rare tapestries and the mosaic floor wrought in beautifully tinted marbles.

"The expression of your face troubles me, Crispus. Tell me quickly what has happened or my imagination will make it out worse than it is!"

"You remember, Helena, how I have often told you that I would rather see the turban of Mahomet displayed in our streets than see the Roman purple in the church of St. Sophia. I still hate the Western Church and all the ceremony connected with it, and could wish that both Turk and Roman left us alone."

"Please, Crispus, please! What it is! Tell me quickly!"

"We are likely to be besieged by Mahomet II at any time. Constantine has ordered me away this very day in command of some ships to try to keep back the Turkish fleet. The main part of the Moslem army is already advancing by land upon our city. We have been expecting trouble from these heathen worshipers for a long time and Constantine has done his best to rouse the people to realize their danger. But the fools won't rise from their soft seats until the dogs have actually set their teeth into their flesh. I have been expecting to have to leave you, my lovely princess, but I did not know it would be so soon. Ah, Helena, do not think all is lost because I leave the city! The thought of you will double my strength and, God helping me, I will return to you either as a victor or as your bodyguard. Farewell, lovely Helena, I would willingly stay longer if it were not that I have remained over long already."

Some days later, a report reached the ears of Helena as she sat in the seclusion of her chamber, large-eyed and with tear-stained cheek, that all the Greek ships had been destroyed by the Turkish fleet, which, numbering two hundred and fifty vessels, had advanced as far as the Dardanelles. With a heavy heart she sent her page to find out if this were really true. While she waited for his return, she wrapped herself in a long dark robe which covered her from head to foot, and hastened to the turret of the wall which surrounded the palace, and gazed out over the blue waters of the bay. There she had hoped that the ship bearing her lover would be before many days had passed, and her heart was filled with grief as she looked out over the familiar shore. The page, returning from his swift errand, told her, as he gasped for breath, that four ships had escaped from the Isle of Chio and were looked for in the harbor that very night, that is if they escaped the Turkish guns.

Many a woman's eyes strained out over the dimly-lighted harbor that night, and many a maiden's heart beat fast with hope. Not least among them all, Helena, princess of beauty and of rank, standing motionless on her high outlook, felt her eyes strain in their sockets and her heart leap to her throat at every new shadow cast upon the dark waters below. She knew that

men stood ready to let down huge chains the second after the four ships passed into safety, chains that would keep the Turkish fleet from entering their fair harbor.

"At last! At last!" More than one man and woman uttered that short phrase as the white sails of their gallant ships were outlined against the moonlit sky and the clanging chains shut out their pursuers.

There was no chance that Crispus or any other sailor should seek his beloved ones on that night, even if they were among the fortunate ones who had escaped. Constantine was fortifying the city as fast and as well as he could, and needed the help of every man in the city to make up, if possible, for the lost time and the delay of the previous months. Both night and day the men worked, taxing their strength and endurance to the very limit.

Helena heard at one time that Crispus was among the returned sailors, and at another that he had sunk in a burning ship. Reports of every kind were heard on all sides, but one morning a rumor was spread abroad which filled the hearts of the very bravest with terror. No need to ask if it was true, for there, spread out before the eyes of all the city, there, resting mockingly upon the blue surface of the bay which Constantine had thought secure against the enemy, there lay the Turkish vessels. Marvelous indeed was the story of their transportation. Over a hilly ground they had been dragged on a greased trough by the aid of men and machinery, amid the sound of the trumpets and the glare of torches, with sails furled, and under command of their pilots. The miracle had been accomplished during one night without the men of Constantinople's even suspecting it.

Helena had once seen with her own eyes the form of her lover among those who commanded the defense of the walls, and her anxiety knew no bounds when she saw the enemy so near.

Crispus, however great his apprehension at the sight of the foe, had no time to dwell upon the danger. Mahomet now controlled the harbor and was preparing for an attack upon the city itself. The noble Constantine indignantly refused to give up the imperial city when Mahomet offered to leave him the

Peloponnesus should he do so. Rather would the brave emperor have been buried under the city wall.

Three o'clock in the morning came and the siege had begun. Before sunrise, thirty thousand men of the Turkish force had perished, sent out by Mahomet, practically unarmed, for the sole purpose of wearying the defenders with bloodshed. At the first rays of the sun, the Turks again sounded their trumpets and their fresh signals. The gods themselves who took part in the siege of Troy would have gloried in the courage shown by both sides at this bombardment. Troy was avenged — for the streets of a Greek city now flowed with a crimson stream of their fallen heroes. Constantine died, fighting in the thickest of the contest, falling with many of his brave followers, and with him fell the eastern empire, and the church of St. Sophia, once closed against the Roman cardinals, became a Moslem mosque. Mahomet had scaled the walls and the Moslem faith had gained its strong foothold on European soil.

The beautiful Helena was not idle during the siege, for there was hardly a woman or child in all that great capital who did not help in its defense by carrying stones and all articles useful as weapons to the exhausted men. When the Turks finally entered the city, she escaped, by the aid of her page, through a secret door in the wall.

Crispus was severely wounded during the fighting, and narrowly escaped death, but a faithful monk concealed and nursed him to life during the reign of carnal passion which followed the fall of the city.

Three years later, in the city of Rome, Crispus and Helena were joined in wedlock and there lived for several years, until they finally went back nearer to their beloved east and built themselves a home in Hungary.

Ethel Rand, C. P. 1913

At the Young America

It was a cold, gray November day; at noon the sun had gone behind a cloud and the cold grayness of the day became more and more dismal as night drew on. About three in the afternoon the air began to fill with white feathery flakes, and by six o'clock the little western town was buried beneath the swirling whiteness. In the big new cabin of two stories, called by courtesy a hotel, and, as the glaring sign over the door proclaimed, "The Young America Hotel, Pat O'Brien, Prop.," all was warm, at least as warm as the big red-hot stove could make it. Against the windows the snowflakes pattered with a soft, swishing sound. The wind shook the Young America to its very foundations and rattled the windowpanes violently. The stove grew redder and redder and the room grew warmer and warmer.

Around the stove sat four men, with feet resting comfortably on the stove-rail, while with the odor of kerosene lamps was mingled the odor of singeing shoe-leather and "good old Bull Durham tobacco."

A young lover, impatient at the storm that kept him an unwilling guest, pored over a sheet of dainty note-paper and scowled darkly. Pat thought that he was out of his mind, for Pat was not versed in the ways of love.

Sitting quietly in his chair, staring fixedly into the fire, was a gaunt-faced man of about thirty years. His hands were dropped listlessly by his side, but his ears were intently alert to catch any sound. His whole attitude expressed dejection, a fierce dejection, that struck a note of fear in the minds of his comrades of the storm.

Mr. Weinstien, flourishing salesman for Higgonbaum Cloaks and Suits Wholesale House, occupied the chair next to the Silent Man. With thumbs hooked complacently in the armholes of his vest, his cigar tilted in his mouth until it almost touched his eyebrow, he looked the picture of immense self-satisfaction.

Mr. Weinstien's neighbor was a small, gray-haired man, whose big spectacles and the absent-minded stare with which

he greeted any remark of Mr. Weinstien or the jolly Pat had earned him the name of Professor.

Pat heaved a sigh; he took off his spectacles and began to polish them. Finally he spoke, "B'gorra! gentlemen, but you'd be after thinkin' that we were havin' a funeral. Oh, Jenks, me boy!" this to a tall, lanky fellow just disappearing with a lantern down the dark cellar stairs, "bring up a tall one and some glasses!" Then turning to his guests, "The man of you that tells the best story will be after drinkin' the best beer in the country, and smokin' too, all for nothin'."

Pat leaned his elbows on his desk and grinned broadly at the four men. The professor blinked in surprise; the lover brought his feet down from the stove-rail with a thump and laughed loudly, then swore under his breath, for there had been nothing to laugh at. Mr. Weinstien seemed to grow an inch taller and had opened his mouth to speak, when the Silent Man turned swiftly in his chair and began. His voice was husky at first, and the words tumbled over each other, they came so quickly.

"Huh, I know a story; oh yes, I know a story, and it's not a pretty story either. I've been silent all my life, but now you're going to listen to me." He laughed bitterly and his laugh had a tense ring, that jarred upon the nerves of the listening men.

"Every one of you wonder why I've been so silent, and you're afraid of me! You're afraid of me and I'm glad. I've been afraid, too. I don't remember of ever having a mother. Dad went away when I was a little shaver and never came back. The Old Man took Sis and I to bring up. He'd lick me, every time he got mad. He didn't dare lick Sis, she was a girl. Drink made him mad and Sis's crying made him mad. Once Sis caught hold of his arm, when he was licking me and he turned on her and struck her. I went mad, I guess. I leaped for his throat and I got it! I held on until he was black in the face. Four policeman pulled us apart. I don't remember much after that. I remember kissing Sis and telling her not to cry. Then they took me away.

"For weeks after that, everything was a nightmare of blue-

coated officials and musty-smelling courtrooms, and there were strange faces everywhere. Then they took me to a Reform School. I stayed there until it seemed as if I'd go mad and kill some one. But one night I broke away and went to find my sister. She had gone, no one knew where. I hunted for her everywhere and at last I found her. It was winter and she was cold and hungry. I was down and out, not a cent in my pockets, and I stole for her. I'll do it again. They got me and I was sent up. Well, what of it? I got out of there. I had to get out. I had to see Sis. I had to knock a guard out to do it, but I had to see Sis. And I'm going to see Sis, now! You've heard my story, now hear this! If anyone tries to stop me I'll kill him! Yes, I'll kill him as I would have killed the Old Man if the police hadn't come!"

He sprang up from his chair, strode to the door, opened it and passed out into the storm.

The little professor blew his nose hurriedly, then rose from his chair, kicked the Silent Man's chair to the side of the room, jerked the trembling Mr. Weinstien, chair and all, into the empty space before the stove, then turned to the bewildered men and spoke to them in a thundering voice:

"There have only been four men in this room all evening! Do you hear! Weinstien, you fool, tell your story, we're thirsty."

Barbara Hadley

Going to College

Mrs. Paine and her daughter were seated together in the dusky library late one winter afternoon. The flickering firelight showed the eager faces of the mother and the young girl.

Elizabeth was a senior at high school. In the spring, there would be two courses open to her: to finish school, and become a débutante of the next season, or to make ready to go to college, and prolong her schooldays four years. She was facing the problem with her mother, who could understand her daughter's every thought and feeling, for she remembered vividly the long family councils which were held during her own last year of high school for the purpose of deciding whether or not she, a little country girl named Jane, should go to college.

"Mother," said Elizabeth," you had to decide, too, didn't you?"

"Yes, dear, I did, but it was rather different with me. College is a matter of choice with you, while in our little family on the old farm at Ashfield, every cent had to be counted. When I finished high school, I was eager to continue my studies, and to see more of people. There was no social life at home, such as you have. From what I had heard of college, it seemed to be the best place in which I could carry out my two desires.

"Never shall I forget the first time that I timidly mentioned my hope. It was one night when we were around the lamp in the dining-room. Mother and Father, and Aunt Martha were there, and your Aunt Emma too. Each of their faces showed the different thoughts, which they expressed in the long discussion that followed. Father was the first to speak. Dear old Father, college was a new idea to him. He held that I knew enough without spending more money, and he could not afford to waste anything. Aunt Martha was violently opposed. In her idea, college was not the place to learn what a girl should know about a home. What was it to which she compared college? Oh! yes, I remember; it was a mill into which one puts girls expecting them to be improved, and from which, on the other hand, they were ground to nervous wrecks.

"There did not seem to be much hope of my winning, did there, Elizabeth? But I did, and I have always been thankful. That night, I went to bed discouraged. I was lying awake when Mother stole to my bedside. We had a long talk together. Dear, sympathetic Mother had watched my face closely during the evening, and had seen my deep disappointment. I was so glad to have her on my side, even though she had no way of helping me materially. There was one other in the family, who understood me, your Aunt Emma. She felt the farmlife to be cramped too, and helped me in my desire to reach out. Dear sister thought it over, and talked it over just as if I had been herself. There was never such a darling!

"Emma was so happy one day when she came to me with her plan of earning money for my tuition, but I wonder if she could have been as happy as I. She thought of our having a tea-room at a summer resort which was not far away. The next summer, Emma helped me steadily, making cakes, cookies, and fancywork to sell at our tea-room, until on the seventeenth of September I started forth to Mt. Holyoke, full of expectation, with the lightest heart and the brightest face a girl ever had! We had a feeling of victory together."

Elizabeth had listened thoughtfully without speaking a word. At the moment her mother finished, the girl bounded toward her, and threw her arms around her neck. "I am going, Mother, I am going to college. If you could make an opportunity, I can use the one that is given to me."

Mary Rutherford Harsh, C. P. 1914

As Good as His Word

After Jack Stevens graduated from the theological seminary, he found a field open to him in the western part of the country. The inhabitants of his region were ranchmen and a few scattered bands of Indians, who had not as yet been forced into their reservations. The "Reverend," as he now called himself, found his work among the people very interesting, especially among the ranchmen, who seemed to take kindly to him from the first of their acquaintance.

One winter's day when the snow was falling thick upon the plain below the cabin in which Barnes had his winter home, he could see through a corner of the windowpane where the frost had been scratched away, a man and horse struggling through the deepening snow. Slowly and laboriously on they came until they reached a sheltered place behind a rock just below the cabin; there the rider covered his horse with a sheepskin blanket and made his way to the house. The door opened almost before he could knock, and the cheerful smile and hearty greeting, such as only Stevens could give, welcomed the muffled figure before him. The man entered and when he had removed a few outer wraps, Stevens recognized one of his ranch friends, Guy Maxey.

"Don't say a word, old chap, until I've got you thawed out a bit; you look about like an iceberg," commented the minister.

Guy obeyed and meekly accepted the hot coffee and stew which Stevens had prepared for his own dinner, and meanwhile warmed his numbed hands and feet before the open fire.

"Now tell me what brought you way over here," demanded Stevens of his guest.

"Well, you see last night father died and I wanted you to come over to the ranch and give him a sort of decent burial," replied Guy, his face lengthening as he spoke.

"All right, old fellow, I'll be right glad to do anything I can for you. When am I to be there?"

"Oh, I reckon about tomorrow at two o'clock."

After feeding and resting his horse, Guy started home, deeply engrossed in his thoughts.

The next day was bright and clear. The neighboring ranchmen and their families came to the house in such numbers that the rooms were soon filled with friends of the deceased.

When Stevens was about to enter the room where the coffin lay, Guy plucked him by the sleeve and spoke to him in a hoarse whisper:

"I promised the old man that before he was tucked away for the last time, I would marry Lucy Preston, because he wanted to be sure I'd stay where I belonged, and he allowed that she was the only one who could do anything with me."

"Just as soon as I finish the funeral prayers, I'll attend to you and Lucy," replied Stevens hurriedly.

"No, you won't wait that long; it's got to be done here and now, else I'm not keeping that promise, am I?"

"Well, where's the girl?"

"Out there," and Guy pointed towards the opposite room.

"Fetch her along then," commanded Stevens, rather surprised at Maxey's insistency.

Presently the two appeared from the outer room and when they stood before him, Stevens began to read clearly and distinctly, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in holy assembly to witness ——"

"Say, mister, this ain't no weddin'," called a voice from the other room.

"Yes, it is out here," was the reply, and Stevens continued the ceremony.

At length the final blessing was pronounced and Stevens made his way to the other room, where he went on with the funeral, after which Lucy and Guy received many congratulations mingled with tears for the departed.

As time went on, the neighbors were surprised to see Guy Maxey take up the ranch work where his father had left it, and become one of the most prominent men of that section, but they never understood why he insisted on being married on the day of his father's funeral.

Margaret I. Blake, 1914

Gyp always spent the mornings with me in my study. She would lie quietly, half asleep, on the sofa, only opening an eye now and then to see what I was doing. One morning, however, she seemed restless. She got up, went around and around in one place, trying to get comfortable. She whined softly and jumped up to the window to look out, her head cocked wonderingly on one side. Suddenly my door was flung open. "Hey, Professor, your barn's on fire."

I sprang to my feet and rushed down the stairs, but Gyp was ahead of me. By the time I reached the back door she was wildly jumping against the closed barn door. Then I remembered and ran quickly to her. As yet there was very little smoke in this part of the building, so we raced up to the loft in comparative safety. The little dog darted over to the old corn-bin and jumped in. I leaned over the side, grasped a struggling mass of puppydom, and, followed closely by the little mother, hurried down stairs and out. I carried the pups up to the porch, put them down and left Gyp in charge. The summer had been unusually dry so the flames ran over the timber of the doomed building like wild-fire. The firemen did their best, but soon all hopes of saving the building were given up. Smoke poured from the windows, while the doorway through which I had passed a few minutes before was filled with flames.

Suddenly a small white body hurled itself against my legs, and I saw Gyp going head over heels straight toward the door. When she was almost in it she stopped and filled the air with cries.

"Better grab that animal, Professor, she may go back in the fire. They do sometimes."

I reached over to seize her collar and for the first time in her life, she turned on me with an angry snap. I stepped back, surprised. The doorway was shot through by flames; a burning beam fell directly across the way. The dog gave a piteous cry and in a second was gone.

The firemen called to the crowd to "stand back" and a heavy silence fell over all, broken only by an occasional crack of

glass, the hissing of the flames or the noise of falling timbers. Suddenly as if one man the crowd looked up toward the window in the second floor. Tears sprang to the eyes of everyone and all began to whistle and instinctively hold out their arms. There stood Gyp, her little trembling body outlined against the furnace of flames. In her mouth she held a struggling puppy. The smoke grew thicker. A long, hungry flame shot out over the brave little dog. She pushed herself forward, grasped the puppy, which I had so carelessly left, and jumped. The crowd shouted and gathered around the little mother, then turned away, for the brave little body lay very still.

Helen Boyd, 1913

My Dream Friends

When I am tired of my play,
And when my daily tasks are done,
I put my books and toys away,
And my dream friends begin to come.

They cluster round and whisper low
And tell me, Oh! the nicest things,
Of knights and ladies long ago,
Of goblins, and of elves with wings.

Then Ellen comes and brings the lights,
And — just as quick — they run away!
But then, they always promise me
They'll come again, another day.

I always hate to see them go —
I am so very fond of them
That I can hardly wait until
They come to visit me again.

Dorothy Perkins, C. P. 1913

"Oh, hum, hum, hum! Gee, but I'm tired." Maggie Maloney threw herself across the bed in the little room.

"Well cheer up, you ain't the only one," her companion replied. Maggie unpinned her hat, aimed at the bedpost, safely landed her hat upon it, and with two kicks, first from one foot and then the other, she flung her pumps across the room, caring little as to where they landed. Then with a sigh she continued, "This workin' in the fact'ry ain't what it's cracked up ter bein'. Der you know, I'm sick of it?" Katie seated herself comfortably in a rocker, put her feet upon the table, and began to read the *Boston American*.

"And then what, Mag?"

"Oh, there are plenty other things to do."

"What, for instance?"

"I'll show yer." Maggie snatched the paper from her companion and frantically turned the pages, glancing down the columns, mumbling as she did so, "Wants, ads, lost, no, that's not it. Here we are, Katie, 'Wanted.'

> 'WANTED — At once 2 neat appearing girls for chorus work; long engagement. Apply 178A Tremont Street, Room 31.'

"Three cheers! Say, but I think that's swell; what do you say, Kate?"

"I'm on," Katie replied, "but say, when'll we apply?" There was a pause and then Katie continued, "I have it, that's a cinch, we'll go tomorrow afternoon."

"Good dope, old girl; sure enough, tomorrow's Saturday."

That evening there was considerable practising and preparing for their Saturday afternoon appearance. Paint was applied to both faces, burnt matches were used for their eyebrows. At last, rather late, the lamp was blown out and two girls with their faces considerably powdered and painted and their heads decorated with a mixture of rags and papers, crept into bed.

Saturday afternoon arrived after a long and tedious morning. Katie and Maggie came home with hats, gloves and various other necessities borrowed from their factory companions. After

much fussing and arguing the two were ready, both wearing picture hats with large plumes flowing from them. Their shoes were shabby, not having seen blacking for many a day, but their faces were highly decorated with paint and powder and framed by ringlets and earrings.

"Well, Katie, we're off!" exclaimed Maggie — and they were. They waded across the room, stepping over skirts, hat boxes, papers and shoes, and a few minutes later two self-satisfied girls walked up Tremont Street into 178A and knocked at Number 31.

They stepped into the office and, suddenly embarrassed, took the two seats nearest the door. One by one, girls came in. At first Maggie and Katie kept their courage and considered themselves as "classy" as anyone in the room. But as they waited and saw the different appearance of the applicants, they began to realize that something beside "class" was required. At last their turn to be interviewed came and, quivering with desperate hope, they disappeared into the inner room.

* * * * *

Sunday evening's papers arrived. Reluctantly Katie picked them up and casually read,

"'WANTED — Strong girls for the factory.'

Say, Mag, how does that sound?"

"Pretty good to me," was the reply.

"And pretty good to me," Katie agreed. "I tell you, Mag, the fact'ry ain't so bad, after all."

Helen Hanscom, 1914

Odysseus as a Gentleman (of Today)

Long-tried, royal Odysseus smoothed the collar of his dinner coat anxiously. He wasn't used to such frivolous clothes and on this occasion felt very tried indeed. He coughed slightly, because his collar was too tight, and looked across the glittering ballroom where a group of young ladies, attired after the latest fashion, were trying some very recent dances.

Then he spoke and several young men drew near to hear: "Indeed, many and curious have been my adventures in foreign lands. Once, on a distant island in the midst of the wine-dark sea, a beautiful enchantress turned my comrades into swine. On a deserted shore a monster with one red eye in the middle of his forehead, ate, alive, several of my most trusted companions. But never in my many wanderings have I witnessed a sight like this. Behold! There is a woman like heedful Penelope, with spikes on her sandals that stick into the ground as she walks. Her tunic and robes are indeed very scarce, and I fear that not even Circe, the enchantress, wore such hair. The tunic I myself wear is unusual and these sandals ——"

"Come along with us, old sport, and learn the 'Texas Tommy,'" interrupted one of the young men.

Wise Odysseus thought it best to "come aolng" and let the young men lead him away. The dinner coat was not becoming, neither were the trousers, nor the pumps, and royal Odysseus looked peculiarly like a very much over-dressed scare-crow.

"Have a cigarette, sir?" asked one of the young men politely. Wise Odysseus helped himself and wondered what heaven-descended Menelaus would do were he present.

"Shall I light it?" inquired another. Odysseus put the odious thing in his mouth while a match was applied to the end. A moment later royal Odysseus was coughing in a most undignified manner.

Then a tall youth put his arms lovingly around him: "Now we will try the 'Texas Tommy'!" Laërtes' son, ready Odysseus, was embarrassed, exceedingly embarrassed, and shuffled his feet upon the shiny floor as the youth advised. Soon

his director said " Whew," and went away wiping his streaming face.

" Indeed, this is far worse than being in the house of Hades," said wise Odysseus, silently resolving not to tell this adventure to his son, discreet Telamachus.

The ladies were shocked and said " O," and the gentlemen said " Come on, old man, this will never do! It's time for bed."

Several careful youths escorted long-tried, royal Odysseus to a chamber of repose and assisted him with his cumbrous garments. They put him into a great white bed and went away. Here, wrapped in peaceful slumbers, wise Odysseus remained until the early, rosy-fingered dawn appeared over the nearest housetop.

Elisabeth Bartlett, C. P. 1914

A Story

He was young, good-looking and very much in love. She was also young, very pretty and not at all in love apparently, but went on playing ragtime as if her life depended on it.

"But, I say, Ruth!" he pleaded earnestly, leaning over the piano, "give me the word and I'll do anything you say."

Ruth gave him a cold glance, and started on the chorus of "Whistle It," her sweet lips puckering in a whistle. It was rather discouraging, to say the least, and not at all as our great-great-grandmothers would have done.

"All right! you can whistle! But, I tell you, Ruth, I love you and if you won't give me the word I want I'll — I'll commit suicide!" boyishly.

Ruth stopped whistling, to laugh! She laughed until she cried and the Boy stood first on one foot and then on the other, wishing he could shake the little tease.

"Commit suicide, oh my!" she chuckled.

The Boy bit his lip and frowned. It isn't comforting to be laughed at even by the most Adorable One.

"I'll tell you what to do, Boy. Go to work! Yes, I mean it. Work! You've done nothing all your life but spend your father's money. At college, all you're acquiring is several thousand sporty neckties and a whole lot of slang! The only thing that has affected your head any is a broken nose gained in football. Don't try to stop me, Boy, because I've made up my mind to tell you a few plain truths."

The Boy's mouth closed with a snap and his eyes glittered angrily, but nevertheless he heard what she had to say and it wasn't exactly complimentary. In fact, it was very uncomplimentary and straight to the point!

When she had had her say she began to whistle again, utterly ignoring the wrathful young man.

"Ruth!"

Ruth went on whistling.

"Cut it out, I say!" sternly.

Surprised, Ruth did "cut it out."

"Listen to me," he commanded. "I know I'm all that you say I am — but I love you ——"

"If you love me enough to work for me — why ——" carefully dusting the polished music-rack with a wee bit of a handkerchief, "why — maybe ——"

"Ruth!" he cried joyfully. "You ——"

"You haven't begun to work, yet," severely, beginning on the chosus of "I'll sit right on the moon and keep my eyes on you."

The Boy stared stupidly at her a minute, then turned and bolted from the room. She heard the front door slam and smiled to herself.

Tripping down Tremont Street the next afternoon, Ruth collided violently with a young man who was just entering The Loan and Trust Building. The force of the collision knocked Ruth off her feet and a big black bag out of the young man's hand.

"Good Heavens, Ruth!" gasped the young man, reaching for his bag with one hand and for his hat with the other, too confused to offer her a helping hand.

"What are you doing, Boy?" panted Ruth, scrambling to her feet.

"I'm working!" cried the Boy importantly. "I'm a messenger boy for the Loan and Trust Company. Very responsible position! Sorry, can't stop, awfully busy!"

Lifting his hat politely to her, he disappeared into the building.

"What do you think of that!" whispered Ruth softly to herself.

Barbara Hadley

Editorials

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Merriman was chosen a trustee of Abbot Academy in 1900; and immediately began to make himself familiar with the purpose and methods of the school, with his accustomed thoroughness. In his death last September the school has lost more than can be put in words. As a member of the finance committee he insisted upon a reorganization of the system in use, upon lines which put new vigour into the whole conduct of the institution. In 1902 he was elected President of the board of trustees, and applied his unusual ability in far-sighted plans for the growth of the school. In 1903 the plans for a new building, which had been proposed some time before, were carefully examined and approved; the McKeen Hall was begun, and the cornerstone was laid in that year (of the seventy-fifth anniversary) with great rejoicing. Dr. Merriman made the address. In 1904 the building was dedicated and opened with an address by him and one by President Booker T. Washington.

The school once settled in the new recitation rooms and gymnasium, it became evident that Abbot Hall must be altered for use as a science building; and in connection with the erection of the John-Esther Gallery, this difficult work was successfully accomplished. The Gallery was opened in 1907 with an address by Dr. Merriman and one by President Charles W. Eliot. At a little earlier period, plans were prepared, and approved, under Dr. Merriman's careful supervision, for an infirmary, to be placed outside but in connection with Draper Hall. Their execution has been delayed in favour of more immediate needs. With all these buildings a change to increased power for heating made a combination with Phillips Academy an economy in cleanliness and force. Alterations for health and comfort in Draper Hall; the withdrawal of the laundry and lighting machinery; the erection of a building for such machinery; the probability of a new dormitory in the near future,— all these received his most careful and untiring thought. His last work for the school was in the difficult matter of the selection of a new Principal who should appreciate the high standard of character and scholarship

which Abbot Academy has always proudly maintained, and who should be ready to carry it still further on its prosperous way. This is only an enumeration of the material advances which we who enjoy the results can hardly believe have taken place in so short a time; and which are greatly owing to Dr. Merriman's initiative and to his resolution that what was wise to do should be done.

Dr. Merriman's character has enlarged and deeply affected Abbot Academy. In his addresses his presence was dignified, his facts accurate, his thought clear and helpful, his language most felicitous. To his natural qualities of thoroughness and intense application in all to which he set his hand; to his capacity for detailed work in large plans, he added the enlarged judgment developed through much experience with educational institutions and in building for them. His finely-trained mind; his sense of beauty, of proportion, of propriety, of perfection; his keen business perception; his earnest spirit, and desire that the young lives under his care should be trained in truth and simplicity of faith and life — these made him such a leader of the school as cannot easily be found again. He put up the memorial tablets; he gave the Greek casts in McKeen Hall; he added minor points of beauty and appropriateness to the John-Esther Gallery. No program of exercises but was made refined and beautiful by his judgment; no chance to secure a most able and inspiring speaker was lost by him. Alert to give the best, no matter was neglected, however small, if it could complete a satisfactory whole.

In almost his own words spoken of the Misses McKeen in his address at the dedication of that Hall, "Granite, marble, bronze, shall crumble into dust, but character shall endure." So may what he has built into this school grow and make lives stronger and better because of his work here.

On Saturday, October the nineteenth, was held in Davis Hall a ceremony which marks an epoch in the history of Abbot, the inauguration of its new principal.

Never before in the history of the school have like exercises been held; and the day was certainly a success, for, beyond the

interest we felt in the exercises themselves, it was a source of wonderful inspiration to feel the Abbot spirit, which was everywhere, as the alumnae and friends of the school met together to show their affection for their school, and their sincere good wishes for its new leader.

The exercises were begun with an anthem sung by the Fidelio Society. Then followed a prayer by the Reverend Markham W. Stackpole, and the addresses. The Honorable Marcus Morton of the Board of Trustees presided. The speakers were Professor Forbes, Acting Principal of Phillips Academy in the absence of Mr. Stearns, Miss Laura A. Knott of Bradford Academy, Miss Anna Dawes, who is the President of the Alumnae Association, and Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, President of Wellesley College.

After another chorus by the Fidelio Society, Miss Bailey spoke to us. If in the mind of anyone there could have been any doubt as to her ability to fulfill the trust given into her hands, or as to her worthiness to be the guide and the friend of the girls sent to this school, it must have vanished after the few sincere words with which she accepted the trust and pledged herself to devote her highest efforts to its fulfillment.

The heart of every Abbot girl, past or present, was full of the meaning of the loyalty and love for the school which are a part of Abbot Spirit, as the school song was sung.

At the inauguration exercises it was quite interesting to note the relation of two schools to Abbot, as described by their respective principals. Professor Forbes constantly referred to Phillips Academy as Abbot's "big brother," while Miss Knott was equally warm in her assurances that Bradford was a "sister." This sounds very well but is rather inconsistent, for there are few traces of family affection in the relations of the three schools. Of course, we have to admit that *some* of our "big brothers" are received once a week; but taken as a whole, we are generally supposed to ignore them and pass them on the street with a cold nod, no matter how solicitous we may be for their health or general welfare. And though the delightful companionship of our "sisters" is always open to us, no one seems desirous of

taking advantage of it, even when they enter into some friendly contest with us, for we invariably part with a mutual appreciation of our superior qualities. All this is perfectly proper but hardly conducive to true family relationship. Let us suggest that, in the future, something be done to make the family get together.

The wish of many past years has been fulfilled in the gift of an organ. Mrs. Dorothy Davis Simpson of North Andover has promised this most acceptable gift. It is of interest to note that Davis Hall, in which it will be installed, was named in honor of Mrs. Simpson's grandfather, Mr. George L. Davis.

The organ will occupy the space in the balcony which the designers of the building originally intended. It is now being built by the Hall Organ Company of New Haven, Connecticut, which also built the Phillips Academy organ.

This instrument is a two-manual organ. It will have eighteen speaking stops, each of which runs through the organ. It will be supplied with all modern devices, and its tone will be of the quality that is so beautiful in the Phillips Academy organ. It will arrive early in the second term and will be immediately installed.

There is a strong prejudice against foreigners in almost every part of the country, and around here the people are especially hostile to Italians and Armenians. This feeling seemed especially strong in Lawrence last winter during the strike, and the working people had to contend with all sorts of prejudices. Why is it? For the most part these so-called foreigners are simple, inoffensive people who uncomplainingly perform the most disagreeable work and who live under very deplorable conditions. They are bright and eager and take a childlike interest in what they see. Apparently their only faults are that they are poor and uneducated. It seems inconsistent to despise them for being what they are and yet to hinder them when they make an effort to better their conditions.

After all, our ancestors were foreigners when they came to this country, and yet they are praised and admired for the

hardships they endured. Ought we to look with contempt on these people and the struggle they are making?

There is a bad habit often found in a community of girls such as a boarding-school or college, which, if unchecked, leads to the forming of many unpleasant characteristics and tends to make an unhappy, disliked, and disrespected woman. This is the practice of gossip.

I cannot speak too strongly upon this subject; there is scarcely a more contemptible practice among girls and women who are supposed to be otherwise cultured and refined.

By this, I do not mean to condemn the friendly interest we feel in our companions and their affairs, but the constant prying and seeking to gratify our curiosity in matters which, to speak strongly, are none of our business. It is perfectly true that it is as grave to repeat an unkind truth as to tell an unkind lie, and the girl who is happiest when hearing, or repeating, usually with embellishments of her own, some tale detrimental to the reputation of one of her acquaintances, is as bad as the girl who deliberately invents a similar story.

The typical gossip is the object of jest and ridicule the world over, and we do not hesitate to condemn her with the rest. I say "her," because, unhappily, these traits are usually found among women rather than men. But few of us stop to wonder if the seed of this weakness has not already been sown in ourselves.

If we could realize the light in which our friends see us when we hasten in great glee to impart some choice bit of "spice" to them about another comrade, we should most certainly strive to restrain our tongues and our curiosity.

This year there has been a change in the mode of decoration of the students' rooms. The result obtained so far from the new method is very pleasing. The first of the year a rule was made that only two medium-sized banners might be put upon the wall, and that pictures and posters be chosen for their desirability and not merely to fill up. Formerly the number of banners was not limited by anything except the size of the

wall space. Banners were hung in every conceivable place and in every conceivable way. Pictures and posters of every description filled up any possible vacancy that the numerous banners might have left. Though the rooms were cosey, what is called artistic disorder was the result. The new method appeared strict at first, and a good many pictures and banners were regretfully confined to the dark regions, but the rooms have now a pleasant homelike appearance that is very gratifying.

To heighten the interest in the new mode of decorating, Miss Bailey chose a committee to visit every room in school with the idea of choosing the most attractive one to appear as the model in the new catalogue. The pride of home was aroused in every girl, and when the committee made the rounds their chief difficulty was to decide upon the most attractive.

The prize winner received a lovely copy of Whistler's mother from Miss Bailey. The prettiest room on each corridor received honorable mention and a pretty plant, of both of which the owners are very proud.

Altogether the plan for artistic decoration has succeeded and the result is something to be proud of.

"Lost! — A History!" "Lost! — my sweater!" "Lost! — an umbrella!" "Lost! — a pencil!" Yes! It's very, very easy to lose things; we all know that. But why not try to stop this pernicious habit? Some day, if we *don't,* we may lose our heads, and that would be most disastrous.

Some of us look lost. This not only refers to that wandering expression so apparent in class-room, but to general appearances. Let us try to make our hair look as if it were not wandering away; and our buttons! Think of the good buttons that have been lost! They are so much needed at home!

Let us stop saying "I couldn't do this, because I've lost my book," and "Oh! I've lost my gym shoes!" and "Somebody's taken my sweater." (They really haven't, it's just lost). Let us try to keep body and soul together and stop losing and getting lost!

Letters to the Editor

We wish to thank the school for the interesting letters to the Editor that were received, and only regret that there is not enough space to publish all of them. Among the many letters received by the Editor, are several expressing a wish for humor in the *Courant*. We are glad that enough interest is taken in the Courant for anyone to offer such a suggestion, but we wish to remind our readers that humor does not come at call, nor can it be reeled off by the yard. The *Courant* would indeed be glad to receive something humorous besides mere suggestions, and will gladly sprinkle these bits through its pages. A demand for light, airy reading matter was also stated in various letters. One letter reads, "The *Courant* stories, in the main, are heavy literature, or poetry, telling us that 'the sun hung a golden ball in the heavens.'" If our interested critics would only follow their own suggestions and hand us something light, airy and humorous, we would try to insert it somewhere.

In a word, if our readers would contribute something a little more useful than their own careless criticisms, we should indeed be grateful.

We were rather disheartened at one time over these criticisms, until we overheard one of our readers say, "Oh! Can the *Courant!*" Thank you, dear little Reader; if you think that the *Courant* is good enough to preserve, there must be some good in it.

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

Ever since its invention, the newspaper has been considered an important factor in life. Today it is absolutely necessary for progressive people to know what is going on in the world. In this respect girls are sadly deficient. They know the latest fashions, both male and female, but when asked the latest scientific discovery or political news they are at a loss. It is senseless of course, to read everything in a newspaper. We should read a paper intelligently, knowing what to read and what to pass by. Naturally in reading one is led by individual taste and preference. But a fondness for fiction, in spite of its charm and fascination, should be held in check. We should know something of the outside world.

Here at school, or in any private life, a girl becomes so interested and absorbed in her own welfare that she forgets that

there is another world outside of her own, which is much larger, greater, and undoubtedly more interesting. There is no reason why we should not know the current events since we are not deprived of a library and newspapers. Often we hear a girl say, "I can't stand So-and-So, because he does nothing but jolly me." But if she could carry on a serious conversation, her friend would probably treat her as his intellectual equal and not feel constrained to entertain her with flattery or the usual social small talk because they have nothing else in common.

Yours very truly,

Olga Erickson

We are forced to confess that we are all sadly ignorant of current events, but if Olga's letter has any effect, what an intellectual body we shall become! "World's Works" and "Literary Digests" will be found in the girls' rooms, there will be a constant rustle of newspapers in the reading-room where everyone will be seeking to absorb information — and as for the topics of conversation between dances! Nothing less than the latest Peace Conference or the opening of the Panama Canal will be tolerated.

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

Since I hear you wish to know of changes or improvements which the readers of the *Courant* think would make that paper more interesting or helpful, I take the liberty of making a suggestion. It is that you should use a little space, say about a page, in every issue of the paper to recommend a few good books to your readers and to tell a very little about them; for instance, what is the character, the kind of book, the style of its author, etc.

Hoping you will approve of my suggestion and, if possible, act upon it, I am

Yours sincerely,

Charlotte Eaton

We like this idea very much; but just imagine what would happen if we tried to carry it out. We editors are such sadly overworked people anyway, that if we tried to become literary critics, the result would be pitiful. We should be reading all the time; the floors of our rooms would be piled with best sellers, and we should become nervous wrecks in our search for a good book. Our studies would be neglected, and our teachers would be in despair, and all because of our earnest desire to please one of our readers. We weep at the thought of giving this good idea up, but there really seems nothing that can be done about it.

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

Do we girls fully appreciate Andover? This is a question which often arises in my mind, especially when I see nearly all of Abbot's girls going down Main Street every afternoon. I wonder if there can possibly be any other walk in Andover than that well-trodden

path which usually leads its followers to the Metropolitan or Lowe's Drug Store, bringing them back to Abbot at 4.45.

Of course I have no objection to these stores, but think of the fun of taking good brisk walks along some of the roads which can easily be found not far from Main Street! There are few of these roads which do not form a circuit, and I am sure they will bring their followers back to Abbot at the necessary time.

Although the faculty have thought it unnecessary for us to walk continually on the hill, nevertheless I am sure they would not object to our taking walks either east or west of Main Street. If the new girls do not know of these delightful walks, perhaps some of the old girls who are better acquainted with Andover will help them, and then I am sure that one of the best features of Andover will be thoroughly appreciated by the Abbot girls.

Elsie Grosvenor Gleason

Exceedingly good advice! We shall hope to see in the future processions of stout and healthy young women, jauntily clad in caps and sweaters and low-heeled boots, tramping over the hills of Andover. No more sappy, cadaverous girls drinking sodas and eating cake! The coming generation of Abbot girls will certainly be of the sort who stand up for their rights and enjoy life and the pleasures of walking!

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

I have been thinking recently about the way the girls at Abbot don't listen. There are only a few here who listen to what you say, unless you talk of some one's personality.

I know many bright, interesting girls here, who are well-bred and cultured. They will do anything for others — except listen to them. They never hesitate to interrupt whatever others may be saying, so that the current of the conversation is completely changed. These girls are, no doubt, utterly unconscious of any impoliteness on their part.

Girls like this are liked by their own intimate friends here at school, but not many outside of their own acquaintances will tolerate this utter want of sympathy with others.

If each girl at Abbot will only stop talking long enough to think — she will soon realize the evident usefulness of giving the other girls a chance and enjoy listening.

Very truly yours,

M. Frances Surette

We quite agree with Frances, for she has cleverly spoken of one of our long-cherished grievances. No one ever listens to us! It makes no difference whether we are asking for stories or merely uttering words of wisdom, we have to shout to hear ourselves speak.

Exchanges

Although for several years school papers have been received by the *Courant,* there has been no attempt to make a formal recognition of them. This year, however, we have decided to establish a regular exchange column. So far we have received only three papers — *The Scroll,* from Miss Loomis's School, the *Punchard Ensign* and *The Frances Shimer Record.*

The Scroll is very interesting with well-written stories and editorials.

The *Punchard Ensign* proves most entertaining, and its touches of humor are cleverly brought out.

We enjoy *The Frances Shimer Record* immensely, for it has a very free and easy style.

After reading over the copies of *The Mirror* received last year, we begin to wonder if it sees itself as others see it.

School Journal

The Commencement Exercises of the eighty-third anniversary of Abbot Academy began Sunday morning, June 9, with the baccalaureate sermon preached at the South Church by the Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D., of Portland, Maine.

Monday morning, June 10, was the annual Draper Reading. The program:

PIANO DUET: MARCHE MILITAIRE — *Schubert*
Miss Blake and Miss Crittenden

THE LAST CLASS SUPPER — *Herbert D. Ward*
Helen Elizabeth Bowman, Muncie, Ind.

WHEN ALBANI SANG — *William Henry Drummond*
Mildred Copeland Bryant, Brockton, Mass.

TWO PAIRS OF SHOES — *Joseph C. Lincoln*
Jane Stinson Newton, Brookline, Mass.

RUGBY CHAPEL — *Matthew Arnold*
Ethel Lettie Rand, Haverhill, Mass.

THE LIE — *Annie Hamilton Donnell*
Alice Beardslee Prescott, Derry Village, N. H.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN — *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*
Hildegarde Emma Wilder Gutterson, Winchester, Mass.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE BABY — *May Isabel Fisk*
Helen Doris Hanscom, Lawrence, Mass.

THREE GIFTS — *Florence Converse*
Catherine Stewart Vail, Poughkeepsie, N. .Y

Monday afternoon, the seniors gave a lawn party under the old oak.

Monday evening was the musical by the pupils of Professor Ashton, Mrs. MacGregor and Mr. Chase. The program:

PART FIRST

CHORUS: WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY — *Griffith*
The Fidelio Society

PIANO DUET: DANSE POLONAISE (Op. 38) — *Scharwenka*
Miss Skolfield and Miss Crittenden

SONGS: *a*) FROM THE LAND OF THE SKY-BLUE WATER — *Cadman*
b) STÄNDCHEN — *Meyer-Helmund*
c) TES YEUX D'AZUR — *Rubinstein*
Miss Cram

PIANO SOLOS: *a*) HUNTING SONG
b) ROMANZE *MacDowell*
c) TARANTELLA
MISS SKOLFIELD

SONGS: *a*) I KNOW A HILL *Whelpley*
b) AH LOVE, BUT A DAY! *Protheroe*
MISS BOWMAN

CHORUS: THE STARS IN HEAVEN *Rheinberger*
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY

PART SECOND

PART SONGS: *a*) THE LONELY ROSE *Hermes*
b) SPRING CHORUS *Saint-Saëns*
c) AN ELFIN FROLIC *Foster*
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY

PIANO SOLO: IMPROMPTU *Reinhold*
MISS SJÖSTRÖM

VIOLIN SOLO: BERCEUSE *Godard*
MISS BOYD

SONGS: *a*) THE BEGGAR MAID *Barnby*
b) THE ROSY MORN *Ronald*
MISS MARION P. GOULD

PIANO DUET: MARCHE, Op. 18, No. 3 *Gade*
MISS SIMPSON AND MISS DAY

SONG: A BIRTHDAY *Woodman*
MISS CRAM

CHORUS: THE DAFFODILS *Hall*
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY

Tuesday morning, June 11, the school assembled for the Tree Exercises and Ivy Planting. The final exercises were at the South Church. The program:

PRELUDE AND MARCH
TE DEUM *Joseph N. Ashton*
CHOIR

INVOCATION
REV. JOHN PHELPS TAYLOR, D. D.

O, SEND OUT THY LIGHT *H. C. Macdougall*
CHOIR

ADDRESS
REV. WILLIAM WALLACE FENN, D. D.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS
REV. MARKHAM W. STACKPOLE

PARTING HYMN *S. M. Downs*
PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

FREDERIC G. MOORE, Marshal
Alumnae Meeting in Abbot Hall at 2 P. M.

Academic Senior Class

Helen Ingersoll Cram	Newton
Ruth Draper	Enosburg Falls, Vt.
Abbie Maria Laton	Nashua, N. H.
Dorothy Simpson	York, Me.

College Preparatory Senior Class

Florence McDowell Bliss	Sharon Hill, Pa.
Evelyn Brewster	Wolfboro, N. H.
Mildred Carolyn Chutter	Andover
Barbara Moore	New Britain, Conn.
Mary Frances Sheldon	Lincoln, Neb.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

September

20 Hall Exercises: Miss Bailey: Rules.
22 Chapel: Miss Bailey: The Value of Looking Forward.
24 A. C. A. Dance in Davis Hall in honor of the new girls.
28 Hall Exercises: Miss Bailey: Beauty in All Things.
Chapel: James Austin Richards: The Wealth of Man's Heritage.

OCTOBER

October

1 Baby Party given by Helen Boyd and Mildred Horne.
2 Picnic at Foster's Pond.
"Robin Hood," Boston.
5 Hall Exercises: Mrs. Milton Higgins: "Abbot in '68."
Chapel: Mr. John Randolph: The International Institute at Madrid.
9 "Robin Hood," Boston.
12 Hall Exercises: Miss Bailey: Talk on Manners.
Chapel: Mr. Shipman: The Life of Henry Martin.
14 Final game in Tennis Tournament won by Helen Boyd.
17 House-warming to the Faculty by Miss Bailey in her room.
19 The Inauguration of Miss Bailey.
20 Chapel: Mr. Stackpole: The Many Entrance Doors to God's Presence.
22 Senior Straw Ride and Picnic at North Andover Country Club.

24 Announcement of Mrs. Simpson's gift of a Pipe Organ for Davis Hall.
26 Andover-Worcester Academy Football game. Score, 7-7.
27 Chapel: Miss Bailey: The Value of Good Sportsmanship.
29 Hallow e'en Dinner and Masquerade Dance.
31 Tea given by the Ladies of the South Church to Abbot Academy.

NOVEMBER

November

2 Hall Exercises: Mr. Ashton: The Boston Symphony Orchestra.
Chapel: Miss Mabel Frost: Women's Municipal League of Boston.
First class hockey game. Score: Seniors 4, Middlers 2.
4 Second class hockey game. Score: Seniors 1, Middlers 3.
5 Political Mass Meeting. The result of the straw vote was a victory for Mr. Taft.
Reading in Davis Hall by Mr. Charles F. Underhill: "An Afternoon with J. M. Barrie."
9 Andover-Exeter Football game. Score: 7-0 in favor of Andover.
10 Chapel: Miss Kelsey: The Life of Miss McKeen.
13 Tea in Draper Hall for the visiting missionaries.
Young People's Rally: Miss Alice Brown: "The Magic Bag."
Chinese Play: "Slave Girl and School Girl."
14 Morning Chapel. Miss Calder: Our Opportunities.
15 Miss Means's Visit.
16 Bradford-Abbot Hockey game. Score: 4-4.
17 Chapel: Mr. Palmer: Miracles.
18 Morning Chapel: Talk by Miss Means on some of her foreign experiences.
Miss Bailey's Tea for Miss Means.
19 Second Floor Front Corridor Plays, for the benefit of the Hindman School: "Sylvia's Aunts," "A Bachelor's Revery."
23 Concert in Davis Hall by the Maquarre Sextet.
Chapel: Miss Kate George: Young Women's Christian Association.
26 Morning Chapel: Thanksgiving Service.

DECEMBER

December

1 Chapel: Mr. Clark Carter of Lawrence: "Turning Badness and Sadness to Gladness."

7 Hall Exercises: Miss Chickering: The Situation in the Balkan Peninsula.
Afternoon Coffee given to the Seniors by Miss Kelsey.
Chapel: Mr. Potter of Hartford: The Courage of the Sower.
15 Chapel: Christmas Service.

JANUARY

January
11 Music in the McKeen Rooms.
12 Chapel: Miss Bailey: The Importance of Mastering the Petty Details of School Life.
18 Concert in Davis Hall by Mr. George Copeland.
Chapel. President Albert Parker Fitch of the Andover Theological Seminary: The Temptation of Power.

Lectures

At Hall Exercises on November 2, Mr. Ashton gave an interesting and instructive lecture on the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He explained its origin, construction and accomplishments, describing in detail each instrument, and its special part in making up the whole of a perfect harmony.

On Thursday, November 7, Mr. Charles F. Underhill rendered most entertainingly some of J. M. Barrie's delightful Scotch stories. Mr. Underhill impersonates the canny Scotch character with remarkable skill.

At Saturday evening chapel, November 10, Miss Kelsey spoke about Miss McKeen. She showed very clearly what a valuable legacy Miss McKeen left to Abbot. The strength and simple faith of Miss McKeen touched all who came in contact with her. Abbot is rich indeed to have such an inheritance. Miss Kelsey told a story about Miss McKeen that made her seem very real. During Miss McKeen's administration, the habit of borrowing among the girls was strong, even as it is now. One morning in chapel, after the prayer, Miss McKeen opened the big Bible and read the first six verses of the sixth chapter of Second Kings in her clear, strong voice. A slave was chopping some wood on the shore of a river when his axe slipped from his hands and fell into the water and was carried away by the flood. The slave ran and cast himself at his master's feet and wept bitterly. The master had pity on him and asked why he was weeping. The slave raised his eyes to his master's face and said, "Alas, Master! for it was borrowed." Miss McKeen closed the Bible without another word. None was needed, for everyone knew what she meant.

At Hall Exercises on Saturday, December 7, Miss Chickering

talked on the war in the Balkan Peninsula. She spoke most interestingly of the past history of the states concerned in the war, the character of their inhabitants, the causes for the war, its character and chief events.

We all looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to Miss Means's visit this fall. She still seems so much a part of Abbot that it was a great satisfaction to have her come at the time of the Abbot-Bradford hockey game. Hearing her say, "It was a good game with no fouls," made the evening celebration quite complete. In chapel she gave us a glimpse of some of her very interesting experiences abroad and we were all very happy when Miss Bailey assured us that it was a continued story. As Miss Means is spending the winter in Boston with Mrs. Merriman, we hope to see her very often.

Concerts

On Saturday, November 23, the school enjoyed a concert given by the Maquarre Sextet, which is composed of six members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Maquarre, the leading player, is a flutist and also a composer, so the fact that one of his pieces called "The Indians" formed a part of the program caused an especial interest. The whole program was exceedingly well played.

The second of the recitals was held Saturday afternoon, January 18, in Davis Hall. Mr. George Copeland, a well-known pianist of Boston, gave a charming program. The first part of it was taken principally from the old composers, Bach, Mozart, Liszt and Chopin. The latter part of the program was made up of the modern French composers and was especially delightful, as Mr. Copeland's rendering of Debussy's works is very fine.

Plays

The Second Floor Front Corridor gave two plays on Tuesday evening, November 19, for the benefit of the Hindman School in Kentucky. The first, "Sylvia's Aunts," was a short sketch of boarding school life with Abbot as a setting.

The second, "A Bachelor's Reveries," was very charming and well carried out. The proceeds from the entertainment amounted to thirty dollars, which was enough to give an industrial scholarship to the school.

Abbot had a special interest in the meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions which was held at Andover in November, since many of her past graduates have gone into the foreign field.

A tea was given in Draper Hall on Wednesday afternoon, November 13, for all the delegates and visiting missionaries.

On Wednesday evening, the younger members of the Board were entertained in Davis Hall. The program was very interesting. Miss Mary Prescott spoke of the work done by the Junior Department of the Woman's Board. A number of girls from Bradford sang Kipling's "Recessional." Next followed a short play given by six of the girls, entitled "Slave Girl and School Girl." It depicted some of the evil Chinese customs that are now dying out. Miss Alice Brown of Pekin, China, spoke most interestingly of some of her personal experiences.

The cast of the play was as follows:

DING, a book seller	Ella Stohn
———— his wife	Margaret Blake
KOU YING, his daughter	Frances Surette
SIONG LO, a neighbor	Ethel Rand
SANG PEH, a boy to whom Kou Ying is betrothed	Helene Symnes
YA-TON, a slave girl	Barbara Hadley
MISS SIMMONS, a teacher in a Mission School	Ruth Jenkins

Owing to the size of the audience, the play was repeated, an overflow meeting of delegates being held upstairs in McKeen Hall.

South Church Tea

On Thursday, October 31st, the ladies of the South Church gave a tea for the Abbot girls in the church parlors. The South Church has always been Abbot's church home and the Abbot girls feel an especial interest in the South Church ladies and were very glad to meet them. The tea proved delightful in every way.

Mr. Shipman has been given a ten months' leave of absence which he is spending with Mrs. Shipman in Atlanta. Mr. Shipman is missed by all, but for the winter his place is ably filled by Mr. E. Victor Bigelow of Lowell.

The Christmas Gifts

A few weeks before Christmas a visitor to the school would have been greeted, in the recreation room, by a very attractive sight. For, drawn up on the window-seat in most imposing array, were one hundred and six dolls dressed by the girls for poor children in New York. The dolls were supplied by the Clark Neighborhood House and were of uniform size. After they had been handed over to the girls, however, they underwent marvelous changes and blossomed forth in all sorts of colors and creations. They were put on exhibition for a few days and then packed and sent in ample time to be distributed as Christmas presents.

Perhaps a more practical Christmas offering which was sent by the school were the boxes of clothing and gifts which went to the Hindman School in Kentucky. Each girl was asked to give either clothes or money and some small present. Everyone responded so generously that there was enough to fill four large boxes. Early in January we received a letter from Miss Elizabeth Watts thanking us in such a cordial and sincere way that surely everybody must enjoy the feeling that she had a share in this helpful Christmas giving.

Athletics

After the reorganization of the Athletic Association, when Helen Boyd officially became the president, the athletic season began with the tennis tournament. The finals were played between Helen Boyd and Esther Parks, and an excited audience watched the match, which was won by Helen Boyd.

Hockey practice had already begun, and before the Abbot-Bradford game the class games between the Seniors and Senior-Middlers were played. The first game was won by 1913; the Middlers were victorious in the second; and the third was a tie.

The Athletic Association, at the suggestion of Miss Brown, adopted a new system of choosing the teams this year. Two squads were chosen, the first and the second, but the names of the girls who were to be put up against Bradford were not read until the morning before the game.

On Saturday, November 16, the game was played. The usual spectators from Abbot and Bradford, and, of course, our always interested neighbors from the hill, were ready at 2.45 to watch the game. At first it looked as if Abbot would fare badly, for the score at the end of the first half was 4 to 1 in Bradford's favor. But during the second half the Abbot team showed what it had in it, and when the whistle blew, most inopportunely, for "time up," the score was 4 to 4. We of Abbot were every bit as happy as if we had won, for Bradford had had the honors for the three past years, and was confident of winning again.

The hockey elections made Margaret Blake captain and Esther Parks manager, for next year. We all wish them luck, and hope that they will make next year's game a real victory.

We recently discovered that we had been collecting dues illegally, since they were levied in the name of an association which had no constitution, and lest the girls should take advantage of this, and leave the Athletic Association penniless by refusing their dues, a committee, consisting of Miss Bailey, Katharine McLaughlin and Helen Boyd, was appointed to draw up a proper constitution to suit the necessity.

Items of General Interest

The only new member of the Draper Hall faculty is Miss Ottilie Turnbull, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College, who is teacher of gymnastics and elocution, in place of Miss Utter, now Mrs. Charles M. Fletcher of Canaan, Vermont.

Miss Runner has returned after a year of travel in Europe, and Miss Dowd, who took Miss Runner's classes last year, has come back as secretary. She also has classes in Mathematics. Miss Wilkins has charge of the day-scholars' room, succeeding Miss Helen Pratt, who is teaching history in the Territorial Normal School in Honolulu. Miss Edith Gutterson is at Wellesley College, where she is assistant in the art library and taking courses in the history of art. Mrs. MacGregor has been granted a year's leave of absence, her work in vocal music being taken by Miss Mabel Adams Bennett. The drawing department is in charge of Mrs. Frederic Bosley of the Boston Art Museum.

When we came back to school in the fall, we were greeted by a very pleasant surprise in the McKeen Rooms — a splendid new grandfather's clock, the gift of Mrs. Draper.

The other most noticeable changes in Draper Hall were the new rooms for the principal, a bedroom and bathroom on the first floor, and four new bathrooms for the teachers.

During the term the trustees have put in several other things which have added very much to the comfort of the school. A soft brown carpet has been laid on the front corridor of the first floor, making the house much more quiet. A baby grand Steinway Piano has been bought for the McKeen Rooms and an electric clock for the office, which, besides its busines of keeping time, is to ring all the bells.

The new laundry has been in use all the fall and has proved most successful. The pretty red brick building is a not unattractive feature of the school grounds.

A new year's gift to the faculty from Miss Means of a colored print after Thaulow, gives warmth and color to the teachers' sitting-room. Other gifts to the room are a mahogany desk-chair given by Mrs. Newcomb and Ruth, a mahogany tea-tray from Miss Bancroft and a photograph of the Parthenon from Miss Metcalf.

Mary Howell, who spent a night with us in November, sent the girls a very handsome brass bowl for the table in the recreation room.

A photograph of Mr. Asa Farwell has been given to the school by his daughter, Miss Hannah Farwell, who also sent as a New Year's present two volumes of very interesting steel engravings, "Tableaux de la Revolution Française."

A present of two flexible flyers from Mr. Flagg is much appreciated by the girls.

Miss Means is spending the winter with Mrs. Merriman at 73 Bay State Road, Boston.

Miss Schiefferdecker writes of going to a great Thanksgiving dinner of about 500 Americans in the Kaisersaal in the Zoological Gardens in Berlin. Miss Schiefferdecker plans to spend this winter in Berlin. Her address is Schöneberg-Berlin. Heilbronnerstr. 13 hochparterre.

A very interesting article appeared in the December Century on "The Feminist in France," written by Mrs. William Rockwell (Miss Ethel Converse).

Welcome Christmas greetings have come this year, as usual, to Mrs. Harlow and Miss Merrill from Mrs. Lucretia H. Kendall Clark, a former teacher in Abbot. Her present address is Mrs. J. Edmund Clark, Asgarth, Riddlesdown Road, Purley, Surrey, England, where she has a charming home with wide views of the beautiful English country.

Miss Edith Metcalf is studying Greek and Archaeology at Radcliffe College. Her address is 138 Mount Auburn Avenue, Cambridge.

Miss Miriam Titcomb is living at the College Club this winter. Her address is 40 Commonwealth Avenue.

Miss Bertha M. Terrill is a corresponding editor of "Good Housekeeping," and a very good photograph of her appears in the January number of that magazine.

Miss Bailey is planning to take the seniors to Intervale the first week in February for a few days of winter sports.

Alumnae Notes

The Boston Abbot Club

The first meeting of the Boston Abbot Club was held at Blackwell Hall, Saturday, December 7. The program included two short dramatic performances: "An Abbot Club Play" followed by a scene from "Pride and Prejudice." The January meeting was at the Vendôme. Two former teachers spoke. Miss Melita Knowles told many interesting facts about the work of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, and Miss Mabel E. Bosher, principal of the Ka-Waia-Hao Seminary in Honolulu, talked most enthusiastically about her life in the "Paradise of the Pacific."

New York Abbot Club

The meeting place of the Abbot Academy Club of New York has been changed from the Hotel Somerset to the Hotel Gregorian. The fall meeting was unusually well attended on account of the opportunity of meeting Miss Bailey, the most attractive new Principal, who told us about the school as it is today.

1861. Mary A. Gage (Mrs. P. S. Peterson). Extract from an account of the Federation of Women's Clubs, meeting in June, 1912, in San Francisco: "Another leader of New England origin is Mrs. P. S. Peterson of Chicago, former chairman of the national forestry committee. Mrs. Peterson, who had her early training in the public schools of Boston and later attended Abbot Academy, Andover, and Mt. Holyoke College, has done much to promote the public work of club women."

†1863. Nellie (Andrews) Minor recently visited Mina (Chase) De Hart in Elizabeth, N. J. She found her in better health than last year, but not very strong, and mourning the death of another son in June.

1863. Mrs. John Wesley Churchill is living in Andover this winter. She has taken a house on the corner of Morton and Bartlet streets.

1865. Samuel Newell Brown, husband of Charlotte T. Ames, '65, died in early July, 1912, at his summer home in Swampscott. He was Vice-president of Fairbanks Scales Co., and held many other responsible positions.

1867. Mrs. Fannie T. Hubbard (Fanny T. Scott), who died last November, had led a life of great activity and many interests. In 1873 she married Captain Joseph T. Hubbard, who commanded the last of the famous American clipper ships, and with him she made fifty-two transatlantic voyages. From 1881 until the death of Captain Hubbard in 1905, she lived in Charleston, S. C., where Captain Hubbard had charge of the government harbor improvements. Mrs. Hubbard was a member of the Huguenot Church in Charleston, which did much relief work for the sufferers from the earthquake of 1886.

1867. Dr. John C. Berry of Worcester (husband of Maria E. Gove) has been notified that the new Emperor of Japan has conferred upon him the Imperial Order of the Sacred Treasure of the Third Class. It is the first honor of the kind to be conferred upon a foreigner by the new ruler. Dr. Berry did pioneer medical work in Japan, especially in hospital work. His hospital was turned over to native management when the prevailing cry was "Japan for the Japanese." This belated recognition of Dr. Berry's distinguished and unselfish service in Japan we are glad to record.

†1868. Henrietta (Learoyd) Sperry is spending the year in Reading with her daughter, who is teaching in the High School.

†1870. We were sorry to hear in December of the death of Mrs. Francis Peabody Merriam, the beloved mother of Mary Frances Merriam, who has the heartfelt sympathy of her many Abbot Academy friends.

†1876. Mrs. Arthur W. Stanford (Jane Pearson) of Kobe, Japan, writes of the pleasure they had in entertaining Misses Lamson and Day of the Woman's Board when they were in Kobe, of the good it did her to see their baggage which seemed to bring Boston nearer. Mrs. Stanford had charge of the Girls' School during Miss Cozad's furlough last year and is still teaching in the school.

1879. Dr. Charlotte F. Hammond is the owner of a private sanitarium in Paris Hill, Maine. She held for twenty-one years an editorial position on *The Youths' Companion.*

†1881. Mary G. Whitcomb has changed her permanent address from Worcester to Melrose, Fla.

1881. Sarah Rockwell's husband, Rev. William W. Leete, has recently resigned his position as pastor in New Haven, Ct., and has accepted an appointment as New England secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

†1883. Mrs Henry L. Rowell (Nellie L. Hadley) writes that she and Mr. Rowell are, so to speak, camping at La Jolla, California, finding benefit from the sea and mountain air. She has met Julia Currier, who is also living in La Jolla.

1884. Miss Lily Dougall, the English author, sends a hospitable message from her new home, Cutts End, Cumnor, near Oxford, where she and her friend, Miss Earp, are interested as ever in social betterment work.

1886. Mrs. Frank R. Shipman (Mary A. Ripley)is spending the winter in Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. Shipman has been granted a ten months' leave of absence from the South Church and is teaching in Atlanta Seminary. Their address is 26 Sutherland Drive, Kirkwood, Atlanta.

Mr. and Mrs. Cutler (Sarah F. Ripley, †1880) are spending the winter in the Shipmans' house. Dr. Cutler is pastor of the Union Church in Waban.

†1887. The class of '87 held a reunion in Andover last June, during Commencement. Those present were Emma Twitchell-Sturgis, Mary Bill-Bright, Grace P. Smith, Catherine F. Crocker, Harriet H. Thwing, Jeanie Carter-Prall and Mr. Prall. At graduation, the class numbered seventeen; at this twenty-fifth anniversary of its graduation it numbered seventeen. The reunion ended with a class supper, Tuesday night, at "The Circle."

1887. Mr. and Mrs. John M. Merriam (Annie C. Davenport) and family are spending the winter at 91 Gainsborough St., Boston, having closed their home "Merrifields" in Framingham for the present.

†1889. Edith Kathleen Jones, librarian at the McLean Hospital in Waverley, read a paper on "Library Work Among the Insane," before the League of Library Commissions, at the Conference of the American Library Association in Ottawa, Canada, last June.

1888. Mrs. John A. Stephenson (Mary Beal, '93) of Duluth, Minnesota, writes that she discovered only last summer that Miss Mary W. Carter—"Little Mary Carter," as she was called in school—is an Abbot Academy girl. Miss Carter graduated from the Salem Normal School after leaving Abbot Academy, and has been teaching for quite a number of years in one of the public schools of Duluth. Duluth is the home of an interesting group of former students of Abbot. We propose that they form an Abbot Club.

†1894. Mrs. Frank C. Bogart (Henrietta A. Calhoun) is now living at St. Martins, New Brunswick. She writes of the birth of a little daughter, Rachel Vaughan, named for her great-great-grandmother. St. Martins has been the home of five Rachel Vaughans, and the old homestead is still standing and occupied by Vaughans. This little Rachel was born September 25, 1912. Another item of news in her letter will bring a sense of loss to those who met Captain Calhoun, Mrs. Bogart's uncle, when he visited Andover. He died at the age of ninety, on the 20th of last November. He was widely known and highly esteemed in the Eastern Provinces, a man of great ability and wonderful vigor; he was active to the end. His enthusiasm for Abbot Academy was never-failing. He always seemed to feel that he had found the best school possible for his niece who was like a daughter to him, so Abbot Academy has lost in him a staunch and steadfast friend.

†1894. Mabel E. Bosher, principal of Kaiwaiahao Seminary, Honolulu, has leave of absence this year, and has been a welcome visitor in Andover. She gave a greeting from Hawaii at the annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions, in Andover, November 13, 1912. An account of her successful work recently appeared in the *Congregationalist.*

1897. Annie L. Swasey is teacher of English in the Central High School, Springfield, Mass. Her address is 64 Temple St.

†1898. Florence M. Pease is teaching this year in Portland, Ore.

†1899. Catherine W. Sandford, treasurer of the New York Abbot Academy Club, is expecting to spend a part of the winter in Boston.

†1900. Constance Gutterson, who has for several years been doing excellent work in the Children's Hospital in Albany, N. Y., is having a year at home in Winchester, Mass., though she is holding three clinics a week at the Newton Hospital, which has just organized this branch of orthopedic work in which Miss Gutterson is skilled.

†1900. Winona Algie is teaching in Dedham this winter.

†C. P. 1900. Helen P. Abbott is teaching in the High School in Brockton.

†1901. Evelyn Carter sailed for South America in September.

1901. Sadie Cameron is teaching kindergarten at Palm Beach, Florida.

1901. In November, Frieda G. Billings, president of the Boston Abbot Academy Club, was called home from a visit she was making in the West, by the sudden and unexpected death of her father, Dr.

Billings of Sharon, Mass. Dr. Billings was an enthusiastic student of German, and a writer on scientific subjects. He showed much interest in the Science Department of our school. Mrs. Billings and her daughter have our sincere sympathy.

†1902. Mrs. Charles E. Newell (Harriett L. Chase) has the sincere sympathy of her classmates and friends in the death of her father, Benjamin Chase of Derry, N. H., which occurred September 27, after several weeks of intense suffering. "He was a man whom it was always a pleasure to meet, and he will be remembered by his fellow-townsmen for his true manliness, strict integrity, and upright life and character."

1902. Ruth Draper Cobb was maid of honor for her sister, Winifred, who was married in November to Mr. Jacob Fischer of Dorchester.

†1905. Katherine Woods has for some time been on the staff of the New York *Times* Book Review. She recently sailed for Europe to spend several months resting and visiting at Corbeyrier-sur-Aigle, Canton Vaud, Switzerland.

†C. P. 1905. Frances W. Cutler is teaching in the Putnam School in Poughkeepsie.

†1907. Laura Howell is teaching domestic science in Waterbury, Connecticut.

†1908. Marion Allchin and Helen Hulbert are taking courses in the Sargent Gymnasium in Cambridge.

†1908. Katharine B. Raymond is teaching kindergarten in Miss Watson's School in Greenwich, Connecticut.

†C. P. 1908. Louise M. Sweeney is studying at Simmons College in Boston.

1908. Marion Gubtil is head of the Art Department in the public schools in Saginaw.

1908. The Annual Report of the College Settlements Association gives us the following information: "Miss Marion Cole is to do some work under the Probation Association in New York. As she was especially interested in the work among the older girls while in Philadelphia, this position is one she is well fitted to fill."

1908. Alice E. Conant is teaching in St. Marget's School Buffalo, N. Y.

1909. Eva M. Smith, who has been teaching in the Witham School of Music for the last three years, is this year offering instruction in the Burrowes Course of Music Study. She is the only authorized teacher in this method in Lawrence.

1909. Bertha Ewart is studying at the School of Civics and Philanthropy in Chicago.

†1911. Frances M. Pray has a poem, "Time's Question," published in the Granite Monthly for November. She has been teaching this winter in a school for colored children in Montgomery, Alabama.

1911. Helen Vail is studying domestic science at the Pratt Institute.

1911. Elsie Whipple is living in Claremont, California, and is going to school there.

†1912. Dorothy Simpson is taking lessons at the Conservatory of Music in Boston.

†C. P. 1912. Of last year's seniors, Barbara Moore is at Vassar, Mildred Chutter at Mt. Holyoke, Evelyn Brewster at Simmons and Frances Sheldon at the University of Nebraska. Barbara Moore played on her class hockey team.

†1912. Helen I. Cram is studying at the Garland School of Home-Making in Boston, and is also working very hard on her music.

1912. Catherine Vail and Betty Petherbridge are studying domestic science at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn.

1912. Frances Lincoln is studying at a private day school in Montclair. She expects to go to Smith next fall.

Of Abbot girls outside of the Freshman class at college are Charlotte Gowing, Florence MacCreadie, Marion Brown and Beatrice Twiss at Wellesley, and Mira Wilson and Bessie Rand at Smith.

Visitors

Miss Means, Miss Titcomb, Miss Metcalf, Miss Merrill, Miss Knowles, Miss Tryon, Mrs. Fletcher, Jessie Callender Haines, 1905, Dorothy Taylor, †1908, Maria Pillsbury Taylor, †1907, Edith L. Gutterson, †1908, Lucia Watkins Bayley, 1883, Dorothy Simpson, †1912, Ruth Draper, †1912, Leila Fowler, †1909, Rebecca Newton, †1911, Ruth Niles, 1911, Persis Bodwell, †1911, Mary Churchill Talcott, †1895, Harriet Chapelle Newcomb, †1876, Ruth Newcomb,

†1910, Mattie Hart Moore, †1889, Barbara Moore, †C. P. 1912, Florence MacCreadie, †C. P. 1909, Lila Fuller, 1907, Minnie P. Clay, 1891, Annah J. Kimball, †1884, Ruth Murray, †1910, Margaret Copeland, †1911, Edith Seccomb, 1910, Mary Howell, †1908, Katharine Ordway, †1911, Amy T. Blodgett, †1905, Mabel E. Bosher, †1894, Ada Atwood Goodwin, 1890, Marjorie Bellows, †1906.

Engagements

1899. Harriet D. Wanning to Mr. Benjamin Otis Frick of Philadelphia, Pa.

†1904. Helen Emerson Childs to Mr. Alden Welling Baldwin of Allentown, Pa.

†1904. Verta A. Smith to Mr. Roger F. Etz of Cleveland, Ohio.

†1905. Amy T. Blodgett to Doctor Beveridge H. Moore of New Haven.

†C. P. 1907. Alicia G. Leslie to Mr. Russel S. Coutant.

†1908. Esther Stickney to Mr. Walter Leland Alley.

†1910. Emily T. Silsby to Mr. Owen Morgan of Hartford.

1911. Frances A. Little to Mr. Lawrence Davis.

†1911. Maud C. Gutterson to Mr. Thomas S. Green (Harvard '09) of Worcester and New Bedford.

†1911. Miriam Howard to Mr. Ellsworth Bushnell.

1911. Carrie Morang to Mr. Harold Robinson, formerly of Brookline, now of Chicago, Ill.

Elizabeth Brigham to Mr. Lawrence V. Roth, a senior at Colgate College.

Marriages

Fletcher—Utter.—In New Haven, Connecticut, June 15, 1912, Sarah Sanford Utter to Mr. Charles Marvin Fletcher.

1898. Kydd—Stork.—In Andover, October 19, 1912, Amy Lynch Stork to Mr. John Angus Kydd. Address 136 Hamilton Street, Providence, R. I.

†C. P. 1899. Smith—Mooers.—In Lawrence, October 10, 1912, Lilian Everett Mooers to Mr. Brainerd Edwards Smith. At home, 116 East Street, Methuen.

1899. Brewster—Dodge.—In Andover, August 4, 1912, Lilian Edna Dodge to Mr. Edwin Tenney Brewster.

1901. Goodspeed—Balcom.—In Nashua, N. H., June 19, 1912, Lillian Morse Balcom of Nashua, to Mr. Howard A. Goodspeed. Address, 5 Wolcott Street, West Medford, Mass.

1902. Mulry—Eaton.—In Danvers, June 24, 1912, Marion Agnes Eaton to Mr. Edward Mulry. Address, Methuen.

1902. Walker—Jameson.—February, 1912, Isabel Burnham Jameson to Mr. George A. Walker.

1903. Gray—Moses.—In New York City, November 21, 1912, Sara Edith Moses to Mr. William Gray. Address, Hotel Puritan, Boston, Mass.

1903. Fischer—Cobb.—In Boston, November 5, 1912, Winifred Draper Cobb to Mr. Jacob Fischer. Address, 969 Boylston Street, Newton Highlands.

†1905. Davis—Cleworth.—In Winchester, June 20, 1912, Mildred Winters Cleworth to Mr. Elbridge G. Davis. Address, 16 Kernwood Street, Malden.

†C. P. 1905. Crawford—Tyer.—In Andover, June 22, 1912, Frances Louise Tyer to Mr. Douglas Gordon Crawford.

1905. Fuller—Gleason.—In Gleasondale, October 12, 1912, Alfreda B. Gleason to Mr. Clifford Justis Fuller. At home, 59 West 46th Street, New York City.

1905. Ballard—Williams.—June 29, 1912, Elizabeth Williams to Mr. Seymour Ballard. Address, Winnetka, Ill.

†1906. Bliss—Jones.—In Scranton, Pa., July 27, 1912, Helen Gertrude Jones to Mr. Sydney Rushton Bliss. Address, 930 Columbia Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

1907. Wilkins—Bates.—In Mount Vernon, N. H., June, 1912, Violet Bates to Mr. Harold Hartshorn Wilkins.

1907. Temple—Millett.—In North Wilmington, June 19, 1912, Margaret Blanchard Millett to Mr. Edward Hollis Temple.

†1908. Chase—Cheney.—July 15, 1912, Mary Esther Cheney to Mr. Richard Volney Chase. Address, Lakeport, N. H.

1912. Wilkins—Preston.—In Boston, October 7, 1912, Elizabeth White Preston to Mr. Frederick Fielding Wilkins of Montreal, Canada.

Births

In Detroit, Michigan, August 17, 1912, a daughter, Lois Root, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Patton (Miss Charlotte L. Root).

†1894. At St. Martins, N. B., September 15, 1912, a daughter, Rachel Vaughan, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Bogart (Henrietta A. Calhoun).

†1897. In Detroit, Michigan, January 2, 1913, a son, Warren Briggs Oakley, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Warren Briggs Oakley (Edith C. Royce).

1898. June 9, 1912, a son, George Albert, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Graves (Myra A. Southworth, of Boston).

†C. P. 1899. In Ashland, N. H., October 7, 1912, a daughter, Dorothy, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Platt (Ashley Whipple).

†1900. In Andover, August 7, 1912, a daughter, Virginia, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Huston Lillard (Ethel Hazen).

†1902. September 1, 1912, a son, John Mason, to Captain and Mrs. James Brown Kemper (Mercer Mason).

1902. June 4, 1912, a son, Cortland Van Dyke, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Hubbard (Nancy Holland).

†1906. In Winchester, July 6, 1912, a daughter, Faith, to Mr. and Mrs. Reeve Chipman (Constance Parker).

1906. September 24, 1912, a daughter, Jean Dascomb, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Arnold (Mabel V. Dascomb), of Marathon, Texas.

†1908. In Brooklyn, New York, September 2, 1912, a daughter, Margaret Josephine, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. O'Leary (Frances A. Skolfield).

†1908. In Rahway, N. J., a son, John Henry, to Mr. and Mrs. John O. Hauser (Mary de Windt).

†C. P. 1909. October 4, 1912, a daughter, Nancy M., to Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Van Hovenberg (Albert A. Smith).

Deaths

1837. In Concord, Mass., July 7, 1912, Phebe Davis, wife of the late Francis Monroe, aged 91 years.

1849. In Arlington, May 13, 1912, Susan Barrett, wife of the late Austin N. Parkhurst.

1850. In Andover, June 4, 1912, Harriet E. Tucker, wife of the late Stillman H. Harnden, aged 80 years.

1851. In Philadelphia, Pa., October 16, 1912, Mary Balch Briggs, for many years a teacher in Hampton (Va.) Institute.

1855. In Dorchester, July 29, 1912, Elizabeth S. Muzzey, adopted daughter of Prof. R. D. C. Robbins, and wife of the late Rev. Edward P. Hooker.

1858. December 26, 1912, Abby Augusta Hill, wife of William Neil Meserve.

1861. In Ballardvale, July 10, 1912, Ada Fletcher, wife of Felix G. Haynes.

1863. In Newtonville, December, 1912, Elizabeth K. Hutchinson, wife of Noyes Taylor.

1865. In Boston, January 18, 1913, Charlotte Thompson Ames, widow of Samuel Newell Brown.

1867. In Wiscasset, Maine, November, 1912, Fannie T. Scott, wife of the late Capt. Joseph T. Hubbard.

†1869. In Exeter, N. H., September 11, 1912, Martha J. Goodwin.

1873. In Boston, August 25, 1912, Adelaide G. Holmes, wife of William F. Currier.

1873. In Marblehead, June 14, 1912, Emma S. Parker, wife of Frank H. March of Wakefield.

†1874. In Olivet, Mich., November 13, 1912, Eliza C. Grout, wife of Rev. Prof. Frank H. Foster, D. D.

1875. In Waterville, N. Y., October 12, 1912, Anna Hodges, wife of Dr. Claude Wilson.

1878. In Andover, November 21, 1912, John Tyler Kimball, husband of Caroline Blunt.

1898. In Attleboro, June 20, 1912, Rachel H. Wilmarth, wife of R. Curtis Reed.

1902. In Philadelphia, November 28, 1912, Isabel B. Jameson, wife of George A. Walker.

Statement by Miss Carpenter

It is expected that the new general catalogue of Abbot Academy will be issued in June. This will contain the names of all former students with a brief record of each, and present addresses. Within the last year and a half, printed blanks have been sent to all students who could be located. Many of these have been filled out and returned, but some have met with no response whatever. Anyone who has not received such a blank, or who has failed to return it, will confer a favor by communicating with the Keeper of the Records. It is important that notice of changed addresses, marriages or deaths should be sent at once, in order that they may be included. All such information will be kept on file after the completion of the catalogue and will be most useful. Without the earnest coöperation of many alumnae and the courtesy of many who have had no connection with the school, the work could never have reached its present stage. This aid is greatly appreciated. Address Miss Jane B. Carpenter, Andover.

Abbot Academy Faculty

BERTHA BAILEY, B. S., Principal,
Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences

KATHERINE R. KELSEY, Assistant Principal,
Mathematics

NELLIE M. MASON,
Science

REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A. B.,
History

MARTHA HOWEY, B. L.,
Literature

OLIVE G. RUNNER, B. L.,
Latin

MARY E. BANCROFT, A. B.,
English

GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A. B.,
French

HEDWIG D. CRAMER,
German

RACHEL A. DOWD, A. B.,
Algebra, and Secretary to the Principal

NANCY SIBLEY WILKINS, A. B.,
Librarian, and supervisor of day-scholars' room

OTTILIE TURNBULL, A. B.,
Elocution and Physical Culture

Prof. JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A. M.,
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony

*Mrs. ALICE WENTWORTH MacGREGOR,
Vocal Music

†MABEL ADAMS BENNETT,
Vocal Music

S. EDWIN CHASE,
Violin and Mandolin

Mrs. FREDERIC A. BOSLEY,
Drawing and Painting

Mlle. LÉONTINE GALLÉE,
French Conversation

*On leave of absence, 1912-1913.
†Substitute, 1912-1913.

PHILANA McLEAN,
In charge of Draper Hall

EDITH H. ALDRED,
Resident Nurse

JANE B. CARPENTER, A. M.,
Keeper of Alumnae Records

Lecturer

MR. CHARLES F. UNDERHILL

Speakers

REV. JAMES AUSTIN RICHARDS
MRS. MILTON B. HIGGINS
MR. JOHN L. RANDOLPH
REV. MARKHAM W. STACKPOLE
PROF. JOSEPH N. ASHTON
MISS MABEL FROST
REV. FREDERIC PALMER
MISS EMILY A. MEANS
MISS KATE GEORGE
REV. CLARK CARTER
REV. ROCKWELL HARMON POTTER
PRESIDENT ALBERT PARKER FITCH

Concerts

THE MAQUARRE SEXTET
MR. GEORGE COPELAND

School Organizations

A. C. A.

President	Helen Danforth
Vice-President	Margaret Wilkins
Secretary	Mildred Horne
Treasurer	Ethel Rand

Student Council

Olga Erickson, *President*	Mildred Horne
Hildegarde Gutterson, *Secretary*	Cornelia Crittenden
Ethel Rand	Dorothy Perkins

Fidelio Society

President	Marian Bayley
Secretary and Treasurer	Helen Burk

Athletic Association

President	Helen Boyd
Secretary and Treasurer	Ethel Rand

Basketball Team

Captain	Edna Francis
Manager	Gladys Phillips

Hockey Team

Captain	Phyllis Brooks
Manager	Katharine Selden

Odeon

Marion Martin, *President*	Katharine Selden
Jane Newton	Kathryn Powers
Alice Harsh	Phyllis Brooks
Mary Harsh	Janet Nevius
Helen Hanscom	Ethel Rand

Mandolin Club

Leader	Marrion Middlebrook
Manager	Dorothy Perkins

Class Organizations

Academic, '13

President	Olga Erickson
Vice-President	Jane Newton
Secretary	Helen Danforth
Treasurer	Margaret Wilkins
Class Color	Purple
Class Flower	Violet

College Preparatory, '13

President	Ethel Rand
Secretary and Treasurer	Dorothy Perkins
Class Color	Green and White
Class Flower	White Chrysanthemum

Academic, '14

President	Hildegarde Gutterson
Vice-President	Dorothy Bennett
Secretary	Miriam Bancroft
Treasurer	Louise Thompson
Class Color	Dark Red
Class Flower	Red Rose

College Preparatory, '14

President	Frances Jones
Secretary and Treasurer	Mary Harsh
Class Color	Royal Blue
Class Flower	Corn Flower

Alumnae Association

President

MISS ANNA L. DAWES

Vice-Presidents

Miss Julia E. Twitchell
Miss Emily A. Means
Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols Bean
Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile
Mrs. Rebecca Davis Spalding
Mrs. Ellen Chamberlain Blair
Miss Maria S. Merrill

Secretary and Treasurer

Miss Agnes Park

Committee on Appropriations

Miss Bertha Bailey
Mrs. Warren F. Draper
Miss Agnes Park

Calendar

1912

September 19, Thursday, 9 A.M.	Fall term begins
November 26, Tuesday, 3 P.M. until	Nov. 29, 6 P.M. Thanksgiving recess
December 17, Tuesday	Fall term ends

Christmas Vacation

1913

January 9, Thursday, 9 A.M.	Winter term begins
February 4, Tuesday,	First semester ends
February 6, Thursday,	Second Semester begins
February 22, Saturday,	Holiday
March 25, Tuesday,	Winter term ends

Spring Vacation

April 10, Thursday, 9 A.M.	Spring term begins
May 30, Friday	Holiday
June 17, Tuesday,	School year ends

COURANT
ADVERTISERS



...The Sherman Studio...

IS THE RIGHT PLACE TO
GO FOR PHOTOGRAPHS



MAIN STREET - NEAR MORTON

A Summer Day's Fright

I

While walking through the fields one day,
To pick some daisies bright,
I looked and saw not far away
A cow, and took to flight.

ANDOVER NATIONAL BANK

HOURS: 9 A. M. TO 12 M., 2 P. M. TO 3 P. M.

Close Saturday at Noon

Park St. Boarding and Livery Stables

T. F. MORRISSEY & SON, Proprietors

FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING

Expressing and Jobbing

Carriages and Hacks for Funerals, Weddings and Receptions
Depot Work a Specialty

PARK STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

TELEPHONE 59

WILLIAM J. BURNS

.....Tailor and.....
Men's Furnisher

AGENTS FOR
FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY

Andover, Mass.

I awoke one morning
And found a warning
From my teachers dear and true.
Now grind I must and grind I do,
If ever I'm to get through.

M. C. B.

T. A. HOLT COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries

CORNER ESSEX AND CENTRAL STS. - ANDOVER

WALTER I. MORSE

Dealer in HARDWARE

Cutlery and Cordage, Horse Clothing, Farming Tools, Window Glass
Paint, Brushes, etc.

MAIN STREET - ANDOVER

BENJAMIN BROWN

BOOTS and SHOES for LADIES

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

II

I dropped my flowers in childish fear,
While quickly home I hied,
But father told me afterward
The poor old cow was tied.

K. P.

ALBERT W. LOWE

Pharmacist

PRESS BUILDING, MAIN STREET
ANDOVER, MASS.

All kinds of FRUIT in their season

FANCY AND PLAIN BISCUITS,
POTTED MEATS AND FISH,
NUTS, FIGS, DATES, OLIVES

J. H. CAMPION & CO.

INSURANCE OFFICES

Bank Building, Andover, Mass.

FIRE

LIFE

PLATE GLASS

AUTOMOBILE

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

TEAMS' LIABILITY

BURGLARY & THEFT

STEAM BOILER

PHYSICIANS' DEFENCE

AUTOMOBILE LIABILITY

PERSONAL ACCIDENT

BUCHAN & FRANCIS

Upholsterers

AND FURNITURE DEALERS



Goods Stored, Packed and Shipped



MAIN STREET - - - ANDOVER

MRS. MARY EARL

Chiropody

HYGIENIC FACIAL AND SCALP TREATMENT

Manicuring, Shampooing, Hairdressing, Singeing

J. E. WHITING

Jeweler and Optician

Andover Souvenir Spoons... ...Abbot School Pins

MAIN STREET - ANDOVER, MASS.

A. BASSO

fruit and Confectionery

FREE DELIVERY

24 MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

CALLS MADE BY APPOINTMENT

FINE ATHLETIC GOODS

Kodak and Photo Supplies — Expert Bicycle Repairing

H. F. CHASE - - Andover, Mass.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Our bells ring now by a clock,
So everyone must be on dock.
And if she is late she cannot say,
"The bells aren't ringing right today."

M. M.

SMITH & MANNING

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES

ESSEX STREET - - - ANDOVER

...SKOWHEGAN JERSEY CREAMERY...

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

SEPARATED, PASTEURIZED, SWEET CREAM, AND CREAMERY BUTTER

SKOWHEGAN - - MAINE

BRIDE, GRIMES & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

W. F. RUTTER & CO.

STEAM, WATER AND GAS PIPING,

SUPPLIES and TOOLS

LAWRENCE, MASS.

CARMAN'S

SPECIALTY SHOE SHOP

162 TREMONT STREET

BOSTON

Any Style Shoe You Desire

28 Colors in Satin Slippers $3.00

Hosiery to Match 90c

Implorations to My Teacher

All that I ask is D,
All that I want of you,
And I'll swear by all the stars,
I'll plug and then get through.

M. C. B.

Silk and Lisle.... HOSIERY In Black, White, Tan

NEMO, AMERICAN LADY, R. & G. and P. N. CORSETS—Both in high and low bust.

Dainty and Up-To-Date Neckwear, Bows, Jabots, Stocks and Collars.

Embroidery of all kinds with materials for the work

F. M. PORTER

TELEPHONE 374 :-: :-: BARNARD BLOCK

WAX BROTHERS

..Florists..

143 TREMONT STREET - - - BOSTON

Opposite Temple Place Subway Station

Choice Roses, Violets and Orchids

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Mail and Telephone Orders Promptly Filled

Telephones Oxford 574 and 22167

Mention the Abbot Courant

All that I ask is D,
All that I crave from you,
All that I want in this wide, wide world,
All that I ask is D.

M. C. B.

THE METROPOLITAN

ANDOVER'S CANDY STORE

HEADQUARTERS FOR

HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES

HOME MADE FOODS OF ALL KINDS

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

M. E. DALTON, 42 Main St., ANDOVER

J. H. PLAYDON, FflorIst.....

Roses, Carnations, Violets and Chrysanthemums our Specialties

PLANTS AND CUT FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Store, Arco Building - - - - Tel. 105-3
Greenhouse, Frye Village - - - Tel. 109-11

SIGN OF THE BAY TREE

TEA ROOM *and* GIFT SHOP



PICTURES *and* PICTURE FRAMING

GOLDSMITH-CLARK CO.

To bed, to bed, says Sleepy-head,
Let's "hen" a while says Slow.
We will sit up awhile and talk
Of all the girls we know.

M. M.

COLUMBIA DUCIT SEQUANTUR ALII

Ladies' Gymnasium Suits

APPROBATION OF LEADING PHYSICAL DIRECTORS
CONSUMERS' LEAGUE ENDORSEMENT

Columbia Gymnasium Suit Co.,

301 Congress Street, Boston

ANDOVER CANDY KITCHEN

Try our Fresh, Home-Made
CANDIES

We use nothing but pure ingredients in our goods. We use best crushed fruits and extracts in our fountain.

35 MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

THAYER McNEIL & HODGKINS

WOMEN'S

SHOES
PUMPS
SLIPPERS

Acknowledged the Best

47 TEMPLE PLACE
15 WEST STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

The little gong says go,
The soft chair says stay,
And, Oh! 'tis hard to have to go,
When one would rather stay.

M. B.

Compliments

CROSS COAL COMPANY

Satisfaction and Real Economy

RESULT FROM BUYING

MEATS that are the **BEST**

You can always get that kind from

WESTON-THURSTON CO.

DEALERS IN

BEEF, VEAL, LAMB, PORK, POULTRY

BUTTER, CHEESE and EGGS

STALLS 20-22-24 NEW FANEUIL HALL MARKET

BOSTON, MASS.

COMPLIMENTS OF

ANDOVER COAL COMPANY

POST OFFICE AVE., ANDOVER, MASS.

Telephone Connection

PAGE

THE CATERER



LOWELL, MASS.

CHEAPEST AMATEUR

Photographic Developing and Printing..

¶This includes the very best work possible. We develop by the new tank system which eliminates all finger marks and scratches on the film. A very great improvement over the old hand developing. We refer you to hundreds of Andover pupils.

F. W. McALLISTER CO., Opticians ::: Photo Supplies

113 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

Reid & Hughes Company

THE HOUSE OF THE SQUARE DEAL

We Specialize On All

Ladies' Ready-To-Wear Goods
Full Lines of Outer and Under Garments, Ribbons,
Laces, Millinery and Art Goods

We Cheerfully Refund Money When Our Merchandise Does Not Please

REID & HUGHES COMPANY

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Regal and Patrician Shoes
For Ladies

Agents for the
Crossett Shoe for Men

J. P. WYLLIE & CO.

Fine Footwear

Repairing a Specialty

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER

STORAGE RENTING REPAIRS

MYERSCOUGH & BUCHAN

AUTOMOBILE STATION

TELEPHONE 208

59-61 PARK STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

Compliments of a Friend

Batchelder & Snyder Company

WHOLESALE ONLY

Beef, Lamb, Veal, Poultry, Game, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Butterine, Hams, Bacon, Sausages, Olives, Oils, Etc.

47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57,
59, 61, 63
BLACKSTONE STREET
Boston, Mass.



62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72,
74, 76
NORTH STREET
Boston, Mass.

¶In a recent letter from Professor Allyn, the nationally known chemist of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., which accompanied a long record list of our specialties approved by his laboratory test, he said: "*We wish more manufacturers would take the care which you are taking with your products.*"



¶ The distinctive individuality of our photographs will appeal to you.

¶ They represent a wonderful advance in methods — and while the elements that enter into their production are the most expensive known in the Art of Photography —the cost to you will be no more than that of the indifferently made photograph.

¶ Your patronage is cordially invited.

Appointments by 'Phone Oxford 858

E. N. MANNING & CO.

Electrical Contractors

Electric and Gas Supplies

40 MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

The Andover Boy

I

Blessings on thee, little man,
Andover boy with shoes of tan,
With thy turned up pantaloons
And thy merry whistled tunes,
With thy flapping overshoes

II

And Mackinaws of many hues,
With thy plaid cap's jaunty grace,
Set above a beaming face.
From my heart I give thee joy,
I was once an Andover Boy.

M. C. B.

HINTON & CO. - - - Caterers

Plain and Fancy

Creams and Ices

Cakes to Order

ORDERS FILLED AT ONE DAY'S NOTICE

HIDDEN ROAD Take Reading Car Telephone Connection



The Abbot Courant

June, 1913

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1913

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN

THE ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XXXIX No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1913

Contents

An Abbot Garland of Verse—A translation from the Aeneid (Book V) 5
Ethel Lettie Rand, C. P. 1913

Maying 6
Alice Le Sueur Harsh, C. P. 1913

A Lullaby 7
Ella Augusta Stohn, 1914

The Four Winds 8
Dorothy Perkins, C. P. 1913

The Time Will Come 9
Dorothy Pillsbnry, 1915

The Call of the Sea 9
Miriam Bancroft

Spring o' the Year 10
Frances Miner Dowd, 1914

The Garden at Night 10
Alice C. Sweeney, C. P. 1914

An Indian Idyl 11
Lillian Conroy, C. P. 1914

Mammy's Lullaby 12
Mary Rutherford Harsh, C. P. 1914

My Conscience 12
Marion Mather Brooks, 1915

A Word to Abbot Girls 13
Gladys Phillips

The Suffragette 14
Lillian Conroy, C. P. 1914

Little Dog 15
Barbara Hadley

A Dream 18
Dorothy Bennett, 1914

Day Awakening 20
Doris Elizabeth Sawyer

A Hero of the Revolution 22
Janet Nevius, 1915

The Ten Little Helpers 24
Helen Hanscom, 1914

Kipling's Jungle Books 27
Helen Hersey, C. P. 1913

Editorials 29

Letters to the Editor 34

School Journal 39

Alumnae Notes 51

The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies fifty cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.

The Andover Press



MISS BAILEY

THE ABBOT COURANT

Literary Editors

HELEN DANFORTH, 1913

DOROTHY PERKINS, C.P., 1913 BARBARA HADLEY

ELISABETH BARTLETT, C.P., 1914 ALICE SWEENEY, C.P., 1914

Business Editors

MARGARET WILKINS, 1913

RUTH JENKINS MILDRED HORNE, C.P., 1914

Vol. XXXIX JUNE, 1913 **No. 2**

A Translation from the Aeneid

Eumelus sped to the tomb and spoke to the sons of Anchises,
Stirred up the crowds as they stood there, watching the boys upon horseback.
Told of a direful disaster, pointing way down t'wards the seashore.
All of those brave-hearted Trojans blanched at the sight spread before them,
Low on the curved island bay, in the harbor of ancient Acestes,
Smoke rising slowly in clouds, consuming their strong oaken vessels.
Quickly the spirited boy, Ascanius, son of Aeneas,
Heedless of frenzied attendants, rode like a flash to the water,
Straight through the crowd of the women, who hurled the branches and firebrands,
Snatched from the altars of Neptune, urged by the herald of Juno.
"What! Are you mad, Trojan women! Burning the hope of your kinsmen!
I am the son of your leader, I am your own youthful Julius!"
Soon to the shore came Aeneas, followed by all his attendants.
Then were the hearts of the women filled with deep shame and contrition;
Swiftly they fled to the woods, hiding in rock-hollowed caverns;
Sorrowful now for their folly, loosed from the spell of the goddess.

Yet all the power of those heroes, helped by the near-flowing water,
Could not at all stop the burning, or save their ships from destruction.
Not till the righteous Aeneas, stretching his hands towards the heavens,
Sought for the aid of the gods, begging the all-powerful father,
Not until then did the fire cease wholly to smoulder and flicker,
Quenched by the rain from a storm-cloud, beating with fury upon them.

Ethel Lettie Rand, C. P. 1913

Maying

Have you ever been a-maying,
On a day so full of playing,
When the sun is bright and gay,
And the breezes whisper, "Play"?
'Tis summer, summer; come, let's go —
A-maying, playing, skipping to and fro!

Have you heard the birds awaking?
Full of joy the day is breaking,
All the chorus seems to say,
"Night is over, let us play."
'Tis summer, summer; come, let's go —
A-maying, playing, skipping to and fro!

Have you seen the clover growing,
And the apple blossoms blowing?
While the shepherd pipes his lay,
Come, my love, with me and play.
'Tis summer, summer; come, let's go —
A-maying, playing, skipping to and fro!

Alice Le Sueur Harsh, C. P. 1913

A Lullaby

When the shades of twilight fall,
And the birds their mates do call,
Flowers sleep, and grasses tall
Sink in slumber's happy thrall,
Then my baby fear no harm,
Mother holds you in her arm,
Singing her sweet melody —
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Fairies come and baby spy.
With lingering steps come nigh,
Gently close the bright blue eyes,
Whispering softly — hush-a-bye,
Then my baby fear no harm,
Mother holds you in her arm,
Singing her sweet melody —
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Ella Augusta Stohn, 1914

The Four Winds

North, South, East and West,
The South wind's the wind I love the best.

The North wind comes up off the sea,
Chilly and cold and dark;
His face is creased with wrinkles and frowns,
Where his fits of rage have left their mark,
Their wild and sullen mark.

The East wind hides a thousand things
In her half-closed, sea-green eyes —
And it's woe to the man whom she ensnares
With her fascinating tears and sighs,
Her lying tears and sighs.

The old West wind is rugged and bold,
His face and his nose are red;
His thin white hair makes a fringe beneath
The red knitted hat upon his head,
His cheerful old bald head.

The South wind's gentle and kind and good
And beautiful is she;
She brings a load of pleasant dreams
For the boys and girls across the sea,
Across the twilight sea.

North, South, East and West,
The South wind's the wind I love the best.

Dorothy Perkins, C. P. 1913

The Time Will Come

Oh! Sing me to sleep
  Blest mother of mine,
For the way is steep
  For a child to climb.

Oh! I am weary,
  Dear mother of mine;
The world seems dreary,
  The sun doesn't shine.

But the years will pass,
  Sweet mother of mine;
And we'll meet at last
  Oh! Mother of mine.

Dorothy Pillsbury, 1915

The Call of the Sea

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful for the sea,
For the wanderer's spirit is on me,
On the ocean I crave to be.

There's a schooner in the harbor
With her sails all flying free,
And I long to be aboard her,
Once more on the open sea.

The fresh winds blow about me,
The waves lull me to sleep —
Oh! of the land I'm weary
And strong is the call of the deep.

Miriam Bancroft, 1914

Spring o' the Year

We have a road at home, "The Old Mill Road,"
Where in the spring the pink arbutus showed
First, of all the blossoms Nature tosses from her lap;
And, here, close by, awakened from his nap,
The brook goes merrily singing to the sea —
While all the birds are calling, calling me
To come out, come out, Spring is here at last!
And all wood-folk rejoice that winter's past.

Frances Miner Dowd, 1914

The Garden at Night

Delicate, fragrant odors
  Waft on the cool night air,
So slight and elusive a perfume,
  That it seems to be everywhere.

Dimly, through mists and shadows,
  Appear the shapes of flowers,
Heavy with dew that has fallen,
  During the long night hours.

Naught moves, save a blundering insect,
  Which, roused to a sudden flight,
Starts from the sheltering petals,
  And flits off into the night.

Alice C. Sweeney C. P. 1914

An Indian Idyl

Chic-o-lee, the chieftain's daughter,
One morning in the Spring,
Jumped up from her wigwam quarter,
And began a song to sing;
Laughed a little roguish cheer,
With her bright eyes flashing,
And as fleet as any deer,
O'er the fields went dashing.

Plucked she then a small pink flower,
Tucked it in her hair,
Then sat beneath a little bower,
And sniffed the sweet Spring air;
She then away to the brooklet ran,
With spirits bubbling high,
And dipped her foot all brown and tan
Into the water gurgling by.

She felt a thrill of wild delight,
Delicious it did seem
There in the early hazy light,
At dawn of morning's beam;
Swiftly she darted homeward now,
But startled, soon she paused,
"Whence all these things and how,
By whom are these things caused?"

Dear little Indian maiden,
You did not know our Creed,
Yet your little heart was laden,
With love for the purest deed.

Lillian Conroy, C. P. 1913

Mammy's Lullaby

Put yer little kinky head upon yer mammy's shoulder,
  Rock-a-bye and cuddle close agin yer mammy's arm.
Little brown-eyed baby, safe from skerry goblin critters,
  Mammy's near, so never fear, there ain't a bit o' harm.

Gone away to fairy lan', yer blessed little nigger?
  Far from snowy cottonfield an' cabin door to play.
Back ag'in to mammy in de mornin' sunshine early,
  Back wid all de birds an' flowers at de break o' day.

Mary Rutherford Harsh, C. P. 1914

My Conscience

I have a little conscience
  That loves to stay with me,
And what can be the use of him
  Is more than I can see.

He is always very near me,
  From the morning until night;
And sometimes when he's near me
  I wish he weren't in sight.

And sometimes when I've gone to bed
  For a nice long summer's nap
And I wake up quite suddenly —
  Oh why did I do that?

Then I stay so wide awake
  For such a long, long time,
Just thinking of that little thing
  And wishing it weren't mine.

Marion Mather Brooks, 1915

A Word to Abbot Girls

O Abbot girls! O Abbot girls!
How shocking is the news
That "undressed English" known as slang
You daily, hourly use.

'Tis said you speak of "infant child,"
Call everyone "my dear."
The things you see and talk about
Are "wonderful" to hear.

You shorten costume to a "rig,"
A stunning hat's a "dream,"
The mulligrubs you call the "dumps,"
A funny thing, a "scream."

A "corker," one whom you admire,
One you don't, is a "gawk";
"Oh Heavings, Maude," when you mean Bosh!
What way is that to talk?

'Tis said you say "Believe me" too,
With accent on the "'lieve",
And call a "prune" or "donkey" one
'Gainst whom you have a "peeve."

O my dear girls! That line of stuff
Is bad beyond a doubt.
"Take it from me," it's awful form —
Why don't you "cut it out"?

Gladys Phillips

The Suffragette

When Hiram Jones went to the polls,
His pocketbook was full of rolls.
His party sent him to vote for Betts,
And strongly oppose the suffragettes;
When Jones arrived at the country seat
He surely did look very neat,
And walking down the road he met
The sweetest little suffragette;
A great parade came passing, too,
And before the man knew what to do
The maiden, of very tender years,
With eyes as bright as polished spears,
To Hiram said, "You'll carry the banner?"
And then poor Jones began to stammer.
You see, he was so very polite
He couldn't refuse the little sprite,
So through the thickest of the fray,
Our hero leads his noble way.
No wonder the crowds to laugh began;
You see, he was the only man;
But what cared he for the curious stare,
The bright-eyed girl — she, too, was there.
And when the clock struck just at three,
They invited their Man to have some tea;
And there he listened without a sigh
To the flocks of women screeching high,
Who told their schemes with wild dismay,
And it lasted through the whole long day.
So Jones, he voted for Mrs. Pember,
And as a result became a life member.

When Jones came back to Scareville place,
He wore a very smiling face,
For there, you see, right at his side,
Was walking his happy and pretty bride.
A suffragette she no longer roams,
For, now, she's Mrs. Hiram Jones.

Lillian Conroy, C. P. 1914

Little Dog

Little Jackie Dearborne was lost! It came over him so suddenly that he had to sit right down on the curbing, his knees shook so that he couldn't walk another step. Lost! Oh dear, why had he disobeyed his mother and left the car. How nice and "comfy" his mother's little electric coupé was anyway. Why did he ever get out of it? He wouldn't again. No sir. Well, he might never have the chance even to get in it again. And just here, Jackie's small handkerchief came out of the tiny pocket of his new suit and he wept large salt tears into it.

Then something happened! He heard something scramble in front of him and then a little growly bark, and he looked up straight into a pair of friendly, snappy brown eyes. The owner of the eyes wagged a little stump tail joyously and barked again.

"Oh!" said Jackie.

"Whuff," growled Little Dog, and his eyes twinkled.

"Oh!" said Jackie again, bewildered.

"Whuff," said Little Dog, and bounded straight into Jackie's lap and licked his face with a small, warm, red tongue.

Jackie's heart swelled to bursting and he hugged Little Dog with all his might and main. Little Dog wiggled joyfully in his arms and wagged his little stump tail nearly off.

All at once a harsh, strident voice was heard, and Jackie felt Little Dog's body grow rigid and the stump tail became still. The voice came nearer and Jackie's own heart kept time with the wild beating of Little Dog's.

"I say, Mike! Get that little stump-tail cur if you can; this is where he bums 'round."

The answer was a rough chirrup to a little old jaded horse and a worn wagon with its freight of yelping dogs bumped around the corner, across the street and down a side alley out of sight.

"The Dog Catcher!" thought Jackie, and he almost forgot to breathe, when around the corner came a rough, hard-looking man almost like the evil prince in Grimm's Fairy Tales, only

much worse because he was so very real, and then he was the Dog Catcher, you see, and the Dog Catcher took little boys' dogs away from them and shut them up in a big cruel cage. Quick as a wink Jackie folded his coat over Little Dog and hugged the shivering animal up close to him protectingly.

"Hey there, Kid! Seen a stump-tailed cur anywheres 'round?"

"N' no Sir," stuttered Jackie, his first lie.

"What's the matter, Kid? Are you cold? Quit your shivering. Been stealin' somethin', hey?" And the man laughed harshly at Jackie's little white, frightened face. "Come on, Kid! get along home." He put a rough, grimy hand on Jackie's shaking shoulder. "Where's the dog, Kid?"

Jackie's heart skipped a beat, then beat steadily on as he felt Little Dog's body hug closer to him.

"I haven't seen any dog, Sir," lied Jackie again, calmly.

"Huh! You're a respectable youngster," the Dog Catcher's hand released its hold on the little shoulder and was drawn hastily across his eyes. It wasn't so very long ago that the Dog Catcher had said good-bye to his own little youngster in England.

The clang of a fire bell roused the Dog Catcher and he slouched off without a backward glance. Out of the corner of his eye Jackie saw him turn the corner, and the harsh sound of his commands grew fainter and fainter. Jackie still hugged Little Dog to him until a funny little smothered bark coming from the depths of his coat made him release his hold a bit and Little Dog squirmed out of his arms and pranced 'round and 'round him in his doggish glee. Eyes sparkling, tail wagging, ears flapping, 'round he went until Jackie grew fairly dizzy watching him.

"Oh, Little Dog, I love you!" cried Jackie.

"Whuff, whuff!" barked Little Dog, which being translated meant, "I love you!"

Darkness was beginning to settle down on the little shabby street, and, all of a sudden Jackie remembered that he was lost. Little Dog's capers had stopped and he was standing quiet, ears erect, red tongue hanging sidewise out of his mouth, and he was

talking puppy-talk just as fast as he could but Jackie didn't know it.

"Oh dear," thought Little Dog, "If he'd only listen to me I'd take him somewhere. I don't just know where but somewhere anyway. Whuff!" growled Little Dog to Jackie, "Whuff, whuff!" meaning "Follow me, I say."

Away he bounded and coming to a stand ten feet away he looked back at Jackie and barked again, wagging his little stump of a tail so hard that he lost his balance and rolled over on the sidewalk with an astonished "Whuff!"

It was getting darker now, and Jackie didn't like the dark and the curb-stone was hard and uninviting, and Little Dog did look so longingly at him. "Why, he wants me to follow him!" popped into Jackie's head. Little Dog barked the louder and almost turned himself inside out with joy when he saw Jackie coming toward him, and he ran around the corner still barking. Jackie ran after him and turning the corner he stopped still, in surprise, for there was Little Dog standing on the step of a little blue coupé, his stump of a tail doing forty wags a second against the gold initialed door.

"Oh!" breathed Jackie, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Mamma!" A short run, a tug at the door, and in a second, Little Dog and Jackie were rolling on the floor of the coupé in an excited heap.

Mamma, in the office of the police station where she had gone in her fright at Jackie's loss, heard the cry and rushed out to the blue coupé, the big, fat desk sergeant waddling in her wake, and in a shake of a lamb's tale Jackie and Little Dog were in Mamma's arms, being hugged, kissed and cried over.

"Oh, Mamma!" gasped Jackie between kisses. "See the little doggie that I found!"

"Whuff! Whuff!" growled Little Dog, which said as plain as day, "See the coupé that I found!"

Barbara Hadley

A Dream

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Gwendolen. She was a very rich little girl and she had everything she wanted, dolls and toys, and a loving father and mother who did everything for her. But she was unhappy and discontented and cross. She was tired of all her beautiful play-things and wanted something else, she didn't quite know what. Perhaps it was brothers and sisters like the little girl next door, or perhaps it was to run barefoot in the sand like the little boy across the street. Gwendolen was eleven years old, although she looked much younger and thought about things much older.

She fell asleep in a big cushioned window-seat one afternoon and the book she had been reading slipped from her hand to the floor. It was the story of a little lame girl who, even though she had to sit in her chair by the window all day, was as bright and cheery as the little canary who almost burst his throat with melody, above her head.

Much to her surprise, Gwendolen found herself in the room with the little lame girl and the canary. The bird was singing cheerily, and the little girl was carrolling gaily in company. There was a little box of flowers in the window beside her and she was holding an old rag doll — her only play-thing.

Gwendolen stared at her in silence for a minute, wondering what she did to amuse herself all day, alone and with no other play-things. Then she said, "Why are you singing?"

"Because I'm happy," said the little lame girl. "My flowers are blooming and nodding good morning to me with their pretty heads. It is a lovely day. The sun is shining and I can have my window open and watch the people go by. And it is my mamma's birthday and I am making something for her when she comes home. Dickie is happy, too, for he's singing."

Suddenly Gwendolen found she was in a far different place. There was the rush and roar of much machinery and she found herself standing by a little girl who was operating one of the simple machines. She was singing, too, and Gwendolen asked, "Why are you singing?"

"Because I'm happy," said the little girl. "Spring has come, and when I go home at night I can play in the field with the other children for a while, and I can think of all day before I go," and she went on singing.

Next Gwendolen found herself on a narrow street in a big city. The high tenements lined the street and kept the sun from it, and over their steps and in the street played dirty little children. One little girl was watching a baby playing with a string of spools and she was singing merrily to herself.

"Why are you singing?" asked Gwendolen.

"Because I'm happy. I'm going to the country and mother and brother are going, too. I've been to the country once and it has made me happy ever since to think about it."

By and by Gwendolen found herself in a house where a little girl, enveloped in a big apron, was polishing silver. She was singing, too.

"Why are you singing?" asked Gwendolen.

"Because I'm happy. I'm helping mother. I do something for her every day, and she says she couldn't get on without me," and she went on singing.

Then Gwendolen heard her mother's voice and she was wide awake in an instant. She jumped up and threw her arms around her neck and said, "Oh, mother, I've had the loveliest dream and I'll never be cross and unhappy again. I've learned what to do to be happy."

And she had.

Dorothy Bennett, 1914

Being a gentleman by birth, I will say nothing about her who had refused me, except this, that she was very beautiful, I loved her very much, and I desired to forget her.

Thinking to idle away a month on a New Hampshire farm, I wrote some friends who owned a very pretty place up there, and asked them if I might spend a few weeks with them. They wrote back that they would be delighted to receive me.

After having sketched the cows, the farm, and several chickens during the first two weeks, I decided on a new field, for what I was pleased to term my work. So, whistling for the dog to go too, and getting my kit, I started for the Blue Fountain. It was really quite a walk, you know; it must have been four miles.

On arriving at the Blue Fountain, a truly beautiful and natural spray of water, issuing from a natural fissure in the rocks, I came face to face with several sight-seers, and had to wait 'til they had left, before beginning work.

What an ideal spot it was, and how happy I ought to have been but was not. By the time the party had left, I really had to eat lunch, and beside, the dog was hungry. After lunch we lay and looked at the sky and smoked — at least I did. The dog went to sleep. Soon I must have followed his example, for I seemed to be floating off into space.

Over the hills I floated, far, far away to a distant island. The landing on the island was a smooth, sailing-like process. I saw an old man coming toward me.

"Sir," said he, "can I do something for you?"

"Thank you," I said, "Can you tell me where to find happiness?"

"Well," he replied, "You will not find it while loafing through the country with a dog and paints. Nor will you find it in sighing for her who may be lost to you. Memory is a good thing, but do not dwell too long on the past. I advise you to return to the city, take down your dusty law-books, and work.

Through work you may even gain love and happiness, for you will win her respect. 'Without respect there is no love.'"

"Arrho-o-o!" howled the dog, and I jumped up to see an evil-looking man peering at me from near-by bushes.

"Here, there, fork over some dough," he whined. "I have a little pistol in my ——"

Possibly my dream still impressed me too strongly, or possibly I was more hot-headed than wise. Utterly disregarding the tramp, I seized my canvas, paint-boxes, brushes, in fact my whole kit, and threw it straight into the Blue Fountain, before turning to settle matters with the man.

By the time I was ready for him, however, he had gone, doubtless supposing me a mad-man. But I was not — it was merely a case of the Real Man at last.

Doris Elizabeth Sawyer

A Hero of the Revolution

The old Bullock house had stood in Germantown ever since the Revolution. The most fascinating room in this old house was the living-room. It was furnished with beautiful Oriental rugs, massive mahogany and valuable and curious ornaments. The walls were hung with family portraits and old papers and documents of the Revolution that had turned yellow with age.

Seated in front of the fire was Betty Bullock, the daughter of the present owner of the old house. She was gazing steadily at one of the portraits, the face of which was lighted by the fading sunlight, the face of a young man, dressed in the uniform of a continental soldier. He had always been one of Betty's favorite heroes, and she loved to imagine the brave deeds that he had performed. Today her faith had been shattered by a scornful young lady in her history class. This haughty miss had informed the class that her great-great-grandfather had been a general in the Revolution, and when Betty had spoken of her great-great-uncle who had been a private, she was answered with a scornful flow of words.

Now Betty was sitting, thinking over what the girl had said. After all, maybe a private wasn't of any use. Her Hero was tottering in her mind. With a sigh she looked from the painting to the fire, which, to her amazement, flared up and revealed a picture.

In an instant Betty was lost to her surroundings, for she was watching a fierce battle between two armies. At first all was confusion. On account of a dense fog she could hardly tell one figure from another, but the fog cleared and Betty recognized the old Chew House, and realized that this was the battle of Germantown.

Thick clouds of smoke obliterated the picture; then again she saw in dim outline the forces of Liberty pressing on, nearing the goal, then their being driven back!. As the smoke cleared, she recognized in that struggling mass of humanity a familiar face. Could it be her Private? It was. Betty sat perfectly still and prayed for that valiant figure in blue. Now she could see him. Now (her heart seemed to stand still) he was down. No, it was only the soldier next to him. Betty breathed a sigh of

relief. Now she had lost him in that surging black mass. At last after hours, as it seemed to Betty, the battle was over. The field was littered with the dead and wounded. Was he amongst these?

The picture faded away leaving Betty white and tense, wondering what had become of her hero! Then the fire blazed again and revealed to her anxious eyes the dimly lighted hold of the prison ship Jersey. There, chained to the wall, was the figure in blue. Betty could hardly recognize this wasted and bent form for the dashing young soldier of Germantown.

The scene changed and this time she observed by the light of the moon, two soldiers carrying a figure wrapped in a military cloak. Betty watched them, horror stricken, as they threw the figure overboard. Just as it struck the water the cloak fell from the face and Betty saw that it was her private. Then she heard one of the soldiers say, "Another pesky rebel gone"; and the other reply, "It is men like that poor fellow who are winning the independence of the colonies."

Betty was left in darkness with these words ringing in her ears. When the maid came in to light the lamps, she found her gazing at the portrait and softly whispering, "You were a Hero!"

Janet Nevius, 1915

The Ten Little Helpers

The winter evenings at Aunt Tilley's farm are, as a rule, very dreary but on special evenings they are very enjoyable. After the day's work is done, all the family gather around the hearth and await the arrival of a few neighbors. Sometimes, Cousin William, when he is visiting in the village, joins the group in spite of the long distance he has come in order to do so. Then there is gladness at the farm for Cousin William is the best tale-teller of the moutain-side. He knows the history of all the old families. He knows the trails for miles around. In short, he has the tradition of the whole country at his tongue's end.

It was the first time since June that he had come to spend an evening at the farm. He was very welcome. Everyone was glad to see him. The most comfortable seat was given to him, while the family gathered in a circle around him.

Aune Tilley drew her chair by the fire, her darning in her lap. Josie, Aunt Tilley's daughter, was busy knitting some mittens. She was a very capable young lady, always ready to help in some way. Sometimes she milked the cows, other times she made the butter, and during the long evenings she sewed, darned, and crocheted. Martha, Aunt Tilley's youngest daughter, was somewhat of a lady. She read during the day time, and either read or sat idle at night. This evening she sat idle by the fire. She had attempted to sew but had thrown her work down with disgust, unable to do it.

By degrees, Cousin William was informed of all the news. He wished to know what was happening to every one, from the oldest boy to the baby. The boys, each in his turn, told about the cows, the colts, and the poultry yard.

Martha sat with idle hands and bent head, apparently very far away. Her listless hands toyed with a spool of thread which lay in her lap. Cousin William observed all this, but he made no comment. It reminded him of a little tale told to him when he was a boy. As usual the family and neighbors besought him for a story.

"Cousin William, a tale! a tale!" they cried.

"Very well," he said. "Let me see. Last time I told you of the brigands in the mountains, a tale for men, but to-night, if you have no objection, I will tell a story to please the little ones.

"This tale is about Grandmother Charlotte, a very notable woman. Grandmother had been young in her time, and do you know it was even said that no young maid was prettier nor livelier than she. But she had her troubles. She was left alone at the head of a large farm, with just her and her father to do the work. Task succeeded task until the poor girl, unused to so many cares, gave up in despair, and because she thought she could do nothing well, she didn't do anything.

"One day as she sat before the door, she began to talk to herself in this fashion. 'Oh dear, it is a shame that at my age I have to do so much work and have so many cares. If the Fairy Godmother could hear me now, maybe she would free us both, me from my cares and my father from his debts. Such a thing has happened, for mother often told me about the dear old fairy.'

"'You have your wish, here I am,' said a voice, and Charlotte saw the Fairy Godmother looking into the girl's face. She was attired in a very uncommon fashion and was so ugly, old, and wrinkled that at first Charlotte was frightened, but soon she recovered her self-possession.

"'I have heard your complaint,' said the ancient dame, "And have come to help you. I have brought with me ten faithful little helpers that I will bestow upon you.'

"'Where are they?' cried the girl.

"The old woman threw open her cloak and there stepped forth ten dwarfs unequal in size.

"'The first two pairs,' continued the old lady, 'will serve you in all your household work of whatever form it may be. The third will assist in serving, and I have given one of them a copper thimble for his hat. The rest are just as vigorous — even the little pair will serve you.'

"'Oh dear Mother Fairy,' cried the girl, "Can I borrow these?'

"'Yes, and better still, I am going to give them to you, but no one must know about them, and so I am going to make them as small as possible and put them in the tips of your fingers. If you do not govern with these small helpers, if you do not keep them busy all day, you will gain no advantage from them. But if you keep them busy the work which was so hard to you will get itself done as if by magic.'

"The Fairy was right. By following her advice, Grandmother put straight the affairs of the farm and won a dowry for herself, by help of which she married happily and as a result, here we are today. It is a tradition that Charlotte has transmitted the fairy workers to all our family."

As he finished his tale he stole a glance at Martha, who blushed, lowered her head, and turned to her sewing.

The whole party was pleased with the tale, but only Martha guessed for whom it was specially intended.

Helen Hanscom, 1914

Kipling's Jungle Books

Books about animals are by no means uncommon, for there seems to be some attraction in them, not only for the young but for the old as well. Whether the animal's life is told as something which has been studied scientifically or as a story, matters little. The attraction is still there. Rudyard Kipling proved this when he gave his Jungle Books to the public.

We love the Indian Jungle at once. It is almost impossible not to think of it as a world, separate from ours, indeed, but one that has its own laws and precepts. It is inhabited by strange people, but still they have the same sort of prejudices as human beings.

This prejudice he brings out as especially noticeable between the beasts of the Jungle and the monkeys or Bandar-Logs, as they were called. The latter belonged to the tree-tops, and as beasts seldom look up, there was no occasion for the monkeys to cross their path. The Bandar-Logs' one idea was to be noticed by the beasts of the Jungle, and they would do all sorts of queer things to attract attention. None of the beasts could catch them, but, on the other hand, none of the beasts would notice them.

We learn from these volumes that there is a law of the Jungle, which is the oldest in the world and which all the tribes obey. This statement, whether fiction or truth, is pleasing to think of. It is natural to think of beasts as being wild, having no law or order, but under the spell of the Jungle we are ready and willing to believe the contrary.

If we should stop and analyze what it is that is so atractive about Kipling's books, the first thing that would come to our minds would be his descriptive powers. Let us take for an example the picture of the deserted city in the midst of the Jungle:—

"Some King had built this city long ago on a little hill. You could still trace the stone causeways that led up to the ruined gates where the last splinters of wood hung to the worn, rusted hinges. Trees had grown into and out of the walls; the

battlements were tumbled down and decayed, and wild creepers hung out of the windows of the towers on the walls in bushy, hanging clumps.

"A great roofless palace crowned the hill and the marble of the courtyard where the King's elephants used to live had been thrust up and apart by trees and grasses. From the palace, you could see the rows and rows of roofless houses that made up the city, looking like empty honeycombs filled with blackness; the shapeless block of stone that had been an idol in the square where four roads met; the pits and dimples at street corners where the public wells once stood, and the shattered domes of the temples with wild figs sprouting on their sides."

There is a vividness about this description that makes us have a feeling of sadness at the decay of civilization, but it is a sadness mingled with awe when we think of the short reign of human beings on earth compared with that of the Jungle. It can almost be thought of as saying, "Generations may come and generations may go, but I live on forever."

It is not alone the Jungle itself with which Kipling deals so skilfully, but the Indian villages close to it. By his pen much of the caste prejudice, superstition and customs of the people are revealed. As he has lived in India nearly all his life, he knows the conditions perhaps better than anyone else.

It is easy for us who have read these books to put ourselves in the midst of the Jungle and live among its inhabitants. We almost unconsciously become Mowgli, the Frog, and seem to be going through the daily life in the Jungle with his comrades. We are proud of his wolf-mother, Raksha, who stands up for her rights at the council rock, and no one could be more thrilled and exultant than we, when Shere Khan, the tiger, is killed. Their lazy life rests us after books of hair-raising excitement, and we feel more able to go on with our work, which has to be gone through with day after day, after our short visit to the other side of the world.

Helen W. Hersey, C. P. 1913

Editorials

The question of secret societies in school has for some time been vital, and this year it has reached its climax. Societies have existed in Abbot for over twenty years. They were not recognized, however, until Miss Means became the principal in 1898. At that time she felt that the organizations were a help to her in many school matters.

Although there has been much general agitation on the subject of secret societies all over the country, the problem in Abbot has been considered rather unique. The good which societies have been able to accomplish here has seemed to overbalance the evil.

Now, however, it seems evident that the need for them has passed and that a better democracy may be reached without them. After careful consideration of the matter, a voluntary agreement has been drawn up by the present members of the societies to allow no more initiations. This step has been taken by the girls themselves, who believe it to be for the welfare of Abbot.

The regret at giving up the organizations which have existed so long is very great. The realization, too, of what this action will mean to the scores of old members among the alumnae has made it hard to come to a decision. The present members of the societies, however, feel that these old girls will accept the judgment of those who have been in the midst of changed conditions, and that their Abbot spirit will make them loyally support this measure which seems so necessary for Abbot's best welfare.

We of Abbot who have attended the Episcopal Church are sorry indeed to learn of Doctor Palmer's resignation. His long years of service at Christ Church have made him so much a part of its services that it is hard to become reconciled to the thought of seeing a stranger in his place.

Scholar and teacher that he is, it is indeed a privilege to have known and listened to him as he tried to make simple enough for our comprehension some of the great thoughts and lessons of which his mind is so full.

We are very glad to have Mrs. Ashton with us this year as our official violin teacher. We are glad and proud to have even that little hold upon her. She played for us once last year in the McKeen rooms on a Sunday evening, and the quality and sweetness of her violin was remarkable. It is an Amati and one of unusual richness of tone. She has played at the November Club this year, and once in Davis Hall accompanied by Mr. Ashton on the organ. Everyone is charmed by her playing, and we hope that she will play for us often in the future.

That Abbot has many generous friends has been well proved this year, for almost never before has the school received so many donations. This generous giving reached a climax near the end of the spring term in the anonymous gift of five thousand dollars to be used for building an infirmary, provided certain conditions were fulfilled. These were that the amount be increased to twenty thousand dollars before January, and that the building be called the Antoinette Hall Taylor Infirmary. Already through generous contributions the fund has been increased to twelve thousand dollars, and there is every hope that before next January we may have the pleasure of witnessing the laying of the corner-stone. Perhaps we don't all realize how greatly this gift will benefit the school, for, although it is fulfilling a long-felt need, time alone can prove its extreme usefulness. Nevertheless we can appreciate its possibilities and rejoice with Abbot in her latest good-fortune.

In any station in life the person of real value, perhaps of the highest value, is the one who is always even-tempered and serene — not one who is in the seventh heaven of bliss one moment and in the depths of gloom the next, but one who in every situation is steady and reliable. To obtain this balance, outward control is not all that is necessary, although, of course, it is important. One must be trained inwardly to give every occurrence its true proportion and to keep all relations sane. This is the real art of living. Those who have learned it are like "rocks in a weary land," for it is to them that others go to recover their equilibrium after upsetting experiences. They are the real philanthropists in the world. May their number increase!

Occasionally there crosses the path of every life a being who, though bent and infirm with what men call "age," is young — so young as never to become old. This person has drunk deep from the fountain of Eternal Youth. This fountain — sought by all humanity since men have aged and died — has never been discovered by any of those who have searched for it.

Those who have found it have stumbled upon it by chance. It is not a beautiful fount of clear-flowing liquid springing from a Vergil paradise in some remote corner of the earth. Nay! those who have found it say that it springs purest in the most crowded parts of the world, in places where the stream of human life flows fastest and deepest.

It is discovered only by those who live for others, those who are not selfish, egotistical or self-absorbed.

The life of one who is absorbed in himself is uninteresting and colorless. It is impossible to think only of one thing and not become tired of it.

Joy and happiness cannot be obtained by so narrow a life. Old age and death become a horror.

Let us live the generous life for others and find in old age the beautiful fountain of undying youth!

A chance witness of an Abbot fire-drill would learn much of the characters and personalities of the girls. There are few times when one reveals so much of herself.

The girl who forgets her place, forgets to close her window, forgets her damp towel, is hardly the girl one would rely on in an extremity. The girl who does not forget, but neglects to do as she is told to do because it is "too much bother," needs no further explanation of her character. Then there is the girl who insists on talking and giggling in the hall. She will undoubtedly go giggling on through life, asleep to her responsibilities, or refusing to accept them if she sees them.

Not all of us, however, are so imperfect in drill; there are a few girls who are in the right places at the right time, and who have forgotten nothing. It is as easy to make a prophecy here, and say that these are the few who will accomplish what

they set out to do. I wish I could be personal for a moment and write here a list of their names as I have noticed them. They should be set before us as an example worthy of following.

One of the easiest things in the world to do is to criticise. We all criticise friends, methods and principles — in fact a very large part of every day of our lives is given up to passing judgment in one way or another — and how much of this time is wasted!

It is so easy to form the habit of arriving at hasty conclusions and spreading them broadcast without thought of the good or harm they will do; and sometimes the harm done by careless remarks is greater than we realize.

Criticism should not be an end in itself but a means for accomplishing good. The amount of good it does accomplish shows its real value. Rational, unprejudiced opinions are always in great demand and never fail to help those who are fortunate enough to obtain them. Such opinions of real value doubtless would not be so scarce if some of us could be induced to talk less and think more. To strive for quality not quantity is most desirable in this matter.

The rule "Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment," is valuable in any community; and isn't it one which many of us need to consider often?

Almost every year there are people graduating from schools who feel utterly aghast at the prospect of being sent out into the world. They are not at all brilliant and have no talents upon which to base their life work. In fact, they have no apparent aptitude for work, and their condition would be absolutely deplorable, were it not for a new method of money-making which has lately been discovered. They can become cubists. It is an ideal occupation; for all that one needs to become quite efficient is a strong sense of humor and an indifference to beauty. Prepared in these two respects, anyone may arm himself with plenty of thick, bright-colored paint, and go ahead. It is wisest to work without models and improvise. Only a few weeks of practice are needed to reach the aim of every true cubist —

namely, to paint something which no one else can see. Some misguided and benighted people have attempted to criticise and under-rate this new step in art, but fortunately their efforts, thus far, have been unsuccessful. May they continue to be so, for surely it would be a shame to cut off this new field for the unemployed!

Probably there is not a more handicapped and unfortunate mortal than the poor girl who arrives at a school with a family reputation to live up to. It makes no difference how many or how few preceding members of a family there have been. It takes only one bright one to start the trouble. Let it but be known that you are this one's cousin, or that one's sister, and all chances to assert your personality are lost. No sayings, however bright, will be appreciated; no achievements, however great, can shine in comparison to that brilliant record made before. To make matters worse, your own family has the same attitude, and any little honors that may be acquired are not at all appreciated, — for they have long been expected. In short, a family reputation is an irremediable evil, and we are making no attempt to lessen its harm by writing this. Our only purpose is to give this word of advice to any sisters, daughters, or cousins of Abbot girls who are contemplating coming here. Come right along, for we'll be glad to have you here; but take it from us — arrive incognito.

"Curiosity once killed a cat," the saying goes, but, if that was the case, then the cat had nine times the usual supply of curiosity as a cat has nine lives. There are two kinds of curiosity; first, the kind that is really curious to know, secondly, the kind that is just curious to see. Abbot girls are curious to see things and above all anxious not to miss anything. If a carriage drives up to the door at eleven-thirty of a moonlight night, everyone wants to know who is out so late and see who it is. They'll lean out of the the windows at a perilous angle and crane their necks dangerously. If a stranger, man, woman or child, man preferred, enters the circle, instantly the front windows will be crowded with girls who want to see "the

spice." Quite an appalling array, in fact, if "the spice" is bashful. This curiosity is only healthful in a young girl and something to arouse a gentle smile, but be careful, girls, there is a limit to all things.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

I have been thinking recently of the way that some of the Abbot girls are ever ready to talk and give their opinions concerning subjects of which they are really ignorant.

I know many refined girls here who show a great lack of common sense by doing this very thing. For example, take the topics "Suffrage," "Futurist Art," or the "Threatened Telephone Strike in Boston." They are very ready to interrupt an intelligent argument to give their views upon subjects such as these, about which they know nothing.

Would it not be much better for such girls to listen, and — learn? Or if they must talk, let them read and become acquainted with the situations that they wish to discuss, so that they can argue intelligently.

Truly yours,

Enid L. Baush

Miss Baush, your letter brought to my mind the story of an ignorant city fellow who had gone to the country for his vacation. The farmer had warned him not to go near the bee-hive, but he went just the same and poked a stick into the hive to see what would happen. Of course he ignorantly interrupted an argument that the bees were holding and naturally they resented it. After it was all over, the fellow was much wiser, and while he was recovering from the stings he read the "Farmer's Bee Book" from cover to cover. Perhaps this little story will help force your point home, and let me add in closing that, though the Abbot library has very few Bee Books on its shelves, it has other excellent books and all the current magazines, and they will perhaps answer the same purpose, that is, supply useful information.

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

"Oh, would some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

So wrote the Scottish poet, Robert Burns; and that power was given to the girls at Abbot last Tuesday night by the Faculty, who showed us some of our faults in a very entertaining way, and in such a manner that we shall long remember the pleasant evening

spent as "a happy family." So, dear Editors of the *Courant*, it seems a fitting time that the following resolution should be adopted. Resolved: that chewing gum is a very awkward occupation; that an enthusiastic game of basketball cannot be played in evening gowns; that "Banty pulled the string" on the modern way of picking up a room; and that we thank the faculty for the "wonderful" time that they gave us.

Sincerely yours,

Helen Hamblet

It is necessary only to second Miss Hamblet's "thank-you," and this we do with a heartiness that only the pure enjoyment of a good thing can warrant.

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

When a Senior Class leaves Abbot, it gives something to its Alma Mater. But there are many of us who are not going to graduate. Yet, although we do not graduate, cannot we feel a loyalty and love for Abbot? We can and do, but can we not also *show* our loyalty?

To promote a feeling of our being a part of Abbot, would it not be a good plan to have a general fund, to which every girl might contribute? In the fall, we had a simple little play that gave us all much pleasure and carried its results into the Kentucky school. Why can't we do something just as simple, that will be for Abbot as that was for another school? Of course, a fund like this would be slow in gathering, but, when gathered, what a comfortable feeling every old Abbot girl, whether a graduate or not, would have to be able to say, "Why, I helped to give Abbot that!" We give to this and we give to that! Why not add Abbot to the list?

Sincerely,

Katharine Gilbert

This would, undoubtedly be a very good plan, if carried out. It deserves the consideration of every girl in school. We have heard much of the abstract virtues of the girls of the past. Why should not we, the girls of the present, leave behind us, for the girls of the future, some concrete token of our love for Abbot?

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

Having read and enjoyed your magazine for several years, and knowing that either suggestions or criticisms are gladly received, I beg to offer for your consideration a slight suggestion of improvement. It is in regard to the care of the grounds by the girls and applies somewhat more to the day-scholars than to those in the house. We have very attractive grounds and should endeavor to keep them so, instead of cutting edges and making ugly paths. This

especially applies to the banking between the lower door of McKeen Hall and Draper Hall. Just at this time of the year even one or two girls making a practice of taking "short-cuts" can destroy the grass. We have been asked not to cross the circle and why should this request not also include all other parts of the lawn?

Sincerely yours,

Maidie Erving

All who have helped to wear this obnoxious little path know how very tempting it is. The looks of our grounds should, however, be our first thought in such a case. Therefore, in the future, we shall hope to see the path rapidly disappearing.

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

Twice a year seems a very small number of times to publish your magazine. The interval between the first and second publications is indeed a long one. Would it not be possible to have two mid-semester numbers added, making four numbers in all published during the year? They need not be so large as the twice-yearly ones, since they need not have the alumnae news, and need cost but half as much.

It seems to me that you could procure enough material worthy of publication from your many contributors to make such a plan possible.

Other school papers have been able to print successfully more than two copies during the school year, and why should not the *Courant?*

Very truly yours,

Elizabeth F. Leach

Although we consider this an excellent idea, it seems one of those suggestions that are more easily made than carried out. As to "the matter worthy of publication," although each year a sufficiently large number of poems and stories can be obtained from the different English Classes, nevertheless, there are never too many to print. Therefore how could we find enough for a more-often publication?

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

I had never heard of the Abbot *Courant* until after I had been here several months. Then when I asked questions about it, the answers I received were, I am sorry to say, not very complimentary to the paper. I was very anxious to see what the *Courant* was like, and as soon as I received a copy I read it from cover to cover. I must here congratulate everybody who took part in producing this edition on their fine work and success. The material and arrangement of it are very good. The compositions are very interesting and show that there is originality among the Abbot girls. I am

sure that every old Abbot girl who received a copy enjoyed it as much as I, a new girl, did.

Yours very truly,

Louise Thompson

If this were the 18th century and we were 18th century editors, I think we'd bow deeply to you, Miss Thompson, and say "We thank you, Fair Lady." But as this is the year 1913, all we can say is that your letter came like a ray of light in darkness to our weary, over-worked brains, and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your few kind words.

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

We have again been asked to write you a letter, but what shall we say? For my part, I hardly dare to criticise anything about the school, having read some of the scathing remarks made on the letters published in the last number of the *Courant*. Girls who had put careful thought into their letters found that their efforts only excited mirth. Therefore, I naturally hesitate to express my views freely, and only say in passing that I think it would be well if the editors would omit some of their sarcasm.

Sincerely,

Katharine Selden

This letter does not seem to need any answer, and, even if it did, the "able editors" would have nothing whatever to say. This is one of the times that "Silence is golden."

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

The saying is quite true, I think, that variety is the spice of life. Also it may be not only the spice of one's own life but of the lives around us as well. Variety is change, and any change of the right sort means a rest.

All this leads up to the fact that dinner here, and in our own homes as well, would be a more enjoyable meal, for all concerned, if we changed our dresses for it.

A girl who comes down to dinner in the dress she has worn all day was probably too tired to change it, and we usually realize before dinner is over that she is tired. The very idea of our being tired is only another reason for changing our dress, because here again a change brings rest.

Moreover, if we have changed for dinner, we feel so much more refreshed that unconsciously we exert ourselves to be more entertaining to our neighbor. It may be that the good feelings are catching and our neighbor may joke and laugh with the girl next

her, and "while you smile, another smiles, and soon there are miles and miles of smiles."

Try it for yourself some night, when you don't feel much like it! It may help the next one to feel happier and, before you know it, you'll be happier yourself.

Yours very truly,

Frances M. Dowd

The subject of dressing for dinner is indeed important, Miss Dowd, and I hope it was not the *Courant* editors' failure at that point that called up your letter, because you stated it so nicely that any failure to live up to your "mile of smiles" would be criminal carelessness. Our new war-cry will be "Variety and Rest!"

To the Editor of the Abbot Courant,

So many people waste perfectly good minutes by dallying when studying, while, with a little practice, they might put their whole mind upon the subject at hand.

Watch somebody study. She takes up a book, picks out a comfortable chair, and finds her place. Now she sees something out of the window, and becomes interested; but finally drags her straying thoughts back. Then her newest gown, probably not yet finished, absorbs her attention, and she sits in a trance for a short time. But her intentions are good. This time she really won't allow her mind to wander, for she has perfect control of it. But the book makes her think of the next English, History, or Latin lesson, and she wonders if it is as difficult to prepare as the one she is working so hard on now.

Don't let anything take your eyes from your book, and soon it won't require mental force to keep them there every time some one walks down the corridor.

Respectfully,

Agnes C. Grant

My dear Miss Grant, your suggestion is really valuable, and, if followed out, much of the "cramming for exams" would be done away with. But think how strange it would be in Recreation time to see no "Busy!" "Study!" "Keep OUT!" signs on the door.

School Journal

Calendar

JANUARY

January

21 Opening of the Fudge Room.
25 Senior Tea.
Senior Dance.
26 Chapel: Mr. Hincks: The Venturesomeness of Faith.

FEBRUARY

February

1 Abbot Alumnae Luncheon at the Vendôme Hotel.
2 Chapel. Miss Bosher: The Kawaihao School.
4 Seniors started for Intervale, N. H. School Sleighride.
8 Chapel. Mr. Wilson: Every Man Perfect in Christ.
11 Senior-Middle Class Play: "King René's Daughter."
14 Valentine Dinner.
15 Concert in Davis Hall by Madame Marie Sundelius.
Chapel. Rev. Nehemiah Boynton: The Growth of Light.
18 Hampton Singers at the South Church.
Hockey Spread.
21. Reception and Promenade at Phillips Academy.
22 Chapel. Mr. Walker of West Parish: "The Best Is Always Ahead."
23 Music in the McKeen Rooms.
25 Charades and Marshmallow Roast in the Recreation Room.

MARCH

March

1 Hall Exercises. Music and Recitations.
Chapel. Mr. Taylor: Peace and Serenity.
4 Tea given for the Advisory Committee.
German Play: "Wilhelm Tell."
7 Phillips Dramatics, "Our Boys," given in the Town Hall.
8 Lecture on Honolulu given by Miss Bosher in the Town Hall.
9 Chapel. Mr. Bigelow: The Church of Christ.
13 The Guild Fair.
15 Trial for Draper Reading.
Chapel. Mr. Stackpole: Things Unseen.
18 Faculty Play.
20 Indoor Meet; won by the Seniors.
23 Easter Services in Davis Hall. Miss Bailey: What Does the Resurrection mean to You?

APRIL

April

13 Chapel. Mr. Ryder: Happiness.

15 Theatricals in Davis Hall for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

17 Dedication of the Organ.

18 Chapel. Mr. Oliphant: The Meaning of Conscience in Christianity.

22 Tea given by Miss Kelsey for Miss Bennett and the Vocal Pupils.

Illustrated Lecture on Welsh Castles, given by Miss Morse.

23 Reading in Davis Hall by Mr. Alfred Noyes.

Chapel. Mr. Lombard: True Christian Religion Universal.

29 Lecture in Davis Hall by Dr. George E. Woodberry: The Way of a Student with Books.

MAY

May

1 May Breakfast in the Town Hall.

3 Hall Exercises. Prof. Sophie Chantal Hart of Wellesley: Oxford.

Chapel. Mr. Robert E. Speer: The Possibilities for Christian Service in All Things.

6 Senior-Middle Class Banquet.

10 Princeton Freshmen - Andover Baseball Game on Brothers Field.

Chapel. Mr. Roswell Bates of New York: The Power of the Living Presence of Christ.

13 Senior Play: "She Stoops to Conquer."

15 Music Pupils' Recital in Davis Hall.

18 Vesper Service in Davis Hall.

21 Abbot - Bradford Basketball Game. Score 19 to 16 in favor of Abbot.

24 Hall Exercises. Miss Mary Wiggin: The Consumers' League.

25 Rev. Arthur Barber: The Possibility of Leading the Christian Life under any Surroundings.

28 Field Day.

29 Trustees' Dance for Seniors and Senior-Middlers.

JUNE

June

7 Hall Exercises. Miss Runner: The Roman Campagna.



Plays

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

But here I have only to call your attention to a one-hundredth part of the big stage, Davis Hall, and its little group of Abbot players.

A very pretty little play, "King René's Daughter," was given by the Senior-Middlers on the evening of February 11th. The scene was laid in Provence, in the middle of the 15th century. It was the story of a charming young princess and her gallant knight. And there was the old king and the faithful servitor and the good wife, all loyal to the little princess. The actors entered wonderfully well into the spirit of the play and the audience was carried back to the age of chivalry and knightly deeds.

CAST

KING RENÉ, of Provence	Mary Harsh
COUNT TRISTAN of Vaudemont	Helen Hanscom
SIR GEOFFREY	Dorothy Bennett
EBU JOHNA, a Moorish Physician	Frances Jones
BERTRAND	Alice Sweeney
MARTHA, Bertrand's wife	Margaret Wylie
SIR ALMERIK	Elisabeth Bartlett
IOLANTHE, King René's daughter	Frances Dowd

Right after Christmas vacation, practically all the girls who are studying German started in rehearsing for the German play. Few outsiders had very definite ideas about how things were progressing, however, until the last of February, when wild and rocky bits of

scenery began to appear in the gymnasium, and finally, on March 4th, a large and expectant audience was assembled in Davis Hall. The play was scenes from Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell." The cast was very large, and the following are just the leading members and the parts they played.

CAST

HERMANN GESSLER		Frl. Mildred Bryant
WILHELM TELL		Frl. Helen Danforth
HEDWIG, Tell's wife		Frl. Esther Parks
WALTHER	Tell's boys	Frl. Mary Peters
WILHELM	Tell's boys	Frl. Olga Sjostrom

The girls spoke excellently, and acted their parts so well that, although there were many people in the audience who could not understand German, they had no difficulty in following the course of events. The scenery and costumes were exceptionally good, and added a great deal to the realistic effect of the play. Altogether it was a great success, and surely the enthusiasm and appreciation with which it was received must have amply repaid Frau Cramer and her girls for their hard work.

Tuesday evening, March 18th, the Faculty gave a vaudeville performance. "Off Duty" was extremely witty and very cleverly carried out. The costumes for the various acts were borrowed from the wardrobes of the audience, so the interest was very personal from the start. The topical songs, written by the actors themselves, elicited great applause. To add to the festivity of the occasion, the members of the Senior class came in full evening dress and occupied the front seats. Between each act they promenaded around the hall, visiting their friends, and altogether added much to the sociability of the evening. Miss Hall presented each of the cast with a huge bunch of paper violets which caused great hilarity. At the close of the evening, the Senior President gave some real American Beauty roses to the actors, amid great applause. The program was as follows:

OPENING CHORUS, "Come With Us, Come to Our Show"
SPANISH DANCE — Miss Ottilie Turnbull
SONG, "We as a Family"
PLAY, "An Interrupted Proposal"
PANTOMIME, A Society Basketball Game
SONG, "Pardon *Me!*"
PLAY, "When Banty Pulls the Strings"
SONG, "Oh! You *Wonderful* Word We Love So Well!"

The Abbot Athletic Association gave three plays on the evening of April 15th. The plays had an especial interest to the Abbot audience because they were written by three members of the Senior class.

The first, "Just a Hen," was written by Olga Erickson, and was very clever and original. It was a simple little comedy of one act, with a pretty little love story as the theme.

CAST

MR. BATES	Margaret Blake
MRS. BATES	Margaret Wylie
WALTER BATES	Gladys Phillips
PAULINE	Helene Hardy

"Just Borrowed," the second play, written by Helen Boyd, was a well carried-out boarding-school story, showing very cleverly the boarding-school girl's besetting sin — borrowing.

CAST

MARY	Margaret Perry
NAN	Betty Scott
SUSAN	Margaret Davis
JO	Dorothy Pillsbury
BETTY	Kathryn Powers
JESS	Janet Nevius

Jane Newton's short sketch of college life,— "Running for President," the last but not least of the plays, was indeed witty and well acted. "Art" was defeated in his run for President of his class, simply because he was too sterling a fellow to stoop to any dubious methods of winning. His friend Jack, who was not so scrupulous, won. But it was "Art" whom we admired most when the curtain went down.

CAST

ART	Ella Stohn
JACK	Dorothy Bennett
HAM	Louise Thompson
CAB	Marion Middlebrook
LILY	Lois Erickson
BIRCH	Esther Kilton
MAJOR	Helene Symnes
JOHNY	Barbara Hadley
MRS. O'BRIEN, the landlady	Esther Sheldon
ISAAC, the Jew	Marion Alley

The evening was a distinct success. At the close of the performance, actors and playwrights received most hearty applause. Miss Howey, the coach and stage manager, refused at first to come forth and accept congratulations, but by the efforts of the playwrights and actors finally consented to come to the front.

The Senior play, "She Stoops to Conquer," given on the evening of May 13th, closed Abbot's theatrical season in triumph. "She Stoops to Conquer" is an old play, but after all old things are best.

Tony Lumpkin managed his part almost as well as a professional, supplying humor with a lavish hand. Marlowe and Hastings with their courtly manners gave grace to the play. Kate, in stooping to conquer the unconquerable Marlowe, did it so charmingly that the audience as well as Marlowe fell at her feet. The beautiful costumes and elaborate manners of the 18th century were portrayed in all their stateliness. After the play there was a short reception in the Hall.

CAST

SIR CHARLES MARLOWE	Miss Francis
YOUNG MARLOWE	Miss Erickson
SQUIRE HARDCASTLE	Miss Wilkins
GEORGE HASTINGS	Miss Danforth
TONY LUMPKIN	Miss Newton
DIGGORY	Miss Martin
ROGER	Miss Perkins
DICK	Miss Erving
THOMAS	Miss Baush
STINGO, landlord of the "Three Pigeons"	Miss Hersey
SLANG	Miss Wade
JIMMY	Miss Day
MAT MUGGINS	Miss Peters
OLD FARMER	Miss Kendall
TOM TWIST	Miss Toye
AMINADAB	Miss Boyd
MRS. HARDCASTLE	Miss Coe
KATE HARDCASTLE	Miss Amsden
CONSTANCE NEVILLE	Miss Pickles
MAID	Miss Smith
BARMAID	Miss Gould
POT BOY	Miss Crittenden

Lectures

On Tuesday evening, April 22, Miss Morse gave a very charming illustrated lecture in Davis Hall on Welsh Castles. The lovely old ivy-covered ruins seemed teeming with romance as Miss Morse told bits of history, traditions and anecdotes about them. The beautiful pictures from which the slides were made were all taken by Miss Morse, while spending a summer in Wales, so they were especially interesting to an Abbot audience.

On the afternoon of April 29th, Mr. George E. Woodberry talked on "The Way of a Student with Books." The belief which he holds that books should be considered in the light of an adventure, is a very attractive one, especially to young people. So also is his idea about selection. As to choice in books, he said, the individual should follow his own taste. If his taste is poor, by indulgence it will wear itself out and become better. His words were full of suggestion and brought out many new and interesting ideas on the attitude of a reader.

Saturday, April 26, will long be remembered by all of us, not as a date but as the day when Mr. Alfred Noyes honored Abbot with his presence and poems. The bright spring day was harmonious with the words of the poet as he read "The Barrel Organ." Mr. Noyes has written almost every kind of verse and poetry; therefore his program was a varied one. Among the poems that he read were: "The Highway-Man," "The Companion of a Mile," "The Creation," and "Forty Singing Seamen." Our only recompense for the shortness of the afternoon is the fact that we may read his poems and once again hear his voice echoing through the lines.

At Hall Exercises on Saturday, May 3, the school, faculty and visitors were charmingly entertained by Miss Sophie Hart of Wellesley College. Miss Hart has both lived and studied at Oxford. She made The Colleges of Oxford her subject for the afternoon. In a most interesting manner she described the government of Oxford, the course of study entered upon by the students, and the simplicity and seclusion of the life there. Her personal experiences were delightfully and humorously told. All who heard went away not only well acquainted with the English College town, but fascinated by the charming personality of the lecturer.

On Saturday afternoon, May 24th, Miss Wiggin of the Consumers' League spoke to the school about the work of the League. She described the conditions in the factories that belong to the League, the length of the day, the wages of the employees, and the age of the girls, so that we felt convinced of the necessity of buying only things made under good conditions.

Concerts

Right after mid-years, at a time when everyone was feeling rather tired, we had the pleasure of hearing Mme. Marie Sundelius sing. She has such a lovely voice and delightful way of singing that her visit cheered us up wonderfully. Her program was divided into four groups — French, Old English, Scandinavian, and American, and each group was made up of four or five delightful little songs. They seemed to have been selected as those which would most strongly appeal to girls, and their appropriateness, combined with Mme. Sundelius's charming personality, resulted in making that concert one which will long be remembered.

Although Miss Bailey announced last fall that Mrs. Dorothy Davis Simpson had presented an organ to Abbot, the instrument itself did not arrive until January. As an organ is a rather awkward thing to smuggle in anywhere, and as the process of construction is quite lengthy, everyone got so well acquainted with it that the final dedication held in April seemed more like the birthday party of an old friend than a formal introduction. However, everyone was glad to know that the organ really belonged to us at last, and more than glad of the chance to meet Mrs. Simpson. The presentation exercises were held in Davis Hall, and were presided over by the Reverend Markham W. Stackpole. The order of exercises was as follows:

ORGAN PRELUDE	
PRESENTATION OF ORGAN	Mrs. Simpson
ACCEPTANCE	Miss Bailey
TE DEUM	The Fidelio Society
PRAYER	Rev. Charles H. Cutler
ORGAN MUSIC	Joseph N. Ashton

Immediately after the exercises a reception was held for Mrs. Simpson in Draper Hall in order that all who were present at the dedication might have the pleasure of meeting her.

This was not the first time the organ was used, for the Easter service was held in Davis Hall and the organ was used then. Also, since that time we have had several very delightful vesper concerts.

On Thursday afternoon, May 15th, the school enjoyed a very pleasant song recital given by the pupils of Miss Bennett and Mr. and Mrs. Ashton. The program was very well arranged, and included, besides the songs, two piano solos and a violin solo. Altogether it was a very enjoyable afternoon, and the girls sang and played so well that they gave a great deal of pleasure to those who were present.

Athletics

The indoor field-meet between the Seniors and the Senior-Middlers was the first event in the athletic world of Abbot after Christmas. The events were trials of rope-climbing, balancing on the balance boards, folk dancing, work with the Indian clubs and wands, and obstacle and relay races. The day was won by the Seniors with a score of 52 to 49.

Basketball practice began in the gymnasium soon after, as waiting for outdoor practice would not have allowed much time before the game.

As soon as it was warm enough, a new system of outdoor exercise was substituted for gymnasium work; several alternatives were offered from which each girl might choose a sport to which to devote her energies twice each week. These were tennis, hockey, baseball, basketball, and cross-country walking.

The Athletic Association chose two girls, Esther Parks and Helen Hamblet, to represent a tennis team. Each was to hold her position only until some one should win from her in two sets out of three, and thus prove herself entitled to take the position from the leader.

The basketball squads were chosen in the same way that the hockey squads were chosen in the fall, and the teams were not announced until the day before the Bradford game, which was played at Bradford on May 21st. Surely a more exciting game could never have been played. At the end of the first half, the score was 12 to 4 in Bradford's favor. At the end of the second half, it was 19 to 16 in Abbot's favor. A great deal was said about the game's being won by Abbot spirit and Miss Brown's coaching, but we were pretty proud of our team.

Field day came on May 28th. The weather-man seemed doubtful, but held the rain off until everything except the tennis was finished. The tennis was postponed until Saturday. The Seniors were dressed in white, and carried hoops decorated with wisteria. The Senior-Middlers wore red Japanese costumes, and carried Japanese parasols. There was also folk dancing by the underclassmen.

The competitions were, beside the drills, fancy hoops, an obstacle race, a relay race, a three-legged race, a wheelbarrow race, a hoop race, basketball, and the tennis.

The score was so close that it could not be announced until after the tennis had been played.

Items of General Interest

On May 20, the anniversary of her daughter's death, Mrs. Eben Baldwin presented the school with a very beautiful photograph of Burne-Jones's "Hope," in memory of Mary Baldwin Thomas. The photograph, which is hung by the clock on the landing in Draper Hall, brings up the memory of one of the sweetest and most lovable of Abbot girls.

Several gifts of historic value have been recently made to the Academy through the keeper of alumnae records. Some chapel talks of Miss McKeen in manuscript and some papers by Miss Phebe were sent by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duren of Eldora, Iowa. Mrs. Mary (Blood) Gleason (1883) of Andover has given a large flat Geography of the Heavens, published in 1836 and quaintly illustrated, also a Botany, both used by her mother, Mary (Cornell) Blood, when an Abbot pupil for several years about 1840.

On April 19, everybody was delighted to see a beautiful new flag hanging from Abbot Hall, the gift of our most loyal friend, Mrs. Draper. She has also given the school a copy of Kieffer's "Short Stories of the Hymns."

By the will of Dr. Merriman, $5000 was left to Abbot Academy, to be used for the general purposes of the school. At the suggestion of Miss Means, Mrs. Merriman has given to the school some very beautiful and interesting photographs that belonged to Dr. Merriman.

On May 6, the birthday of the school, Mrs. John L. Abbot presented the school with a cup and saucer, formerly the property of Madam Sarah Abbot. On the same day, letters of greeting were sent by the members of the Senior and Senior-Middle classes to all "old girls" who were in the school before 1850.

Mrs. W. W. Mead (Harriet Newell Childs) has presented the library with a copy of the new book by her husband, "The Apocalypse of Jesus Christ."

Miss Bailey has received a present of $40.00 from the Alumnae Association, which is to be spent for a drop-light for the Mason drawing-room.

Some new large drop-lights have been put up in the reading-room, to be used for the evening study-hour which has been instituted for the younger girls.

The Senior class has given the school a Victor Victrola for the Senior Parlor.

Esther Sheldon and Margaret Blake are to go as delegates of the Abbot Christian Association to Silver Bay.

Miss Means paid a short visit to Miss Anne Means during the latter part of May, before starting for her beloved island on the Maine coast where she is planning to spend the summer. We are

glad to know that she will be with Mrs. Merriman again next winter, and hope that her visits to Abbot will be more frequent and longer than they have been this year.

Mrs. Harlow and Miss Merrill are still in Atlantic City as the Courant goes to press. They have found the milder climate and the change of scene quite beneficial.

Professor and Mrs. Taylor attended the wedding of Max Reed, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B. Reed, who for so many years were near neighbors of Abbot Academy. After the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor spent two very delightful weeks at Atlantic City, returning to Andover early in May.

Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead, remembered with affection and esteem by many Abbot girls, says in a recent letter: "The memory of my Academy years with its precious associations I prize. How I should like to see those girls I so enjoyed. They are all noble women and busy in the world's work, I'm sure." Mrs. Mead, though now over eighty years old, went abroad last year with her niece, Mrs. Sara Edwards Park. The recent death of Mrs. Park comes as a severe blow to her and to Miss Agnes Park, Mrs. Park's sister-in-law.

A greeting has come recently from Mrs. Samuel A. Rhea (Sarah J. Foster) of Indiana, Pa., who was a teacher at Abbot in 1857-58. She says, "Thank you for the honor of including my name in the new catalogue of Abbot Academy." It is an honor to the Academy, rather, to have her name on the list, as her life has been spent in devoted service to good causes. She was a missionary in Persia for some years.

Mrs. Alexander McClean of Springfield, formerly Miss Martha E. Matthews, teacher of music 1856-58, writes cordially of her interest in the splendid development of the school. She has taken great pains to obtain facts to complete the records of two early teachers, reading over old letters and diaries for the sake of accuracy in dates. Miss Arethusa Hall was teacher 1840-43 and 1845-46, and Miss Maria J. B. Brown, principal 1856-57. Their work as teachers is most interesting to follow. Miss Hall was the teacher of both John G. Whittier and Alice Cary.

Mme. Gunnar Löwegren (who, as Mlle. Camus, was teacher of French Conversation 1904-07), in sending her record for the new general catalogue adds "With all my best greetings to Abbot Academy."

The school has taken great pleasure this winter in visits from Miss Bosher, in listening to her talk at chapel on February 2, and in hearing her very interesting stereopticon lecture at the Town Hall on "Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific." In April she started

"homewards" to Honolulu, visiting on her way Hampton Institute and other southern schools. She plans to be at Colorado College for Commencement. Before leaving us, she presented the faculty for their sitting-room with a very lovely framed photograph of the Pali, Hawaii's historic peak near Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Rockwell (Miss Ethel Converse) are to spend the summer in Germany. They sailed on the Potsdam, June 3rd.

Mrs. Maurice B. Biscoe made a short visit in the East this spring. She was not able to get out to Andover.

Miss Evelyn F. Durfee has moved with her family from Wales to Jefferson, Maine.

Mrs. Frank O. Patton (Miss Charlotte L. Root) has moved to 201 Janette Avenue., Windsor, Ontario, whence she reports a busy, happy life and the growing charms of her daughter, Lois.

Miss Sherman and Miss McLean have been granted a year's leave of absence. They sail together for Europe on the 24th of June.

Miss Chickering is to spend the summer in England and Scotland. She sails on June 10 with Mr. and Mrs. Stackpole and their family, who are to be abroad for a year.

On May 14, Mrs. Edward Gould of Lawrence entertained Miss Bailey and Miss Kelsey at a small luncheon party at the beautiful Country Club in Methuen.

Alumnae Notes

New York Abbot Club

The spring meeting of the New York Abbot Club was held at Hotel Gregorian in New York on Saturday, the twelfth of April. In spite of a very bad storm there was a good attendance of members. At the business meeting, Mrs. Forest Dryden (Grace Carelton) was reëlected president and Catherine Sandford secretary. A short address was made by Miss Kelsey, who was the guest of the day, and after listening to this the Club adjourned to a small dining-room where luncheon was very pleasantly served at small round tables. The Club voted to make a contribution to the Memorial Fund which is being raised in honor of Mr. Downs, the income from which will be used in aid of the annual concerts which are held at the Academy.

The Boston Abbot Club

On Saturday, February 1, was held at the Vendôme the luncheon of the Alumnae Association and the Boston Abbot Club. Miss Bailey gave a very interesting talk on the work and needs of the school, and Miss Means told incidents of her last year's trip, telling especially of a trial of members of the Camorra which she attended and of a visit in Venice to the old monastery where Fra Paolo Sarpi lived and wrote. Miss Mabel E. Bosher, who was the last speaker, talked about "Live Women in Honolulu." There were several songs by the Fidelio Society of Abbot Academy, and a solo by Miss Helen Hanscom.

At the March meeting of the Abbot Club, Mrs. John Wesley Churchill talked about her personal experiences in the Philippines.

The annual meeting was held on April 5. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Frieda G. Billings; vice-presidents, Miss E. Josephine Wilcox and Mrs. Henry Conant; recording secretary, Miss Maud Sprague; corresponding secretary, Miss Helen Buss; treasurer, Miss Ethel N. Shumway; auditor, Mrs. Arthur W. Blair; director for two years, Miss Mary Frances Merriam, Mrs. George Bradbury, and Mrs. Selden Tyler. Following the business meeting, a very delightful musicale was given, the program consisting of violin and piano selections by Mrs. Allen Hubbard and Mrs. Stratton, and songs by Mrs. Henry Sherburne and Miss Barnes.

1853. A pleasant letter has been received from Fannie McQuigg, recalling her school days at Abbot. She was from Beloit, Wis., but lived at Prof. Emerson's, and came to school with the daughters, Elizabeth and Charlotte. She was one of those who presented the

Bible to Mr. Farwell on his resignation as principal — the Bible which was given to the Academy last year, still containing the list of the givers. Her husband, Theodore F. Brown, served as general in the Civil War and is named among the heroes in Grant's Tomb. Mrs. Brown has a married daughter and two sons, one a manufacturer and one an artist in New York City, with whom she makes her home.

†1856. Many former students and Andover friends will be grieved to learn of the death of Elizabeth Emerson (Mrs. Simon J. Humphrey). She was much beloved as scholar and teacher. One of her classmates recently called her "the flower of the class,— a lovely girl with a fine mind." She was one of three daughters of Prof. Emerson to attend the Academy. Her health has been frail for several years. Hers is the second death in the class, which numbered seven.

1876. Ellen Wilbur (Mrs. I. B. Burgess) lives now in Newark, N. J., 835 Broad St. Mr. Burgess has been appointed general secretary of the Interdenominational Sunday School Association of New Jersey.

†1878. Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne spent a week in Andover in May on her way to her summer home at North Berwick, Me.

1882. Carrie C. White (Mrs. James A. Fawcett) is still living in Oil City, Pa. She sailed for Naples on April 26, with her husband, her son John and daughter Helen.

1885. In connection with the recent unveiling of the statue of Edward Everett Hale in Boston, it is interesting to note that Mary P. Jones (Mrs. Albert Sauveur) of Cambridge, published not long since a translation into French of "In His Name."

1885. Sarah (Rockwell) Leete's eldest son, Rev. William Rockwell Leete, has recently gone as a missionary to China, and is stationed at Fenchowfu, Shansi.

1885. Desire E. Nickels of Searsport, Me., is teaching in the Baker School, Roxbury.

1886. Margaret Redford (Mrs. Edward S. Ready) of Helena, Ark., is president of the Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs.

1886. Lois Hyler (Mrs. Charles A. Creighton) of Thomaston, Me., is State Regent of the Daughters of the Revolution.

†1887. Jeannie L. Jillson, principal of the American School, Brousa, Turkey, has been awarded the decoration of the third order of the Shefkat. The Sultan conferred this for her conspicuous

services on behalf of the refugees. It is an honor that only a few women missionaries have received. Thousands of Turkish refugees, fleeing into Asia Minor, sought shelter in Brousa. They were mostly women and children, as the men were in the army. Through Miss Jillson and her efficient committee they were given more comfortable quarters, also food, clothing, and medical attendance for the sick.

†1888. Adeline Puffer (Mrs. W. Melville Kerr) has bought a ranch near Redlands, Cal. Carrie Puffer (Mrs. Arthur Nelson) lives at Mentone, Cal., not far away.

1893. Abby Rockwell (Mrs. Conrad H. Young) has just moved to Pittsburg, Pa., and will live at 816 Ivy St. She has been an active member of the New York Abbot Club, and wishes it might be possible to have one in Pittsburg. She has learned of several alumnae in the vicinity.

1893. Mrs. George Lane (Myrtie P. Woodman) has moved to Toledo, Ohio. Her address is 2531 Lawrence Avenue.

1894. Katharine Schoonmaker (Mrs. Thomas F. Russell) is now living at 156 Orange Road, Montclair, N. J. She has two children, Helen, aged eleven, and Thomas, aged eight.

†1895. Edith M. Pond (Mrs. Manuel Terrando) has been in New York this winter. Her husband still has charge of mission work in Porto Rico, and they spend part of each year there.

1895. Blanche Archer (Mrs. Peter Smith) of Newark, N. J., takes Abby (Rockwell) Young's place as secretary of the New York Abbot Club.

†1897. Mrs. Julian Burdick (Helene Baldwin) was in Andover this spring, making her mother a short visit.

1897. Pearl Randall (Mrs. Watson L. Wasson) is president of the Vermont Federation of Women's Clubs. Her husband is a physician and practises in Waterbury.

†1898. Sara L. Patrick, after graduating from the Sloyd Training School in Boston in 1900, taught manual training in various schools until 1911. She took a special diploma in industrial arts at Teachers' College, New York, last June, and is now assistant instructor in that department.

1898. Ann (Gilchrist) Strong, who is director of the Home Economics Department of the Cincinnati Kindergarten Training School, was instructor in Household Arts at the summer school of Columbia University last summer.

†1899. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Collins (Elizabeth Paine) took the popular trip to the West Indies, Panama and Venezuela in January. Catherine Sandford and her brother took the same cruise in March.

1899. Lillie E. Dodge (Mrs. Edwin T. Brewster) has been taking special courses at Radcliffe this year.

1900. Recent news from Marjorie Ide (Mrs. Shane Leslie) gives her address as 10 Talbot Square, Hyde Park, London, or Glaslough, County Monaghan, Ireland.

†C. P. 1901. Delight W. Hall has accepted a position as teacher of English in Miss Haskell's School in Boston. She gets her degree of A.B. from Radcliffe this June, receiving a *magna cum laude* in English.

1901. Jessie L. Fox (Mrs. Edson Adams) is now living at 27 Hardwick Ave., Piedmont, Cal. She has two children, Frank Pollard, four years old, and Emilie Fox, two years.

1901. Josephine L. Pope of Spencer has studied at the Worcester Business Institute and the Rochester (N. Y.) Business Institute, and has now a position as stenographer in Worcester.

1901. Helen A. Whittemore of Andover has graduated this spring from the nurses' course of the Post Graduate Hospital, New York City.

1902. Vivia M. Dearborn is doing clerical work in the City Hall, Lawrence.

1902. Marie Murkland, who has been teaching in Paterson, N. J., now has a position in the Hamilton Institute for Girls, New York City.

†1904. Mary Louise Shute is now Mrs. Leon E. Lincoln and lives at 630 Bay St., Franklin.

†1904. Julia F. Wallace has been at the Mack Industrial School in Salem this winter.

†1904. Mrs. Humphrey Armitage Lee (Mary W. Davis), who has been making a visit of a few months to her mother and friends in this country, will return to England the end of June. Her address is Old Village of West Kirby, Cheshire.

1904. Helen B. Phillips is still teaching in Franklin, N. H., where she has been since 1907.

†C. P. 1905. Frances W. Cutler has accepted a position for next winter as Instructor in English in Simmons College in Boston.

†C. P. 1905. Ruth Pringle has been teaching in Portland, Ore., since her graduation at Radcliffe in 1909.

†C. P. 1905. Elsie Jeffers is teaching French in the Portsmouth (N. H.) High School.

1905. Jessie Callender (Mrs. Edward A. Harmes) is now living in Great Bend, Pa.

†C. P. 1906. Sarah Hincks has resigned her position in Miss Wheeler's School in Providence. She is planning to spend a year in study at Ann Arbor.

1906. Elizabeth Deeble sailed for Europe with her family on May 24th, to be gone a year. She expects to spend the summer in travel, and to continue her musical studies in Italy, during the winter.

1906. Alice R. S. Perkins, who graduated at Vassar in 1911, has been physical director of the Y. W. C. A. in Knoxville, Tenn., since 1911.

†1907. Laura Howell is planning to take a summer course at Columbia University this summer.

†1908. Edith L. Gutterson will return next winter to Wellesley College, where an excellent position in the Art Department has been offered her.

†1908. Dorothy Taylor took a course in design at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and is making jewelry.

†1908. Winifred Ogden, after studying at the New York School of Applied Design and Teachers' College, is now engaged in metal working.

†C. P. 1909. Florence MacCreadie graduates this June from Wellesley. The latest honor which she has received is membership in one of the honor societies, the Agora.

†C. P. 1909. Beatrice Twiss graduates from Wellesley this June.

1909. Marjorie Burns graduates this year from Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School in Boston.

†C. P. 1910. Mira Wilson has been elected president of the Smith College Association for Christian Work, a position of very great honor and responsibility. Because of the work involved in this position, she was obliged to refuse the editorship of the *Smith College*

Monthly. At the college celebration of Washington's birthday, she wrote and delivered the commemorative ode. The writing of the ode is competitive and is open to members of the Junior class, the award being considered one of the important undergraduate honors. A copy of the poem may be found in the Andover Townsman for March 14.

†C. P. 1910. Clarissa Hall has left Smith College to be at home with her mother. She was a member of the Clef Club and the Mandolin Club, and accompanist for her class at "sings."

1910. Ethel Swain graduated from the State Normal School, New Britain, last year, and has been teaching this year in Plymouth, Ct.

†1911. Katharine Ordway and Rhoda Green have been studying at Miss Fisher's School for Kindergarten Teachers this winter. Rhoda Green graduates this June and expects to teach next winter. She has been living this winter with the Guttersons in Winchester. Maud Gutterson is making preparations for her wedding in July.

†1911. Borghild Hoff has been studying domestic science at Pratt Institute since her graduation.

1911. Margaret Strong is studying at Miss Sacker's School of Design.

1911. Mrs. William Laurie (Helen Stephens) is living in Montgomery, Alabama.

1911. Jennesse Betts has been studying at the Institute of Musical Art in New York.

Visitors

Miss Means, Miss Merrill, Mrs. Harlow, Miss Chadbourne, †1878, Miss Titcomb, Miss Knowles, Miss Metcalf, Mrs. Sarah Utter Fletcher, Mary Hall, †1911, Jessie Wightman, †1911, Constance Gutterson, †1900, Edith Gutterson, †1908, Mabel Bosher, †1894, Beulah Field Wood, 1900, Persis Mackintire, †1906, Evaline Korn, †1906, Sadie Mills, 1903, Ruth Draper, †1912, Helen Cram, †1913, Maria Pillsbury Taylor, †1907, Betty Wyer, 1909, Christine Wyer Rundlett, †1907, Helen Abbott Allen, †C. P. 1904, Avis Tobey, 1912, Gladys Estabrook, 1912, Elizabeth Bingham, 1912, Marie Gould, 1912, Mary Davis Lee, †1904, Emily Stearns, 1904, Ruth Murray, †1910, Persis Bodwell, †1911, Doris Brown, 1911, Dorothy Bigelow, †1911, Esther Parker, †1908, Constance Parker Chipman, †1906, Rebecca Newton, †1911, Ruth Newcomb, †1910, Katharine Ordway, †1910, Mrs. H. C. Scudder, Sarah P. Lamson, 1856, Mrs. Stephen H. Phillips (Margaret Duncan), 1868.

Engagements

†1899. Grace Earle to Mr. Fletcher.

Miss Ottilie Turnbull to Mr. Robert F. Seybolt.

1901. Frieda Gerlach Billings to Dr. Joseph A. Cushman, (Harvard '03).

†C. P. 1905. Ruth Ord Mason to Lieutenant Burton Young Read of the 11th Infantry, United States Army.

1909. Marguerite Faust to Mr. Carroll A. Haines of Philadelphia.

†1909. Beulah Hazel McCarty to Mr. Gilbert Canterbury of Canton, Ohio.

1909. Dorothy McCormick to Mr. Karl Mosser.

†1910. Laura Avis Jackson to Mr. Charles Bernard Austin. (Both are DePauw 1913, and both made Phi Beta Kappa.)

†1913. Hazel Gertrude Smith to Mr. Howard Benjamin Rand of Haverhill.

Marriages

1899. Frick—Wanning.—In Shelton, Connecticut, April 16, 1913, Harriet D. Wanning to Mr. Benjamin Otis Frick.

†1901. Moore—Fuller.—In Springfield, June 4, 1913, Belle Pease Fuller to Dr. Clarence L. E. Moore.

†1904. Baldwin—Childs.—In Springfield, April 24, 1913, Helen Emerson Childs to Mr. Alden Welling Baldwin. At home, 720 Hampden Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

1904. Treadway—Lane.—In Bristol, Ct., January 13, 1913, Ruth Mary Lane to Townsend Gillett Treadway. Address, Bristol, Ct. Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Chase.

†1911. Moore—Murray.—In Lynn, June 4, 1913, Ruth Murray to Mr. Arthur Scudder Moore.

†1911. Bushnell—Howard.—In Hyde Park, June 7, 1913, Miriam Howard to Mr. Ellsworth Bushnell.

Births

In Andover, May 5, 1913, a daughter, Helen, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip F. Ripley (Miss Mabel G. Bacon).

†1897. In New Britain, Connecticut, September, 1912, a son, Frederick Patterson, to Mr. and Mrs. Reuben C. Twichell (Bessie Stow).

1897. In Haverhill, January 15, 1913, a son, Charles Stuart, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Chase (Susan C. Killam).

†1901. In Boston, March 4, 1913, a son, Edwin Hemphill, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Place (Emma E. Bixby).

†C. P. 1901. In Hanover, New Hampshire, May 2, 1913, a son, Emerson, to Mr. and Mrs. Edmond E. Day (Emily S. Emerson).

†1903. In Lawrence, April 19, a son, Thomas David, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Blunt (Jean David).

1903. In Andover, January 21, 1913, a daughter, Constance Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph O. Ingram (Constance F. Albee).

†1904. In Englewood, New Jersey, September 3, 1910, a son, William Davis, to Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Armitage Lee (Mary W. Davis).

†1904. In Old Village of West Kirby, Cheshire, England, November 10, 1911, a son, Deryck, to Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Armitage Lee (Mary W. Davis).

†1904. In Old Village of West Kirby, Cheshire, England, January 18, 1913, a daughter, Priscilla, to Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Armitage Lee (Mary W. Davis).

1907. In New Haven, Connecticut, March 26, 1913, a daughter. Ann Marie, to Mr. and Mrs. Emil F. Stephan (Gladys Dudley).

†1908. In Brooklyn, N. Y., February 1, 1913, a daughter, Katharine Ray, to Mr. and Mrs. Clement Ray (Katharine Wurster).

†1910. In Dalton, January 20, 1913, a daughter, Dorothy Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. William D. Abbott (Louise Tuttle).

†1902. April 5, 1913, a daughter, Louise Thankful, to Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Newell (Harriett L. Chase).

Deaths

1835. In Andover, February 6, 1912, Mrs. Eben Tyler (Nancy M. Jones), aged 92 years, 9 months.

1840. In Clifton, February 12, 1913, Lucy A. Wardwell (Mrs. Horace Ware).

1850. In Englewood, N. J., May 16, 1913, Ellen Bartlett Smith, wife of the late Caleb K. Pillsbury.

1850. In Wellington, April 8, 1912, Francena Wellington.

1853. In Bryn Mawr, Pa., May 4, 1913, Sara Billings Edwards, wife of the late Rev. William Edwards Park, D.D.

†1856. In Oak Park, Ill., February, 1913, Elizabeth Emerson, wife of the late Rev. Simon J. Humphrey.

1860. In Auburndale, April 1, 1913, Ellen A. Noyes, wife of the late Albert Plummer.

1861. In Andover, February 26, 1913, Maria H. Ellis, wife of the late Rev. Charles A. Stork, D.D.

1863. In Grinnell, Iowa, October, 1912, Martha C. Brainerd, wife of the late Elbert W. Clark, M.D.

1864. April 4, 1913, Mrs. Charles Tiffany (Rhoda E. Fellowes) of Colchester, Conn.

1870. In Syracuse, New York, 1913, Mrs. Albert E. McChesney (Adeline Mills Downing).

1882. In Seattle, Washington, June 3, 1913, Mrs. Clayton Jerome Burns (Carrie Higgins).

†1889. In Riverside, California, November 12, 1912, Mrs. John H. Klock (Alice Hendryx).

New Catalogue of Abbot Academy

The general catalogue of Abbot Academy, published by the Trustees, will be issued early in June, at the price of one dollar. This will contain the names of all the students since the opening of the school in 1829, with a brief record of each, comprising later education, teaching or other occupation, marriage and names of children. The alumnae have shown their interest in the plan by their hearty co-operation in furnishing information and by ordering already over a thousand copies. On receipt of payment the catalogue will be sent as soon as published, postage paid. Address the Keeper of Alumnae Records,

Miss Jane B. Carpenter, 26 Morton St., Andover, Mass.

Abbot Academy Faculty

BERTHA BAILEY, B. S., Principal,
Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences

KATHERINE R. KELSEY, Assistant Principal,
Mathematics

NELLIE M. MASON,
Science

REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A. B.,
History

MARTHA HOWEY, B. L.,
Literature

OLIVE G. RUNNER, B. L.,
Latin

MARY E. BANCROFT, A. B.,
English

GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A. B.,
French

HEDWIG D. CRAMER,
German

RACHEL A. DOWD, A. B.,
Algebra, and Secretary to the Principal

NANCY SIBLEY WILKINS, A. B.,
Librarian, and supervisor of day-scholars' room

OTTILIE TURNBULL, A. B.,
Elocution and Physical Culture

Prof. JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A. M.,
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony

*Mrs. ALICE WENTWORTH MacGREGOR,
Vocal Music

†MABEL ADAMS BENNETT,
Vocal Music

Mrs. JOSEPH N. ASHTON,
Violin and Mandolin

Mrs. FREDERIC A. BOSLEY,
Drawing and Painting

Mlle. LÉONTINE GALLÉE,
French Conversation

*On leave of absence, 1912-1913.
†Substitute, 1912-1913.

PHILANA McLEAN,
In charge of Draper Hall

EDITH H. ALDRED,
Resident Nurse

JANE B. CARPENTER, A. M.,
Keeper of Alumnae Records

Lecturers

Miss ANNE ELIZABETH MORSE
Mr. ALFRED NOYES
Prof. GEORGE E. WOODBERRY
Miss SOPHIE CHANTAL HART

Speakers

Prof. EDWARD Y. HINCKS
Miss MABELLE E. BOSHER
Rev. FREDERICK A. WILSON
Rev. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON
Rev. DEAN WALKER
Prof. JOHN PHELPS TAYLOR
Rev. E. VICTOR BIGELOW
Rev. MARKHAM W. STACKPOLE
Rev. WILLIAM H. RYDER
Rev. CHARLES H. OLIPHANT
Rev. WILLIAM E. LOMBARD
Rev. ROBERT E. SPEER
Rev. ROSWELL BATES
Miss MARY WIGGIN
Rev. ARTHUR BARBER

Concert

Mme. MARIE SUNDELIUS

School Organizations

A. C. A.

President	Helen Danforth
Vice-President	Margaret Wilkins
Secretary	Mildred Horne
Treasurer	Ethel Rand

Student Council

Olga Erickson, *President*	Mildred Horne
Hildegarde Gutterson, *Secretary*	Cornelia Crittenden
Ethel Rand	Marion Gould
Helen Burk	Charlotte Amsden
Jane Newton	Frances Jones

Fidelio Society

President	Helen Hanscom
Secretary and Treasurer	Helen Burk

Athletic Association

President	Helen Boyd
Secretary and Treasurer	Ethel Rand

Basketball Team

Captain	Edna Francis
Manager	Gladys Phillips

Hockey Team

Captain	Phyllis Brooks
Manager	Katharine Selden

Odeon

Marion Martin, *President*	Katharine Selden
Jane Newton	Kathryn Powers
Alice Harsh	Phyllis Brooks
Mary Harsh	Janet Nevius
Helen Hanscom	Ethel Rand

Mandolin Club

Leader	Marrion Middlebrook
Manager	Dorothy Perkins

Class Organizations

Academic, '13

President	Olga Erickson
Vice-President	Jane Newton
Secretary	Helen Danforth
Treasurer	Margaret Wilkins
Class Color	Purple
Class Flower	Violet

College Preparatory, '13

President	Ethel Rand
Secretary and Treasurer	Dorothy Perkins
Class Color	Green and White
Class Flower	White Chrysanthemum

Academic, '14

President	Hildegarde Gutterson
Vice-President	Dorothy Bennett
Secretary	Miriam Bancroft
Treasurer	Louise Thompson
Class Color	Dark Red
Class Flower	Red Rose

College Preparatory, '14

President	Frances Jones
Secretary and Treasurer	Mary Harsh
Class Color	Royal Blue
Class Flower	Corn Flower

Alumnae Association

President

MISS ANNA L. DAWES

Vice-Presidents

Miss Julia E. Twitchell
Miss Emily A. Means
Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols Bean
Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile
Mrs. Rebecca Davis Spalding
Mrs. Ellen Chamberlain Blair
Miss Maria S. Merrill

Secretary and Treasurer

Miss Agnes Park

Committee on Appropriations

Miss Bertha Bailey
Mrs. Warren F. Draper
Miss Agnes Park

Calendar

1913

April 9, Boarding Students return after Spring vacation
April 10, Thursday, 9 A.M. Spring term begins
May 30, Friday Memorial Day
June 17, Tuesday School year ends

Summer Vacation

September 17, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M
September 18, Thursday, 9 A.M. Fall term begins
November 27, Thursday Thanksgiving Day
December 16, Tuesday Fall term ends

Christmas Vacation

1914

January 7, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.
January 8, Thursday, 9 A.M. Winter term begins
February 3, Tuesday First semester ends
February 5, Thursday Second semester ends
March 31, Tuesday Winter term ends

Spring Vacation

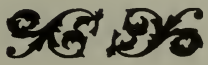
April 15, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.
April 16, Thursday, 9 A.M. Spring term begins
June 16, Tuesday School year ends

COURANT ADVERTISERS



...The Sherman Studio...

IS THE RIGHT PLACE TO
GO FOR PHOTOGRAPHS



MAIN STREET - NEAR MORTON

INSURANCE OFFICES

Bank Building, Andover, Mass.

FIRE

LIFE

PLATE GLASS

AUTOMOBILE

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

TEAMS' LIABILITY

BURGLARY & THEFT

STEAM BOILER

PHYSICIANS' DEFENCE

AUTOMOBILE LIABILITY

PERSONAL ACCIDENT

THAYER
McNEIL
COMPANY

WOMEN'S
SHOES
PUMPS
SLIPPERS
Acknowledged the Best

47 TEMPLE PLACE
15 WEST STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

COBB, BATES & YERXA COMPANY

Importers and

....Grocers....

Schools, Clubs, Hotels and Public Institutions Supplied Upon Most Favorable Terms

---

222 SUMMER STREET (Wholesale only)

ALSO AT

56 to 61 SUMMER STREET

6 and 8 FANEUIL HALL

89 CAUSEWAY STREET

and 274 FRIEND STREET

BRIDE, GRIMES & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO

W. F. RUTTER & CO.

Steam, Water and Gas Piping

SUPPLIES and TOOLS

LAWRENCE, MASS.

CARMAN'S

Specialty Shoe Shop

162 TREMONT STREET

BOSTON

Any Style Shoe You Desire

28 Colors in Satin Slippers, $3.00

Hosiery to Match, 90c



¶ The distinctive individuality of our photographs will appeal to you.

¶ They represent a wonderful advance in methods—and while the elements that enter into their production are the most expensive known in the Art of Photography —the cost to you will be no more than that of the indifferently made photograph.

¶ Your patronage is cordially invited.

Appointments by 'Phone Oxford 858

REID & HUGHES CO.

The House of The Square Deal

We carry large lines of Graduation Dresses and give special service in this line.

Ribbons, Laces, Millinery, Art Goods

A pleased customer is our best asset and we cheerfully refund money where purchases are not satisfactory.

REID & HUGHES COMPANY

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Regal and Patrician Shoes for Ladies

Agents for the Crossett Shoe for Men

J. P. WYLLIE & CO.

Fine Footwear

Repairing a Specialty

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER

STORAGE **RENTING** **REPAIRS**

MYERSCOUGH & BUCHAN

AUTOMOBILE STATION

TELEPHONE 208

56-91 PARK STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

SMITH & MANNING

Dry Goods and Groceries

ESSEX STREET, - - ANDOVER, MASS

SKOWHEGAN JERSEY CREAMERY

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SEPARATED, PASTEURIZED, SWEET
CREAM AND CREAMERY BUTTER

SKOWHEGAN, - - - MAINE

Compliments

CROSS COAL COMPANY

Satisfaction and Real Economy

RESULT FROM BUYING

MEATS that are the **BEST**

You can always get that kind from

WESTON-THURSTON CO.

DEALERS IN

BEEF, VEAL, LAMB, PORK, POULTRY

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS

STALLS 20-22-24 NEW FANEUIL HALL MARKET

BOSTON, MASS.

THE ANDOVER PRESS

Printers

PUBLISHERS OF

THE ANDOVER TOWNSMAN

PROPRIETORS OF

THE ANDOVER BOOKSTORE

PRESS BUILDING Established 1809

H. HURWITCH

Ladies' Custom Tailor

Importer

Tailor-made Suits in the latest and most approved fashions at very reasonable prices. Work promptly and neatly done. Satisfaction guaranteed. Suits remodelled, cleaned and pressed.

H. HURWITCH

Carter Block 3 Main St. Andover, Mass.

COMPLIMENTS OF

ANDOVER COAL COMPANY

MUSGROVE BUILDING, ANDOVER, MASS.

Telephone Connection

PAGE

THE CATERER

LOWELL, MASS.

CHEAPEST AMATEUR

Photographic Developing and Printing..

¶This includes the very best work possible, We develop by the new tank system which eliminates all finger marks and scratches on the film. A very great improvement over the old hand developing. We refer you to hundreds of Andover pupils.

F. W. McALLISTER CO., Opticians ∴ ∴ Photo Supplies

113 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

Batchelder & Snyder Company

WHOLESALE ONLY

Beef, Lamb, Veal, Poultry, Game, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Butterine, Hams, Bacon, Sausages, Olives, Oils, Etc.

47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63
BLACKSTONE STREET
Boston, Mass.



62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76
NORTH STREET
Boston, Mass.

¶In a recent letter from Professor Allyn, the nationally known chemist of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., which accompanied a long record list of our specialties approved by his laboratory test, he said: *"We wish more manfacturers would take the care which you are taking with your products."*

Compliments of a Friend

COLUMBIA DUCIT SEQUANTUR ALII

Ladies' Gymnasium Suits

APPROBATION OF LEADING PHYSICAL DIRECTORS
CONSUMERS' LEAGUE ENDORSEMENT

Columbia Gymnasium Suit Co.,

301 Congress Street, Boston

ANDOVER CANDY KITCHEN

Try our Fresh Home-made

CANDIES

We use nothing but pure ingredients in our goods. We use best crushed fruits and extracts in our fountain.

35 MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

Silk and Lisle HOSIERY In Black, White, Tan

NEMO, AMERICAN LADY, R & G, AND P. N. CORSETS
Both in high and low bust.

Dainty and Up-To-Date Neckwear,
Bows, Jabots, Stocks and Collars,

Embroidery of all kinds with materials for the work

F. M. PORTER

TELEPHONE 374 :-: :-: BARNARD BLOCK

WAX BROTHERS

...Florists...

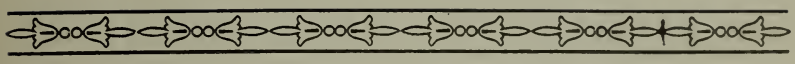
143 TREMONT STREET - - - BOSTON
Opposite Temple Place Subway Station

Choice Roses, Violets and Orchids

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Mail and Telephone Orders Promptly Filled
Telephones Oxford 574 and 22167

Mention the Abbot Courant

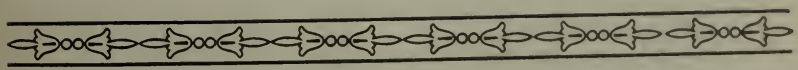


WILLIAM J. BURNS

.....Tailor and.....
Men's Furnisher

AGENTS FOR
FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY

Andover, Mass.



T. A. HOLT COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries

CORNER ESSEX AND CENTRAL STS. - ANDOVER

WALTER I. MORSE

Dealer in HARDWARE

Cutlery and Cordage, Horse Clothing, Farming Tools, Window Glass
Paints, Brushes, etc.

MAIN STREET, - ANDOVER

BENJAMIN BROWN

BOOTS and SHOES for LADIES

MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER

Did You Ever Feel This Way?

You settle down to write a theme,
And your thoughts come thick and fast;
And soon you're composing wonderful tales
With visions, Oh! how vast!

ANDOVER NATIONAL BANK

HOURS: 9 A. M. TO 3 P. M.

Close Saturday at Noon

Park St. Boarding and Livery Stable

T. F. MORRISSEY & SON, Proprietors

FURNITURE and PIANO MOVING

Expressing and Jobbing

Carriages and Hacks for Funerals, Weddings and Receptions
Depot Work a Specialty

PARK STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

TELEPHONE 59

But when you hand your paper in,
It's just a simple tale;
And for all your many and varied thoughts,
Your theme — it's just plain stale.

L. C.

ALBERT W. LOWE

Pharmacist

PRESS BUILDING, MAIN STREET
ANDOVER, MASS.

All kinds of FRUIT in their season

FANCY AND PLAIN BISCUITS,
POTTED MEATS AND FISH,
NUTS, FIGS, DATES, OLIVES.

J. H. CAMPION & CO.

THE METROPOLITAN

ANDOVER'S CANDY STORE

HEADQUARTERS FOR

HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES

HOME MADE FOODS OF ALL KINDS

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

M. E. DALTON, 42 Main St. ANDOVER

J. H. PLAYDON

Florist

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Chrysanthemums our Specialties

Plants and Cut Flowers for all occasions

ARCO BUILDING, ANDOVER Greenhouses, Frye Village

Telephone Nos. 70 and 71-3

SIGN OF THE BAY TREE

TEA ROOM *and* GIFT SHOP



PICTURES *and* PICTURE FRAMING

GOLDSMITH-CLARK CO.

E. N. MANNING & CO.

Electrical Contractors

Electric and Gas Supplies

40 MAIN STREET - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

PETTINGELL-ANDREWS COMPANY

ELECTRICAL GOODS
LIGHTING FIXTURES

AUTO AND MOTOR BOAT SUPPLIES

BOSTON, MASS.

HINTON & CO. - - - Caterers

PLAIN AND FANCY
CREAMS AND ICES

Cakes to Order

ORDERS FILLED AT ONE DAY'S NOTICE

HIDDEN ROAD Take Reading Car Telephone Connection

MRS. MARY EARL

Chiropody

HYGIENIC FACIAL AND SCALP TREATMENT

Manicuring, Shampooing, Hairdressing, Singing

J. E. WHITING

Jeweler and Optician

Andover Souvenir Spoons... ...Abbot School Pins

MAIN STREET - ANDOVER, MASS.

A. BASSO

Fruit and Confectionery

FREE DELIVERY

24 MAIN STREET - - ANDOVER, MASS.

CALLS MADE BY APPOINTMENT

FINE ATHLETIC GOODS

Kodak and Photo Supplies Expert Bicycle Repairing

H. F. CHASE - - ANDOVER, MASS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

BUCHAN & FRANCIS

Upholsterers

AND FURNITURE DEALERS



Goods Stored, Packed and Shipped



MAIN STREET - - - ANDOVER